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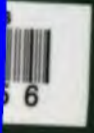
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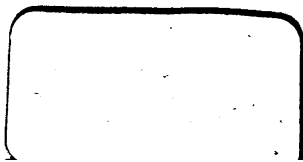
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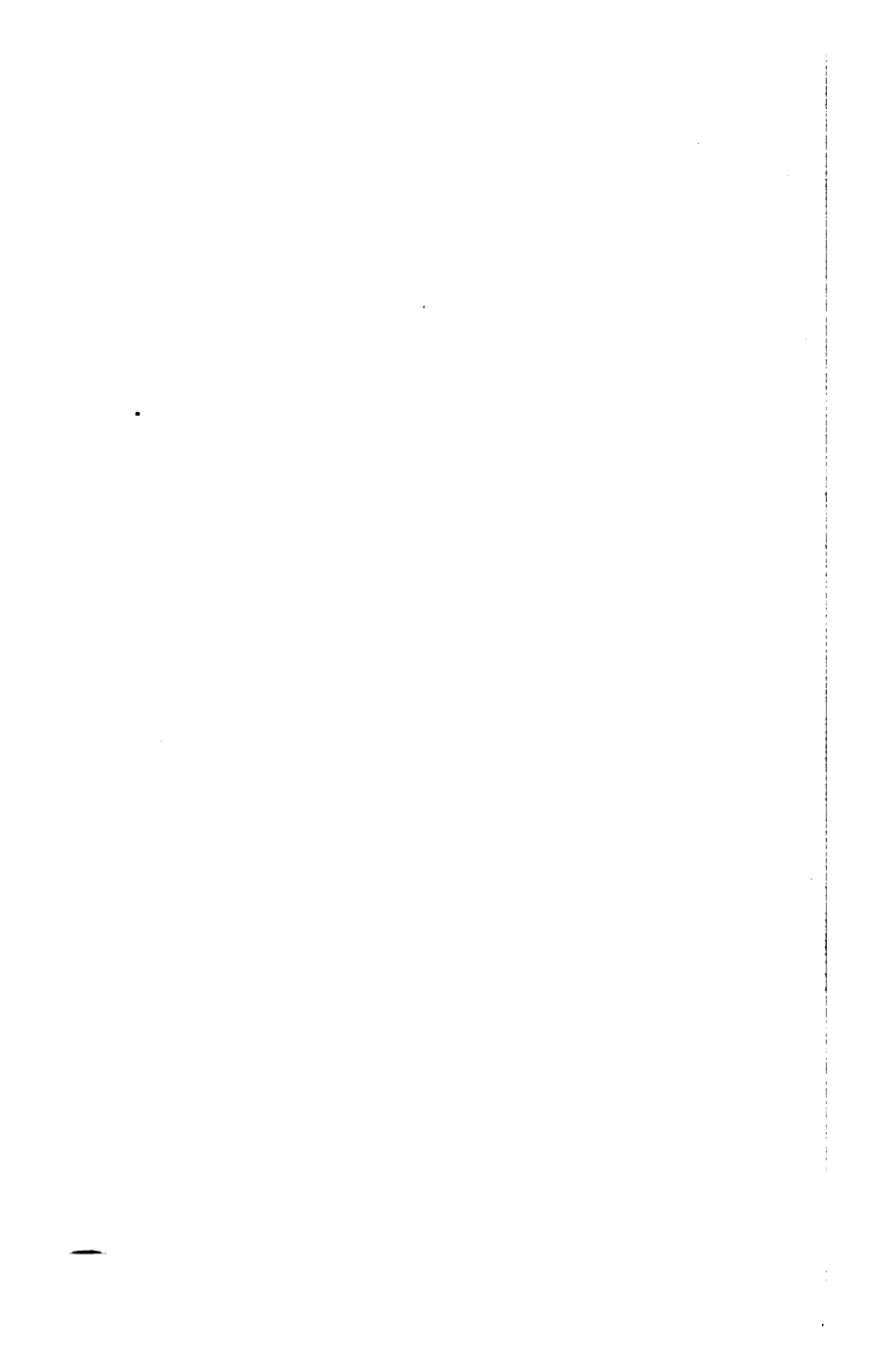


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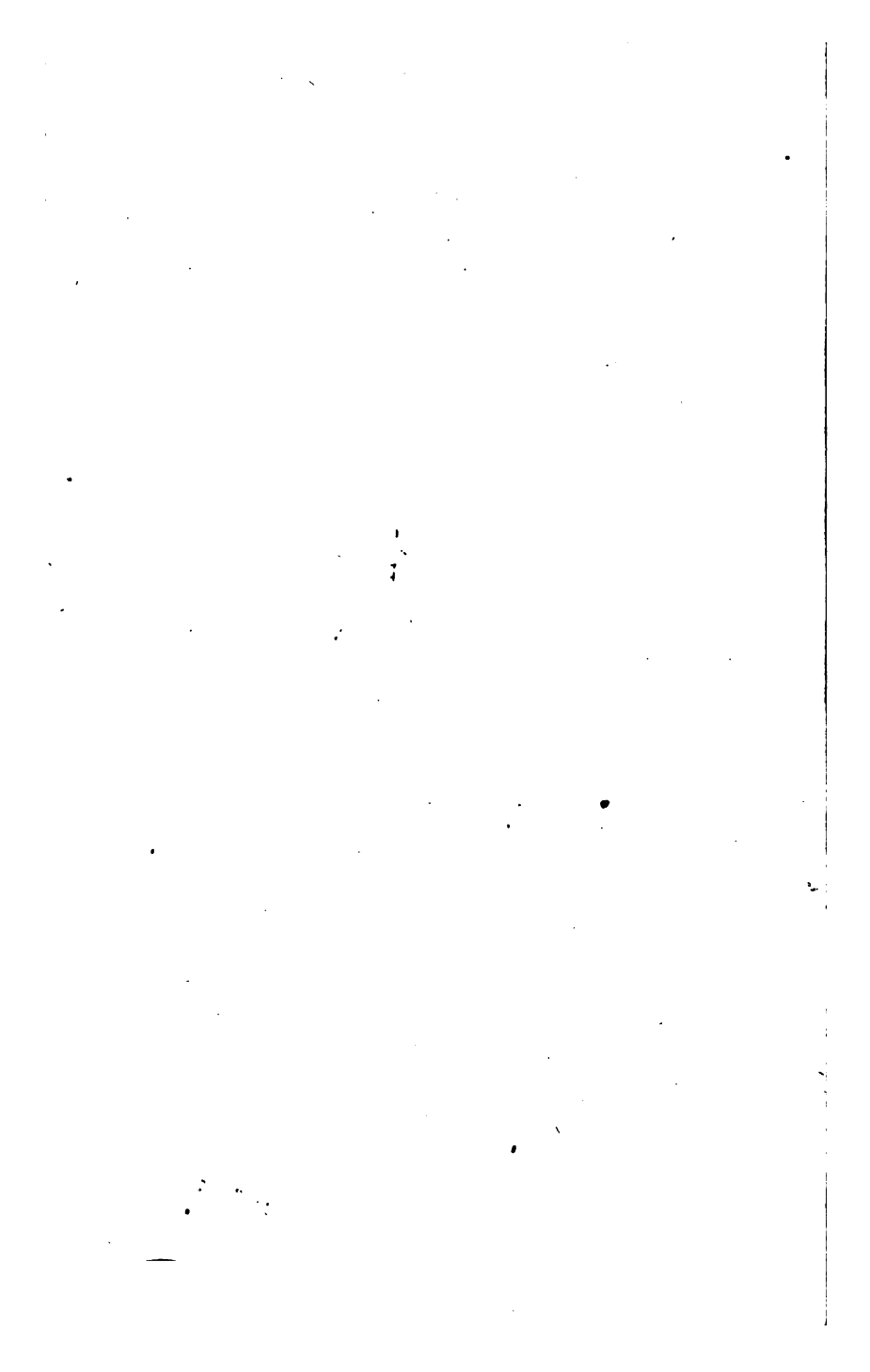
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MYEL
Fennell



THE RAIL AND THE ROD;

OR,

TOURIST-ANGLER'S GUIDE

TO FISHING

WATERS AND QUARTERS THIRTY MILES AROUND
LONDON.

No. I.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

By GREVILLE F. (BARNES),

FISHERY CORRESPONDENT TO THE "FIELD" JOURNAL.

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TO
THOMAS FREESTON KIRBY, Esq.,
OF
WALTHAMSTOW,

THE WORTHY BEARER OF A NAME EMINENT IN ANGLING ANNALS,

THIS WORK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

HIS FRIEND AND BROTHER ANGLER,

THE AUTHOR.

TABLE OF PLACES ALLUDED TO,

EMBRACING THE STATIONS, DISTANCES, FARES, &c.

TO	PAGE.	SINGLE JOURNEY TICKETS.				RETURN TICKETS.		
		First.	Secd.	Third.	Parly.	First.	Secd.	Third.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
COLCHESTER LINE.								
Stratford (3½ miles)	11	0 6	0 4	0 3	0 3	0 9	0 6	0 5
Iford (7 miles)	68	1 0	0 9	0 7	0 7	1 6	1 1	0 10
Chadwell Heath (9½ miles)	68	1 6	1 2	0 9	0 9	2 3	1 9	1 2
Bomford (12 miles)	69	2 0	1 6	1 0	1 0	3 0	2 3	1 6
Brentwood (17½ miles)	69	3 6	2 6	1 9	1 5½	5 0	3 9	3 0
Chelmsford (29½ miles)	69	6 0	4 10	3 7	2 5	9 0	7 3	...
Witham (38½ miles)	70	7 9	6 3	4 9	3 2	11 6	9 8	...
CAMBRIDGE LINE.								
Lea Bridge (5½ miles)	12	0 8	0 6	0 4	0 4	1 0	0 9	0 6
Tottenham (7½ miles)	16	0 8	0 6	0 4	0 4	1 0	0 9	0 6
Park (8½ miles)	19	0 10	0 8	0 6	0 6	1 3	1 0	0 9
Angel Road (9½ miles)	22	1 0	0 10	0 8	0 8	1 6	1 3	1 0
Ponder's End (11½ miles)	26	1 9	1 4	1 0	0 11½	2 6	2 0	1 6
Ordnance Factory (13½ miles) ...	29	2 0	1 6	1 0	1 0	3 0	2 3	1 6
Waltham (14½ miles)	32	2 3	1 8	1 0	1 0	3 3	2 6	1 6
Cheshunt (16 miles)	36	2 6	1 10	1 3	1 3	3 9	2 9	1 10
Broxbourne (19 miles)	37	3 3	2 3	1 7	1 7	5 0	3 4	2 4
Rye House (20½ miles)	42	3 9	2 6	1 9	1 8½	5 6	3 9	2 8
St. Margaret's (22 miles)	49	4 0	2 9	2 0	1 10	6 0	4 0	3 0
Mardocks (24 miles)	65	4 8	3 3	2 4	2 0½	7 0	4 9	3 6
Widford (25½ miles)	65	5 0	3 5	2 6	2 1½	7 6	5 0	3 9
Hadham (27 miles)	65	5 4	3 9	2 8	2 3	8 0	5 6	4 0
Standon (31 miles)	65	5 10	4 3	3 2	2 7	8 9	6 3	4 9
Braughing (32½ miles)	65	6 0	4 5	3 3	2 8	9 0	6 6	4 10
West Mill (34½ miles)	65	6 0	4 6	3 3	2 10	9 0	6 9	5 0
Buntingford (35½ miles)	65	6 0	4 6	3 3	2 11½	9 0	6 9	5 0
Ware (34 miles)	50	4 6	3 3	2 3	2 0	6 9	5 0	3 4
Hertford (26 miles)	55	4 9	3 4	2 4	2 2	7 0	5 0	3 6
Boydon (22 miles)	61	4 3	3 4	2 3	1 10	6 6	5 3	...
Burnt Mill (24½ miles)	61	5 0	4 2	3 1	2 0½	7 6	6 3	...
Harlow (26½ miles)	62	5 3	4 4	3 3	2 2	7 9	6 6	...
Sawbridgeworth (28½ miles)	62	6 0	4 10	3 7	2 4½	9 0	7 3	...
Bishops Stortford (32½ miles) ...	62	6 6	5 3	4 0	2 8	9 9	7 9	...
WOODFORD BRANCH.								
Snaresbrook (7½ miles)	67	1 0	0 9	0 7	0 7	1 6	1 2	0 10
George Lane (8½ miles)	67	1 2	0 10	0 8	0 8	1 9	1 3	1 0
Woodford (9½ miles)	67	1 4	1 0	0 9	0 9	2 0	1 6	1 0
Buckhurst Hill (10½ miles)	67	1 5	1 0	0 9	0 9	2 2	1 6	1 0
Loughton (12 miles)	68	1 6	1 0	0 9	0 9	2 3	1 6	1 0
Chigwell Lane (13½ miles)		1 9	1 2	0 11	0 11	2 8	1 9	1 4
Ongar (23½ miles)	68	3 4	2 6	1 8	1 8	5 0	3 9	2 6

PREFACE.

THE contents of the following pages are practical in the strictest sense. They deal alone in particulars, and avoid all generalities. Each resort to which the angler may go is given, as near as it is possible, to a foot superficial upon the banks of the waters mentioned, and the depth of each individual swim is particularised by actual measurement. With this work in hand, or a few memoranda culled therefrom, the fisher may trace his way on either side the streams—stop here or there to fish for roach or chub, for jack or perch, for dace or gudgeons, and even for bleak or minnows, with a degree of certainty and a saving of time, which no book has ever endeavoured, in the slightest degree, to approach. This attempt, indeed, is one of a very bold nature, but it has been done carefully and conscientiously, step by step, and day by day, revised, reconsidered, referred to this and that owner of fisheries, scrutinised by many anglers, and, again, to make assurance doubly sure, compared with the actual places spoken of in all their phases and details. In a word, it is confidently believed to be as near perfection as it is possible to attain; but its author would have the reader bear in mind that the mean height, or what is termed the customary volume of the waters—not in floods or in dry seasons—has been taken as the standard of measurement of the depth of holes, swims, &c.,

while the character, kind, and weight of the various fish to be found at the many localities indicated, are gleaned from a long experience and the knowledge of others, who have been familiar with these places for many years.

We are proud to acknowledge our obligations to J. Hoøper, Esq., of Hoddesdon; C. W. Tyler, Esq., of Ware; Mr. Baugh, the eminent photographer; Mr. Gant, of Paternoster-row; Mr. Pelton, the zealous and intelligent secretary of the River Lea Angling Protection Society; Mr. Shilling, of the Amicable Brothers Society of Anglers, and others, who have all liberally rendered the experience of years for the one single and unselfish object of contributing to the instruction and pleasure of their brethren of the angle. Nor may we neglect to express our thanks to the directors, secretary, manager, and officers of the Great Eastern Railway Company, for the facilities afforded us for obtaining information from the station-masters and others, at the several places on the line. The latter have, in turn, been most courteous and obliging. Indeed, it is equally pleasurable to add that after travelling up and down for very many months, in search of the material of which this little work is composed, we have not heard of an act of incivility, a murmur from the humblest engaged, or the shadow of a complaint from a passenger on the line.

THE RAIL AND THE ROD.

No. I.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR railway bookstalls possess almost every description of "Guide"—from the numerical complexity of "Bradshaw," to the special "Time Tables" of each individual line. Their necessity having been generally recognised, public attention and patronage are accorded to them, and their permanence is secured. The man of pleasure seeking to shake off *ennui*, or the invalid or over-worked, in search of health by change of scene, is equally cared for by "Murray" and the swarm of hand-books to the sea-side and places of inland resort, which repose upon the stalls at our railway stations. But we look in vain for any reliable information regarding the character or contents of the streams, or a knowledge of the names of the owners of the fisheries, whether private, free, or "subscribed," or the desirability or otherwise of that class of hostelry near or upon the banks of the rivers which the permanent-way either crosses, coquets with, or directly follows. A few stereotyped words at the most, in reference to these matters, are all that meet the eye, and even local residents have the power to impart but little that is acceptable to the angler, and the true admirer of the picturesque.

An attempt is made in "The Rail and the Rod," free from guess-work, hearsay, or conjecture, to supply this want, by one who has fished or visited every spot alluded to; and if the

common-place predominates over poetic metaphor and word-painting, it is hoped the reader will accept "Truth without garniture," rather than a banquet of sauce with an absence of viands.

The facts in reference to the fish to be met with near the respective lines of railway—say for about two miles on either side—and how to catch them (the experience of more than half a century) have been condensed into the smallest space consistent with perspicuity, and the information afforded with regard to public accommodation obtained direct from the actual charges in bills and memoranda in the author's possession, and other accredited channels.

How many persons are there, besides anglers, who, when a morning proves auspicious, would devote the day to a ramble within a moderate distance of the metropolis, yet are deterred from starting forth in quest of fresh air and rational enjoyment by the natural fear that their funds may fall short ere they return home, or the expense they may incur will not be warranted by their means ; and thus the opportunity is often lost before they have made up their minds, or obtained—if it be possible to obtain—a guarantee that their expenses need not exceed a prudent outlay.

In "The Rail and the Rod" will, however, be seen at a glance how one or more persons, desirous of a trip of thirty miles or less down the several railroads out of London, may effectively carry out their purpose, and it will, moreover, if upon a piscatorial excursion, tell them what to provide before starting, and afford them a most bounteous choice of places to which they may go, the nature of the streams or rambles in the neighbourhood, and what the whole will cost per diem or week. In this way each railroad will have its especial tourist and piscatorial guide, and where any line does not present sufficient objects of interest to those for whose delectation the text is designed, two or three railways near or approximating to each other in the prescribed radius will be grouped in one part, and all the parts will be printed in a uniform style, so that they may be bound in one or more volumes.

The rivers minutely described within the pages of this series will of course include, wholly or in part, the Thames, the Lea and its tributaries, the Wey, the Mole, the Wandle, the Colne, the Brent, &c., together with most of the ponds or lakes, whether private or public. a description of the fish which inhabit the

waters, and the popular, as well as the most scientific, modes of their capture. Parks and pleasure-grounds removed somewhat from the precincts of London, whether open altogether to tourists, or occasionally and by tickets or private cards, will likewise be dwelt upon in a manner which will assist the visitor to seek for what is picturesque or worthy of notice; and, indeed, nothing will be omitted that will tend to render the work one of a strictly sterling and permanent character. At the same time, as it is confidently anticipated that so desirable a contribution to a public want will necessarily pass through several editions, it is earnestly requested that should any errors or omissions be detected in the first or succeeding issues, a communication to that effect may be made to the editor—"Greville F., FIELD Office, 346, Strand"—the most apparently trivial of which will be gratefully acknowledged and accepted.

Much in the following pages will be recognised by the readers of the *Field* newspaper as having appeared week by week in the columns of that journal. But so far from this fact deducting from the merits of the book as a whole, it is humbly urged that, as the greater portion of our labours have been of a practical and statistical nature, the crucial test to which it has been subjected and so favourably passed will be now an additional recommendation to its issue in a cheap, portable, and concrete shape. It may be further stated, that in order to bring "The Rail and the Rod" as close to the day of its publication as possible, visits have been paid up to the last moment of going to press to the various places mentioned therein, to render its entire information as perfect as time and assiduity would permit.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THE advantages which the Great Eastern Railway present to the angler-tourist are manifold. The facilities it affords for viewing the country upon both sides are equal to any other permanent way. This arises from the total absence of tunnels; the course of its main lines and branches being invariably carried through valleys in which rivers naturally flow, and the consequent contiguity of the stations to the waters and quarters of which the fisherman is in quest. Thus the landscape can be seen from the carriage windows as uninterruptedly as was the case in the days of old coach travelling. The Great Eastern Railway,

under the title of the Eastern Counties, acquired a name of no enviable kind, from the confusion and irregularity which arose from limited resources insufficient to cope with an unanticipated large amount of traffic; but, as far as the sacrifice of life is concerned, the charge of its being a dangerous line was grossly exaggerated, as all Parliamentary returns show a singular immunity from such casualties, and prove that it is as safe as any other railway in the kingdom. Indeed, whatever may have been its shortcomings in times past, it is generally admitted that there is *now* no railway in Great Britain on which the comfort and safety of passengers is more considered, or the officers in general are more civil and attentive to all, irrespective of classes (*vide* Measom's "Great Eastern Guide.") The truth is, the east end of London has always held a prejudicial comparison with other approaches to the metropolis, and, as a matter of course, the country and all around has come in for a portion of its contumely. Essex, for instance, has for years suffered under a proverbial imputation of being particularly unhealthy; but this character can only apply with any force to a small part of it, as the middle and northern districts are justly noted for a fine dry soil, with a wholesome clear air. Essex, again, by those who know nothing of it, is reputed to be almost universally flat. Such a notion is preposterous, and can have arisen only from the reports of persons who have followed its marshy lands, and have never looked up from their toes to the hills everywhere around them. To tell such buzzards that there are hundreds of lofty sites, for miles and miles, from which the North Foreland, the coasts of Western Flanders and South Holland, seaward, are clearly visible on a fine day to the naked eye; and that, inland, from some half-a-dozen elevations, three and four counties can be overlooked, would be an appeal to their credulity. Such, however, is the fact. Every landscape artist knows there are spots of extreme rustic beauty, and a large grasp of picturesque material in the greater portion of Essex; but such is the prevailing notion that the county is as flat as those that believe the fact, he dare not append the *locale* from which his store of sweet Nature has been drawn, for fear of the charge of having taken more than a poetic licence with his subject. And Essex is as equally varied in its soil as it is in its undulatory phase. Messrs. Grigg, in their "General View of the Agriculture of Essex," say: "Almost every species of *soil* is to be found within the limits of the county, from the most stubborn to

the mildest loam. From this fact it is totally impossible to preserve one uniform system of farming."

The importance of the Great Eastern Railway system may be arrived at by a glance at the maps of the counties through which it goes; and although we do not purpose at present following it down more than thirty or forty miles from London, it will be seen that it opens up the greatest facilities to approach both on or close to the following rivers: The Alde, Blackwater; the Cam or Granta, the Coln, the Chelmer, the Deben, the Lea and its branches, the Larke, the New River, the Nen, the Little and Great Ouse, the Orwell, the Stour, the Thet, the Wensom, the Waveney, and other Norfolk rivers, &c., &c., &c.

We trust, ere long, to render additional service to the angler-tourist by extending the experiences of our rambles, and the operations of our pen, by another thirty miles or so beyond the sphere of our present literary labours.

The Lea anglers have acquired a very high name in piscatorial art. Their intelligence, perseverance, and quietude of habit, together with their modes of fishing, have won for them throughout the whole fraternity the enviable reputation of amiable manners and redoubtable skill. It is not surprising, therefore, that with such a combination of qualities their success as fishers is commensurate with their tact and experience by the side of any river to which accident or design may carry them. They are doubtless fortunate in the possession of streams, and more particularly the Lea, so near to the metropolis, which are of an extraordinary prolific nature, yielding fish in singularly great quantities; even in parts where the net frequently enters the deeps, and anglers of every grade have almost a free access. This is an advantage which few denizens of cities possess to the full as does the Londoner. Perhaps Nottingham, renowned for its fishermen in the ranks of both high and low, is nearly on a par with the east end of London in this respect; but in the size of the fish and their abundance the Lea is immeasurably superior to the Trent, at least over those portions of the latter which may be fairly compared to the Hertford and Essex streams. In former times—such was the love amongst the rodmen for their favourite "silvery Lea"—that it was no unusual thing for half a dozen youngsters, and even men far advanced in years, to meet at some appointed place on the previous evening and cheerfully trudge down throughout the night to Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, St. Margarets, or even Hertford, timing their walk so as to get

to the water's edge just as the mists were clearing off the river, and the first upshooting beams of the sun gave the signal of the coming morn. The writer of these lines has, many a time, been of these zealous and sober lovers of the Lea, and should accident, or unforeseen occurrence have detained one or more of his companions from the trysting-place, the others would start forward gaily with pannier over shoulder and rod in hand to do the distance mayhap in utter darkness, or with the light of the glorious moon over head, with no tinge of regret beyond that occasioned by the knowledge of the disappointment the absent were then enduring from the deprivation of a treat as precious as their unambitious minds were capable of imagining. Those were happy—happy days! The Haunch of Vension at Cheshunt, was then a snug little fishing-box, kept by one Whittenbury, and his cleanly, ever willing and obliging wife. Here they would pull up, some to stop to fish the New River at the back of the house, or the Lea river to the fore—others merely to partake of a glass of rum and milk, “to file down the rough edge of the morning.” The good folks were ever ready, for if they had not turned out of bed, a gentle knock at the door, or a little gravel thrown up at the lattice, or a tap from a fishing rod, purposely put together, upon the diamond paned window would be followed instantly by the sound of the tinder-box—no lucifer matches then!—and if it were light enough, the thickset and short dumpling of a landlord would, although only half dressed, almost roll like a Dutch cheese down stairs, with a respectful and hearty welcome.

Then the ambrosial recollections of that nectarian draught! Each man having taken his tumbler in hand with “a bottom of rum” reflected in its crystal depths, would follow the host through the garden and over the dewy grass, when a whistle would call “Jess” out of the early mists of the meadows to her master's hand, and then incontinently the lacteal jets would, by the artful manipulations of the dairyman, soon beat old Jamaica into a brown and creamy syllabub! Alas! the after-history of this once happy couple was dire and sad, and when last we saw The Haunch of Venison, it looked indeed literally, as though it had been kept not only too long, but too loose.

The Lea produces fish of almost every variety that fresh water affords: Trout of a splendid character; pike, strong, powerful and crafty; perch as handsome as ever delighted the gaze of an

angler-naturalist ; chub, which have made the fishermen's eyes of the midland counties dilate again ; roach, which frequently turn the scale at 2lb. and upwards ; dace in the upper waters which would vie with those of the Dart ; bream, of 3lb. to 7lb. in weight ; and gudgeons which would shame the Thames. The eels we will say nothing of as their excellence is world-wide, although the proper place to stop our mouths upon such a gustatory theme would be at the table of Teale at the Rye House, —Beningfield, at the Crown at Broxbourne, or Noakes, at the Ferry Boat, at Tottenham, at which places their habit is to swim in a rich appetising sauce, or to repose on crisp fried parsley, very much cut up from being obliged so recently to quit their silvery sandy beds. Of the advent of salmon we cannot say much at present. Mr. Frank Buckland and others are sanguine enough to believe that when the grand trunk river is restored to its pristine purity, we shall have salmon again in the upper waters of the Thames. If this "consummation so devoutly to be wished" should ever arrive, the Lea anglers, possessing almost "the first turning to the right on the silent highway," may expect to be the earliest to see his glittering sides in their favourite waters. There is much, however, that has altered the Thames since the palmy days of salmon ; and although sewage and its attendant evils may in time be partly banished (with a floating population equal to a large town, it cannot be wholly so), there are still the ever revolving wheels of countless steamers which have been introduced during comparatively late years, continually beating and banging the tidal stream in a manner sufficient to drive away a shoal of impudent sharks, not to say the timorous salmon. On the other hand, we are disposed to make every allowance for the well-known perseverance of the salmon to return to its first bed, and shall indeed be glad to find that our notions are erroneous.

The methods of angling in the Lea differ from those of the Thames and Trent. In the Lea the angler for roach, the principal fish he seeks after, fishes with a light line of single hair, keeping the point of the rod as much as possible over the float, and seldom uses a punt, but fishes well out from the bank. His rod is as long as a roach rod is used in any other stream in England ;—21ft. to 24ft., straight and stiff, with the ply only in the last few inches of the top joint. His hooks are of a medium size, mostly short in the shank, and his float as light as is consistent with the water he fishes. His basket is generally of a

square form, to be used as a seat as well as a depository in different divisions for his spoil, his book of lines, &c., his ground bait, worms, and gentles; and perhaps a snug corner for a pocket pistol, and a bit of cold meat and bread. He seldom or never essays a fly, and generally takes his pitch, plumbs the depth, ground baits his swim, and sits unmoved intently watching his float from morn until eve. It is extraordinary what a keen eye the Lea roach fisher possesses. What to a looker-on would be the motion of a zephyr upon the float is to him a bite—the wrist is turned, the fish hooked, and in less than half a minute's clever play, the roach or chub is secured and in the basket. As jack fishers; the Lea rodmen seldom excel as spinners. Trolling is mostly their hobby, or what seems more in accordance with their somewhat lethargic disposition, live-bait fishing appears to have the greatest charm. Nine-tenths of the Lea anglers are men of sedentary habits, and they bring these habits out with them. The walk from the rail to the river, and when there to seat themselves before some 6ft. or 7ft. of water, is the extent of their ambition, and whether they take from 15lb. to 40lb. weight of white fish home or not, they appear ever contented and thankful for the opportunity of getting out into the fields and inhaling the sweet air of heaven. As a body they are remarkable for their sober industry when at their various trade avocations, and, when following their darling pursuits by the stream, for their unobtrusive manners and almost taciturn disposition. It is only when we follow them to their clubs, or when waiting at the railway station for the up train, that we find them loquacious and communicative, and then they will enter most warmly, if not eloquently, into the details of the sport of the day, and it is both interesting and remarkable to listen to the hairbreadth escapes this large fish has had—how the other broke the line or rod, and how another nearly pulled in the would be puller out. Some of our most pleasurable recollections are derivable from the chance gossip of these worthy Waltonians, and it is our fervent prayer we may live to have many more. That they may live, let them wrap up well and keep their feet dry. There are few parts of the Lea which are not accessible from the banks; but after floods, and for a time while they are settling, the marshes which lie low will continue to hold a good deal of water. In many cases, although the grass may show itself above the surface, appearances are treacherous, concealing probably sufficient to immerse the pedestrian knee-deep in slush, and thus, if not prepared for such

a misadventure, render the day wholly comfortless, and perhaps leave a lasting memento, in the aches and pains of rheumatism, of the occasion when the sufferer unwillingly plumbed the depth of the morass with his legs. The most independent course in such circumstances is to don a pair of Fagg's hip-boots, which are not only defiant against these accidents, but permit the angler to kneel upon the damp banks out of sight of the fish, and to get into crooks and corners well down amongst weeds and reeds full below the tell-tale sky-line, which otherwise makes his every movement observable. In the mere survey of the Lea and its tributaries, and that of the Thames and the Trent, we found a pair of Fagg's mocassins all that was requisite; and from the studious way in which these half-boots were fashioned to the anatomy, shape and play of the foot, we were enabled to walk all day with ease and comfort, and scarcely sought the relief of slippers at the close of our evening rambles. But with the hip-boots, when actually fishing, we have got to many a sly hole and likely scour, more particularly when the water has been low, that would otherwise, being unapproachable, have left us on the margin of the river to look at with admiration, but with longing only, and mortified helplessness as our reward.

The charges of the inns down the Great Eastern line vary but little. A bed is seldom more than 1*s.*; and at the best of inns does not exceed 1*s.* 6*d.* Of course we except the hotels, of which there are but one or two. Breakfast, without meat or eggs, 1*s.*, and with eggs, &c., 1*s.* 6*d.* An excellent plain dinner may be obtained from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*, and less than this at most inns, if the hours that the landlord and family dine are observed; and tea, without meat, &c., from 9*d.* to 1*s.* Many anglers of limited means take cold meat down with them, or bread and cheese; while others find a saveloy and penny roll sufficient to stay their appetites for the day until home or tavern quarters are reached. A few figs, and more especially a date or two, will be found a surprising arrester of the claims of hunger. There are fishermen, however, who aspire to large home-made pigeon or rump-steak pies; and we have known a joint or fillet admirably cooked at a lock-house, with a pot of steaming potatoes. But these expedients are seldom resorted to excepting where the fishing-ground is far from the inn attached to the waters. We would earnestly advise the absence of all strong spirit while angling. It mars the best of sport, and destroys the pleasure of the most promising day. Smoke, if you will, in moderation;

but do not take your grog until your work is done. I have heard many an angler repent the presence of a full pocket-pistol after it was emptied, but never heard a word of regret escape in the evening from those who had left it behind. Of course there are exceptions to this rule—extremely severe weather, for instance—but even then ale will warm the system more effectually than spirits, and it is not attendant with that dangerous chilly reaction consequent upon the uses of alcohol.

OLD FORD (Hertford Line).

Distance from London, 2 Miles.

FARES:—First-class 4*d.*, Second 3*d.*; Return—First-class 6*d.*, Second 4*d.*

WHATEVER the angling may be by-and-by at Old Ford, in the river Lea, when the legislative sanitary enactments are carried out in their full force and integrity, there is little at present worth the attention of the ambitious angler. A few flounders and eels may be occasionally caught, but such “small deer” are altogether unworthy the aim and object of a sportsman, who moreover at his elbow possesses such facilities as are afforded by the Great Eastern Railway at the cost, to most of the places, of but a shilling or two.

To the antiquary Old Ford has its attractions, the place having been named after the *old* road, which was here crossed by a *ford* into Essex. Lysons alludes to the old bridge which succeeded the primitive mode of wading or swimming horses across: “At an inquiry taken before Robert de Retford and Henry Spigurnell, the King’s Justices in the year 1303, the jurors decided, upon their oath, that at the time when Matilda, the good Queen, lived, the road from London to Essex was by a place called Old Ford, where there was no bridge, and during inundations was so extremely dangerous that many passengers lost their lives, which coming to the good Queen’s ears, she caused the road to be turned where it now is, namely, between the towns of Stratford and West Ham; and of her bounty caused the bridge and road to be made.” This bridge was allowed to go to decay, and became almost as dangerous as was once the old ford, when another good Queen—Elinor, “of her bounty ordered it to be repaired, committing the charge of it to William de Capella, keeper of her chapel.” Bow Bridge had a “hog-back,” so much so that

Stratford, Saddle-ford, or Straddle-ford is said to have arisen from this peculiarity in the configuration of its construction. From drawings extant it would seem to have been a quaint old pile, and, being narrow and without a footpath, the perils of the passage were afterwards provided for by a wooden foot-gallery attached to one side of it. The present bridge is of a plain device, and constructed of granite. The East London Waterworks have extensive reservoirs here, in which are vast quantities of coarse fish. It is needless, however, to seek the permission to angle in these or indeed any other of the water companies' basins around London, as the directors are greatly opposed, and very properly so, to the intrusion of strangers, the managers with much truth alleging, that "anglers break down the banks and cast into the water nauseous compounds termed ground baits, which decompose and tend to corrupt the purity of this element, while some will wash their dogs therein, and many in summer's excessive heat have stript and made a bath thereof."

The once celebrated Clare Hall Tea Gardens, then "out of London," is near this, and the visitors were attracted to them, and amused when there, by a mill erected in the grounds by its proprietor, which "ground old people young." This was done by a piece of mechanism composed of two endless bands; upon the one figures of boys and girls, upon the other old men and women; and the mill being set in motion, had the appearance of taking in the old at the top of the receiver, and producing them young at the other end.

Bow Church is an ancient edifice, well worth a visit; but the whole neighbourhood is too savoury to induce the lover of fresh air to stay longer than will suffice to satisfy his curiosity.

STRATFORD.

Distance from London, 3½ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 4d., Second 3d.; Return—First-class 6d., Second 4d.

THERE is little or no angling in the tidal way of the Lea until we reach Temple Mills; yet occasionally, by very persevering ground-baiting, a few bream and roach, and, at periods when the impure water has not been thrown back upon this district, a few barbel and flounders, have been taken. The White Hart at Temple Mills is kept by William Beresford, who will point out the

channels said by Hawkins, Spelman, and other authorities, to be the courses formed by Alfred to divert the waters of the Lea, and thus leave the Danish fleet, which had ventured up to Ware, almost high and dry. Similar courses are to be seen at Waltham, and it is possible that both sets of artificial ducts may have been made by Alfred at the same time and for a like purpose. In the garden of the White Hart is an enormous pollard poplar tree, in the branches of which a platform has been erected, to which access is obtained by a set of steps, capable of accommodating sixty to seventy persons with ease and comfort.

LEA BRIDGE.

Distance from London, 5½ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 8*d.*, Second 6*d.*; Return—First-class 1*s.*, second 9*d.*

THE White House in the Hackney Marshes is situated between Stratford and the Lea Bridge. It is kept by George Beresford. The fishing here is somewhat artificial, as the stock is brought periodically from other waters. The supply, however, is liberally kept up, and as it just gets the end of the influence of the tidal flow, the fish are generally healthy, and those anglers who watch "time and tide" derive a reward beyond the non-observant, commensurate to their knowledge of the moon's influences upon the rise and fall of the waters. It is said, however, that with regard to the revigorating influences at work to keep up the stock of jack, that the proprietor gets them in all parts of the Barge River upwards, and in this respect is the only lessee of waters on the Lea who is in direct antagonism to the preservation movement recently inaugurated.

At the new Tumbling Bay, where Salter's Swim formerly stood, quantities of barbel are caught every season, fifteen or sixteen a day to a single rod, and they have been but recently taken as heavy as 10½*lb.*, and but a year or two since of 13*lb.* in weight.

Hardy's Swim is the first from the Tumbling Bay, in which 60*lb.* of roach have been taken by one rod in four consecutive days. Jones's Swim is about 6*ft.* deep, a clay bottom, and is full of roach and bream; several of 6½*lb.* have been caught. The Small Tree Swim is 6*ft.* deep, and a favourite resort for jack. Mr. Snow's Swim is about 6*ft.* deep, and good for roach. About

150yds. down there are three other roach swims ; one, known as Frith's Swim, holds plenty of gudgeon when they are not on the shallows. Johnson's Swim is 7ft. deep, a hard gravelly bottom, and shows bream, barbel, and roach. The Tree Swim is famous for heavy roach, occasionally of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in weight. After this, a long stretch of gudgeon scour succeeds. It may be known by the boys' bathing place, from which it extends for about 75yds. either way. Clark's Ditch Swim is another celebrated pitch for roach and bream ; bottom at 5ft., and gravel. After this, there is about 100yds. of average jack water ; and then Potatoe Hole, followed by another 150yds., where jack abound ; and then the Last Swim, on the Essex side of the Horse and Groom Water. Two hundred yards along the bank before the Point is reached, there are plenty of jack. Here a boat is to be found near the White House, and the angler can cross over and accompany us back on the other side.

There is only one roach swim from the Point to a spot opposite Clark's Ditch, but it abounds in jack, as before said ; and close in, if the angler approach the river noiselessly early and late, very large carp may reward his skill and caution. A little beyond this is still better for this sly fish, and this is called the Carp Swim. Then 150yds., for jack and gudgeon, opposite the boys' bathing-place. Then a great place for more jack between this and the Horse Bridge. Clay-hole Swim succeeds this for roach ; the Friends, well noted for its bream ; and next to it an even roach stream. We now find several excellent scours for the fly, and the chub here are really monsters, some having been captured of 7lb. in weight. The Kirby Swims are full of roach, chub, and bream. They are opposite the Tree Swim, and the angler need be wary with his tackle, as the barbel, which lurk in these deeps, will often take his gentle or worm, to the destruction of single hair if not of the gut lines. This swim is full 7ft. in depth. There are most sorts of fish in the Long Swim, which obtains its name from being 130yds. in length ; it varies from 3ft. to 10ft. And now we approach the Tumbling Bay again, the space we passed being covered with gudgeons in warm weather.

We now return to the Point, and have a careful survey of another section of the White House Fishery. Crossing over from the Essex to the Middlesex side, we follow the river, which is on our right, down stream. The Point Swim is 7ft. deep, with a gravelly bottom, and bounteous in roach. For some hundred

yards after this, several swims may be found between the bushes, and the beetle, grasshopper, small frog, black slug, snail, &c., may be essayed by dibbing, with astonishing effect on a hot sunny day. The Barbel Swim is 7ft. in depth, and gravelly. It holds besides barbel, roach and chub. The Bush Swim, of the same depth, boasts the same description of fish. The Oven's Mouth is a capital roach and barbel resort. The Small Swims are of a like depth and bottom, with jack fishing between the two. The Royal George Swim is better than it looks. Three roach swims follow this, all averaging a similar quantity of water; about 6ft. The Corner Swim is highly estimated, as is likewise a swim next to it down stream. Tinker's Hole holds 5ft. of water, with a good gravelly bottom. It is the cover for large roach and chub. The two Collier's Swims have the same character as the last. The Deep Swim plumbs full 10ft., and is a celebrated home for barbel.

We now pass the White House again, and through its garden. Just below the latter is the Rounds or Bends, where dace may be picked out with a gentle, worm, or fly, to the heart's content, and of 6oz. to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight. The Rise from the Bends to the High Bank is admirable for its chub and dace, and the High Bank for its roach. The Parritch Pot, near the White Bridge, is famed for its barbel.

Pass we now over the White Bridge, and turn to the right, and we find the Bush Swim, about 4ft. in depth, and of a fine sandy bottom. Then 100yds. of jack-fishing, and Bottom Corners afford three roach swims. Then more than 100yds. of rippling water for chub and dace with the fly, and perhaps a heavy and luscious trout. Land Mark Swim, for barbel and dace, is succeeded by 130yds. of good fly water. Opposite the Rounds there are three roach swims; then shallows again appear where gudgeons, now so scarce elsewhere, are comparatively plentiful. And opposite the Garden Swim, barbel and roach, and now right away to the house, gudgeon on the shallows.

Passing the house we come to a superb roach swim—the Angler's Home, and swims for barbel. Then 100yds. of trolling and spinning stream, and then the Old Roach Swim, about 7ft. in depth and an even bottom. A hole made by the burrowing of a screw-like eddy is termed the Tub Swim. It successively scours itself and partially fills, but seldom averages more than 7ft. in depth. It is, however, always prolific in roach, as a great deal of chance food whirls round into it and takes a turn or two, if it

does not actually settle. The Hospital Swim is of interest to the angler-naturalist, as herein are to be found scarcely any but fish that have been maimed—mayhap by jack, perch, or by accidents of mill-wheels, &c. Indeed, scarcely a fish is taken out of this remarkable spot but has in some way or other received a wound. But the physicians of fish—the tench—are here to wait upon their patients. After the Hospital comes about 90yds. of jack run, and Smith Swim follows. Then Ansted's Swim, 5ft. deep and full of roach.

The subscription to the united waters of the White House and Horse and Groom is 15s. per annum and 1s. per diem to non-subscribers, but the latter are not permitted to fish for jack. Many hundreds of jack, it is said, have been turned into these fisheries during the last three years.

A choice collection of the British birds which frequent these marshes is to be found at the White House, and the room appropriated to subscribers possesses many handsome examples of piscatorial taxidermy, the fish being all taken from these waters. Trout, for instance, of 11½lb., 7½lb., &c. ; chub, 7½lb. ; barbel, 13½lb. ; jack, 25lb. ; perch, 4lb. ; carp, 11lb. ; bream, 5½lb., &c., &c. There are about a hundred lockers in all throughout the house, the rental of which per annum ranges from 5s. and upwards. The refreshments are very reasonable and good, the dinners being served hot, skilfully cooked, and remarkably clean.

The views around looking over Leytonstone are very pretty, particularly in summer, and as the spot can be reached by Victoria-park Station, from whence it is three-quarters of a mile ; from Stratford or Lea Bridge, both one mile and a quarter ; and from Stratford Bridge Station if from Woolwich, and is moreover approachable by the North London Railway, its access and advantages are rendered facile to the greater part of the metropolis and its suburbs.

Besides the water of which we have spoken, there is about three miles of mill-stream. Plenty of bait may be had throughout the year, and eels are ever ready to the hand of the cook.

Duck guns and other small arms of long range are tried in these marshes. The London Orphan Asylum is on a gentle rise near Lea Bridge at Lower Clapton, the children in which generally exceed three hundred.

TOTTENHAM.*Distance from London, 7½ Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 8*d.*, Second 6*d.*; Return—First-class 1*s.*, Second 9*d.*

FROM Lea Bridge to Tottenham Mills there is little angling to be had, the rollicking and too often outrageous conduct of the "roughs," who frequent this part of the stream, rendering sport out of the question, if it does not entail the wilful destruction of the angler's tackle, who is bold enough to attempt to fish. Near the site of the Tottenham Mills, and between the latter and the Copper-mill Stream, is the well known Ferry Boat House. Its landlord, Mr. Joseph Noakes, as the steward of Epping Forest, is an enthusiastic lover of coursing, and an admirer of legitimate sport in its every phase. The house and its surroundings are picturesque, and have not been altered in any way for perhaps a century and a half, if not for two hundred years. A pretty vignette of the house and bridge may be found in Bohn's edition of Walton and Cotton. This water embraces about two miles of good fishable stream—Old River and Copper-mill Stream inclusive. The house contains ample rooms for its visitors, and the garden is a great attraction to the numbers who resort from London to this pretty spot—so easily got at, the rail being but a stone's throw from the river's bank. In the kitchen—a goodly sized and comfortable apartment, made use of with thankfulness by the regular subscribers after a cold or wet day's angling—are some excellent preserved specimens of fish taken in the waters. There is one, a barbel, especially noticeable from its singularly symmetrical form, the head being unusually small, and the lines of the fish altogether exceedingly graceful, and therefore much opposed to the generally ungainly outline of this fish. It was taken by Mr. Newbon. It weighed 9½*lb.* when taken. A pike, likewise well stuffed, of 15*lb.* is here. The largest stuffed chub is 4½*lb.*; they do not grow in this water much above that weight. There are some bream in the water, but they are few, as this fish confines itself mostly to the tidal stream. Yet large bream are taken at Digby's, the Flanders Weir Fishery, and, last autumn, exceeded in size the products of most former years.

There are twenty-two lockers in the house, and a cheerful room above, which will hold fifty persons to dine with comfort. Boats may be had a little lower down the river, from J. Shearman, at 1*s.* for the first hour, and 6*d.* each succeeding hour. The

stabling is capacious, and the skittle and quoit grounds well kept. It is three miles from the Forest, four miles from Tom Bounding's, of Epping Hunt notoriety; and the house of the no less famous Charley Wakins, is not far off, so well known for sports of all sorts, and whose rabbit warren is always well stocked with cotton tails, at which the ambitious shot may pop all night and all day too, for a commensurate fee.

Eels—New River eels!—cooked in more than one way peculiar to this house, deserve particular mention. Indeed, Mr. Noakes is willing to back his cook against all the *chefs* of the clubs, of Blackwall, Simpson's, the London, or the Swan at Ditton, to serve up eels in a manner that shall extort even from those great culinary magicians the confession that superiority reigns, in this respect, supreme at the Ferry Boat. It is a question, however, whether the eels taken from Noakes's fishery, and which are very plentiful, are not equal to their fellows of the New River.

We quit the house through its farm-like yard at the back, and find ourselves surrounded with the materials for an artist; one glimpse at this rustic composition, and we are again all attention to the water. On our left is the old river; on our right the Copper-mill Stream. The latter averages 7ft. or 8ft. in depth in its normal condition, and is deeper in holes. It is somewhat narrow until it reaches Ford's Water, but sufficiently wide to test the longest roach-rod to fish in the middle, while the angler keeps well from the bank. The first swim is 7ft. deep, called Hollicks, or the Pigs' Stye Swim, is as good as any, if not the best, of the water, and, near the gate, is a favourite swim for roach. When we reach what is termed the First Narrows—so called from the two rivers here approaching each other—there is an excellent chub-hole. It may be known by some old piles, the remains of an ancient sluice-gate, by which the meadows were formerly flooded. Just upon entering the Second Narrows is a barbel swim of good repute; and after passing this the Copper-mill Stream widens out into a fine piece of broad water, which is especially estimated by the troller for its "lay-by" for jack. The two waters now join by a bold sweep or bend, and, passing the floodgates, the pool of which likewise belongs to Mr. Noakes's preserves, we turn our faces again towards the house, and follow the old river down, which we have thus to our right.

The whole of this water is especially pretty. In the fourth meadow from the house, opposite the willows, is a roach swim,

prolific, but nameless. The plummet—without which, as a matter of course, no stranger to the river would commence to fish—will readily find it, as it is a deep. On the opposite bank, pointed at by a large hawthorn bush from the near side, is a barbel swim, which has never failed from time immemorial. About 100yds. lower down, still on the opposite side, is a high bank, running in and out for a considerable distance, under which large quantities of chub lurk in some 6ft. of water, and are taken by the stealthy and muffled-footed pursuer of this crafty and shy surface bladder-blower. Now, all the way down there are bends and scours, and very likely shallows in the season for the fly; and while whipping for dace and chub, a trout now and then has rewarded the angler. When the troller is on the opposite side, and arrives at the confluence of the water-dam and the old river, known as Bell's Hole, he will do well to fish every inch of it, as large pike are known to lurk here. On the right of this are gudgeon, dace, and chub swims. Now succeeds a mixed stretch of river, with sharp, swift, shallow water, interspersed with holes; and if the angler were to wade it—instead of presenting himself like a giant of the Hartz mountains against the sky to the scared fish—we feel assured he would have no occasion to regret his low position, as he would be then well out of sight, and could approach within a very short distance of his prey.

There are several good gudgeon pitches near the house, the best of which is the spot where a lot of felled timber lies in the yard.

The bottom of this fishery is almost throughout either hard gravel, or, in the quiet water, marl; and the river, as far as can be judged, possesses nearly every essential condition to form a first-rate breeding-ground for most descriptions of fresh-water fish, including trout.

The Ferry Boat has no sleeping accommodation for visitors, but Tottenham is close at hand, if chamber comforts be in requisition; the culinary resources are, however, of the best, and the charges such as not to disorder digestion. This portion of the Lea is not a first-rate winter resort for fish, but excels in the summer and still more in the autumn months; our experience, moreover, inclines us to believe that it would rise immeasurably in repute if it were better watched at all hours and unaccredited anglers kept from its banks.

The subscription to Mr. Noakes's water is one guinea a year for trolling, half a guinea a year for light bottom fishing, or a shilling a day.

PARK STATION (formerly called **Marsh Lane Station**).*Distance from London, 8½ Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 10d., Second 8d.; Return—First-class 1s. 3d., Second 1s.

TURNING to the left after quitting Noakes's Water, we make for Page's Ferry and lock. Here we are carried by a punt over the neck of a channel which supplies the East London Waterworks, at Tottenham, as does the Copper-mill Stream, mentioned before, the same company's works at Lea Bridge. We are now on the right-hand side of the navigable river, going up, and find that this water is of a considerably greater width than the general average of the canal part of the Lea. We follow the near path—for there is one on both sides the navigation—about a quarter of a mile, and when we get almost opposite the rifle targets, we descend the canal's bank for one of the two houses to our right in the valley. The one to the left is the Blue House, where resides Ford, the proprietor of the water. From the bank we have just quitted, the Old Lea may be seen for a long distance, meandering through the marshes, here sparkling in the light, and there disappearing, until, after a coquettish *détour*, it returns, again entering Wicks's (now Jackson's) preserves, and losing itself from the eye at Messrs. Hunt and Gammon's Mills. Ford's cottage is about a mile from Park Station, thus securing additional privacy and seclusion. The top of Ford's Water, where we commence our observations, is shown by two posts. Cooper's Hole is the first good place; and as it is partly in Jackson's water, and partly in that of Ford, it has been agreed that whichever subscriber should get to it first, whether he pays to the one fishery or the other, shall enjoy it exclusively while he may. Going down the stream to our left, and a little below the ditch on the opposite side which separates the parishes of Chingford and Walthamstow, we have an excellent dace swim under our hand, and a roach swim at the entrance to the ditch. Sharps and shallows follow the whole way to the next bend; and although in the height of summer the water is somewhat low, the careful fly-fisher takes large quantities of dace and chub off these scours. The roach are numerous, and many are taken of 1lb. 4oz. Denton's Swim is near the first tree on our side, and on the opposite, near the Whirl, the water is some 10ft. in depth, and is occupied by shoals of perch to be taken with minnow and worm. Just below—still under the

opposite bank—is a fine barbel swim. There are few bream up here, but what there are are large, two were taken but recently by a Mr. W. Walsh, the one weighing 3½ lb. 7 oz., the other 4 lb. 9 oz. The stream is now shallow to the second tree. Past this are deep bends succeeding one another, all more or less attractive, and these end in one very deep place termed Brocksopp's Hole, known by two landmarks close together. Again, shallows past the third tree, and until we get to the fourth tree, which indicates a celebrated chub resort, known from time immemorial as the Punch Bowl. A little swim after this on our side for roach was once held in repute by Mr. Widdows, but it has filled up a good deal lately. After this we pass the shallowest part of the whole of the water, until we get to the ditch which separates the parishes of Tottenham and Edmonton. Here are two swims, one on either side, and exactly opposite each other; the one nearest to us, some 20 yds. from the mouth of the ditch, the other named after Watts, an experienced roach-killer. Between the sturmps and remains of pollards is a swim from which many fine roach are taken, close in and under the bank. It is, however, best in summer when 10 lb. of roach, if fished stealthily, may be easily removed in a short time from it. Passing across the ditch, the water assumes a more profound and quiet character, until we arrive at the next bend, but it is yet deeper on the opposite side where the water is somewhat lively. We come now to sedges and jack cover, then a moderate depth for about 150 yds. from the Bush to the opposite Lombardy poplars. Before we reach the fifth tree is a redoubtable roach swim, and then the Tumbles close in. After the fifth tree to the next bay, we have some 100 yds. of shallow, and at the end of this shallow on the opposite side, is Mr. Bull's Swim, 7 ft. of water, and admirable for its chub. Sedges again show themselves in an arm or lagoon, which we recall as a famous place for jack, and as the spot where, in Bowerbank's time, he used to cast his net for bait. It has now grown up, and is high and dry in the summer. On the opposite side, a little above the cottage, is a wooden stand, the House Swim, and on either side of this, say 20 ft., are two other capital even-bottomed swims for roach. Exactly facing the stand, and on our side, is a perch eddy, which seldom or never was known to fail; and near the latter is Teal's Carp Swim, about 20 yds. above the cottage. Carp as large as 9½ lb. have been caught here. Two carp were taken here by Mr. Drewitt in August, 1865, each weighing 6 lb. 12 oz., also one over 5 lb., and

a jack of 11½lb. These fish are in the collection of the Cripplegate Society, meeting at the Anglers, Union-street, Bishopsgate; they are all beautiful specimens. We now cross over from the cottage, and are on the Walthamstow side of the river. Opposite to us, at the end of the garden, is the Garden Swim for roach, and two or three more present themselves before we get to the Bush, at the bend. There are several swims for roach on the cottage side, the best, perhaps, between the last two trees. Right away after this is splendid water for all sorts of fish. Passing the stile at the foot of the hill, opposite the old original Bush Swim, is a very deep piece of water worked out by constant floods, which is very perchy. All down now to Noakes's Water is a good hard gravelly bottom, with excellent jack and perch fishing. Clark's Swim is on the opposite side, near the whitethorn hanging over the water, and under which large chub and roach may be seen in countless numbers. Both sides of the tree are good. Tutin's Hole is about 35yds. below the Bush, and is very deep, boasting barbel, carp, chub, &c., amongst its occupants. We now arrive at one of the sharpest turns and returns in the Lea, and equally so both for length and acuteness. At the head of it, part of the stream runs off at a right angle into the aqueduct, which we crossed at Page's Lock, for the waterworks, and the remainder turning suddenly round, forms the backwater known as the Copper-mill Stream. On the elbow of this peninsula, near the May Bush, a great many medium sized perch, of half a pound or so, are met with; and about the private bathing place many jack are found. Then we come upon more swims for roach and chub, which extend in the Copper-mill Water for some way down, the opposite side being Noakes's.

Splendid jack cover now stretches before us, until we come to the Pool and Broadwater. Opposite to us, on the Tottenham side, is a seat much coveted by the roach and chub fisher, the latter fish being mostly ledgered for here, in the rough eddies, with triangular hooks. A pretty swim—indeed, three or more—may be readily found with the plummet around this fine pool, the water of which pitches from a sudden shallow above, over the piles which entirely cross the stream, into a hole of great extent and of 16ft. deep. The two shallows on each side of the osier bed are occasionally lay-byes for jack. From the Pool down to the next bend, and in 4ft. of water, plenty of perch are taken. The sedge beds can only be got at by throwing from the opposite bank, and thus some of the largest jack are killed. There is a

swim of mark before the hedge is reached of 7ft., and another opposite of 5ft., both for roach, and a very likely corner on the left must hold jack, as there is excellent cover and quiet water for them. We are now in Simnot's Marsh, in which swims are to be found at every few yards, but the best for chub is about 5yds. or 6yds. below the hedge. Just beyond the ditch on the opposite side, and which separates the meadows of Mr. Thomas Ware and Mr. Delane, is a deep roach swim, and another off the point on our side is full of this fish, and a good many carp. The well-known Long Swim is on the other side, from which barbel and chub are taken; but look out for stumps and snags both visible and invisible. Terms for fishing are one guinea per annum for trolling, half a guinea for bottom fishing without trolling, or one shilling a day without trolling. Bruce Castle is about a mile from Park. It is a modern building, but noticeable from having been erected upon the site of an ancient castellated mansion, once the residence of Robert Bruce—son of the King of Scotland—who died in 1303.

ANGEL-ROAD STATION.

Distance from London, 9½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s., Second 10d.; Return—First-class 1s. 6d.,
Second 1s. 3d.

JACKSON'S (late Wicks's) Water, formerly Cook's Ferry (Bleak Hole Fishery), is about the third of a mile from this station. The length of water according to Bohn's edition of Walton is three miles—two of old river and one of mill-stream; but we think it far exceeds this. The house is a beer retailer's, humble but decent, and the dinners, which should be ordered before going out to fish, are served in a nice and appetising manner, in accordance with the unsophisticated angler's notions of the proprieties and requirements of the table. There is live-bait always at hand. Lewis, who rented this water for a time, used to speak of dace taken from the water of upwards of 1lb. apiece, and of gudgeons nearly a quarter of a pound. We never saw a dace of a pound, but gudgeons of a quarter of that weight we have personally weighed from the river Ichen, near Bishopstoke. Leaving the house, we pass over the navigation bridge, and then that of the old river, and turning short into the meadow to the right, follow the water down stream, the river being on our dexter hand. Until we reach

the second bend, the water when in its usual condition is somewhat shallow, being not more than 3ft. deep excepting here and there in holes. Its aspect, likewise, is commonplace and not enticing. Opposite the second bend it looks better, and a dead tree well out in the water marks an excellent swim for roach of 9ft. to 10ft. at its deepest, with a shelf, but of a marly bottom. Then 100yds. of shallow succeeds, very full of chub, which are killed from 1lb. to 4lb., and here, we are told, some of the large dace spoken of may be brought to bank. The roach average $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and are caught as large as 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. A sharp fine bend presents itself opposite the first rails of Turner's factory, and contains a deep of full 12ft. Now the river assumes a very charming character, with many bends, amidst which are two islands. Opposite the division of these islands is a hole of 16ft., containing heavy jack. After leaving the islands we come to more bold bends, each with its hole and scour and its goodly proportion of deep water. Plenty of barbel are hereabout, but, strange to add, seldom fished for in these preserves. Just past the second palings of the factory, and on the opposite side, is one or more favourite places for perch and jack. There is likewise a deep hole on that side by a dead tree, that is partly in and partly out of the water, and sprawls almost across it. There are no bream at this end of the preserves, but dibbing for chub may be profitably pursued. Shallows for the fly now render noticeable a handsome bend sweeping gracefully to our left, and then we walk past 400yds. of deep jack water, containing besides most descriptions of other Lea fish. A high bank follows with capital sharps, suggestive of chub, amidst which the spinning of a minnow cannot fail in due season to help fill the bag. After passing a solitary whitethorn upon our left, we arrive at a very acute turn. The current, which hitherto has passed close beneath our eye, now takes the opposite side, and leaves a quiet swim just above a bed of sedges. More deeps follow, down to the point where it joins the mill-stream. About 30yds. before the point is attained is a hole—the Nottingham—containing a vast quantity of roach and chub, and trout are frequently taken here with roach tackle. There is likewise off the point a famous swim, and from this we can see across the river, but cannot get to it, that of Ford's Water. Turning now to the left we skirt the mill-tail stream. This is all fishable, and averages 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. to 4ft. in depth. Near two pollards, the nearest one split in twain, with half of its trunk hanging over the stream, there is a pretty swim for perch, chub, and dace. It cannot be

overlooked, as these pollards are the first we have met with on the banks. The stream is nearly always running, but it is in most places too swift for roach. Gudgeons, on the contrary, delight in it, and are taken in vast numbers during the season. The only roach swim is pretty high up, not far from the miller's private garden, and is rendered an extremely likely place from a bend throwing off the force of the current, and leaving a deep close under the bank of about 5ft., with a clean gravelly bed.

Quitting the kitchen garden, we cross a hard and high road intersecting the marshes, and turn round by the mills, which are pleasing and picturesque. At the tail, within reach of a short rod, in about 3ft. of water, shoals of very large roach may be mostly seen. The first roach swim in the mill-head is near a Lombardy poplar, and off some old wharfing. Crossing the flood-gates we observe several likely places for jack and chub for a considerable distance. There are no trees until we reach a fuzzy, unhealthy oak, under which is a roach swim 12ft. in depth. The bed is a good deal worn away, and kept free from weed and deposit by bathers. Now all is deep right away to the top of the water, certainly a very long and quiet run, perhaps of three-quarters of a mile in length, for jack. In this stream, and some 30yds. before we get to the Cattle Bridge, is a summer swim of average merit for roach. We now catch a view of Old Chingford Church on the hill to our right, and getting over the stile at the osier beds—still on the mill-head—come to the boundary of this water. Turning our backs upon Digby's Water, we return down the old river, pausing for a while to indulge in the soothing cadence of the cascade, and to admire the lovely pool, which is certainly the cream of these preserves, and therefore the more is the pity that the inexorable exigencies of the mill should ever render it necessary to stay its musical murmurings, or divert from its frothy deeps the element upon which its life and attractions mainly depend. The swims for roach are here of a superior kind; and chub, perch, jack, and barbel, revel and abound in the agitated flow; and dace and gudgeons are in abundance on the shallows that so suddenly succeed the comparative abyss. After leaving this "stop," and at the extreme point of the first sharp turn, the king of the pike is generally to be found, and enough tackle has been carried away here to set up a widow in business. Shallows and deeps, deeps and shallows, are now the prevailing characteristics of the river, parts of which remind us of, and are worthy to be classified with,

a Devon stream. About 20yds. below the scrubby oak before mentioned as being on the banks of the mill-stream, is a place in this old river called Jux's Hole, where that human otter used to take fabulous bags of jack, and which hole is said to be again too full. Just below is the confluence of the flood-gate or waste stream of the old river, which ought to be searched diligently with gorge and spinning-bait, as all around—covert, lay-by, and backwaters—bespeak the whereabouts of jack. Passing back over the flood-gates, by which it will be seen we have gone right round the inner bank of an island, we continue to follow the old river. A little below the confluence is a still piece of water made by the fork of the two streams. This is known as Ansell's Jack Haunt; and Smith's Swim, a little beyond, is held in equal respect for its roach. The Carp Hole, *par excellence*, is off the first bend after passing the waste, and is celebrated throughout the Lea for the presence of that shy, crafty, but, when hooked, game and powerful fish. A ditch faces it, which is skirted on the left with young willows. The Horse-shoe Point is next. It is shallow, but both perch and jack are caught in it, and the sharp scours around it are just the thing for the fly. The Maybush Swim is good for roach; and a jack was taken here in 1865, which, weighing 13lb., occupied an hour and a half in its capture. Round' and about the stump of this tree masses of floating rush, &c., are generally collected, and afford shelter for large chub and roach. Carp will be found at the next bend, and then the water becomes very pikey and deep, some 12ft. all over, until we get to the Lob-sided Tree, when shallows succeed for about 15yds. We are now in sight of the old Ferry-house Bridge—Cook's Ferry of the old angling books, then a public-house. From this, right away, the banks, more or less, shelve over, and harbour very heavy chub and barbel. After this, from where we first started, is deep, and is all capital for jack; but both spinner and troller, or live-bait fisher, must look out for "ties-up," as the sunken trunks of trees washed down from above are mostly arrested here, and sink by saturation.

Terms for fishing, one guinea annual, half a guinea per annum without trolling, or a shilling a day.

Before we quit this water we cannot do better than visit the ancient fishery house and hostelrie of the celebrated Benjamin Wicks, whose name is identified, as a past proprietor of long standing, with the preserves which surround us. Wicks will be found as genial and as full of *ana* as ever, and a chat with him

will serve to recall much of the piscatory lore and legend which appertain to this somewhat sequestered spot. Indeed, he is a venerable and living landmark with all anglers who can boast their sixty summers. A fine barbel of 13lb. weight, taken in this water, may be seen in the house.

PONDER'S END STATION.

Distance from London, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ Miles.

FARES :—First-class 1s. 9d., Second 1s. 4d.; Return—First-class 2s. 6d.,
Second 2s.

THE Anchor and Pike Tavern—formerly Keid's Fishery—is now kept by Mrs. E. A. Stones, late of Old Hornsey Wood House. It is situated on the navigable portion of the river Lea, within a few minutes' walk of the station, and presents excellent fare, with a moderate tariff. The subscription is 10s. 6d. per annum, or 1s. a day. This inn makes up seven beds, and represents the hostelry or resting-house of three distinct subscription waters, standing in the centre of its own preserved district; it is supported below by that of Digby's, and above by that of the Ordnance and Old King's Head Waters. To get to some of its best swims, the angler must go through the house, and, skirting the garden, pass out upon the meadows through a gate, of which the key should be previously obtained. The river from the Enfield Mill skirts these grounds. The garden affords good swims for roach and dace, more particularly a hole about half way down the kitchen garden, which likewise, early in the season, shows plenty of excellent gudgeon. From this spot to the next reach, where there is another excellent roach swim, the water is good for dace and chub during May and June, when very large fish of these kinds are taken. About 60yds. from the gate of the kitchen garden is the swim of the first reach just now alluded to. The depth is full 7ft. close in at the bend, near some white palings, and the bottom is gravel of a superb character. Three pollards from this is another choice swim for roach, dace, and gudgeons, the latter very good; and the bottom is of a fine sand. The water is now all good down to the barbel hole, formed by a handsome bend which the river has scooped to about 7ft. in depth. Then follow shallows, scours, and holes in rapid succession, made by the tortuous course of the river. A board on

the opposite side indicates the boundary of this part of the water, and the Mar Dyke bars the progress of the angler any further. Here Digby's Water commences. Returning to the house, we pursue our course up the navigable part of the water by the mill and locks. The cut is for a time straight, but offers many swims of average excellence. The chub and roach quarters on the opposite side, immediately facing the house, are well esteemed; and right away from what is known as Baugh's Swim, past Hancock's Pitch, to Tyas's Swim, is all good, with a depth of 7ft. 10in. when average water. The same impression prevails here that used to be entertained on the Thames, that the passage of a barge was productive of bites. Just before we get to the lock there is a back-water, which is crossed from the railway by the East London Waterworks Bridge to get to our little inn; but to reach the swim called The Timbers one of the punts must be used; always at the service of the subscribers. Very large takes of roach have been recorded here lately, many of which average $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Another swim is noticeable for its goodly sized roach, off Mr. Newsham's garden, who being a subscriber and a worthy fellow withal, grants ready permission to those who fancy the spot. From the lock upwards to the first bend there is no stream, the mill taking the current above. The water is heavy, and good for jack and perch. At the point where the mill-stream enters is another well-known place for the same description of fish. A little above this, where a dock exists for the construction of barges, is the Bush Swim, so often made mention of by river Lea anglers. The bush by which it was known is down, but it may be found by a gate at the marshes at the upper end of the stone causeway. Then the Crab Bushes Swim, opposite the barge lock, is often contended for by anglers, who have to secure it from others before daylight shows itself. After this there is not a yard but what is fishable. The opposite meadows are owned by a gentleman who delights to see "the contemplative man" following his innocent recreation. The good wishes of every honest angler be with him! The Osier-bed Swim next presents itself, and may be intersected by a straight line drawn from Sewardstone-hill on one side of the water, and Durance Harbour on the other, an ancient residence, once inhabited by the notorious Judge Jeffrey. Just below the haystacks—and one or more has been here from time immemorial—is the chub scour, *par excellence*, of this water, which may be fished to a nicety by a nick in the bank above, showing some old wharfing. The

towing-path here is peculiar, having all the phases of a hard and wide country road, with high hawthorn bushes on the one side, and the river on the other. It was in former times much sought after, before railways distributed anglers to the four quarters of the world. This locality is in parts very pretty, and being screened by high hedges from the winds that sweep over the marshes, and the water being of great depth, was doubtless a favourite from its picturesqueness and quietude. Just above the haystacks—say 60yds., going up stream—Mr. I. Rich once took in one day a jack weighing 10lb. 6oz. and a trout 6lb. 10oz., besides other fish. Mill Marsh-lane, which still shows the traces of having been a road from Enfield highway to Sewardstone, but is now disused—the last remains of the old bridge having been carried away by the bargees, who look upon all such local structures as base impediments to progress—should not be neglected by the troller without very careful fishing; nor should the perch fisher skip this reach, as it abounds in his proud and prickly-backed prey. The Upper Gate Swim is now close to us; and after this is all good but heavy water. A brook enters at the opposite side, termed “No Man’s Water,” which is the ancient Enfield wash. Perch and jack are taken at its mouth. The old river now falls in to the navigation. Just above the bridge, in the rough water of the Small Arms Factory, three bream were caught by Mr. Gant, weighing 14lb., the largest being 6lb., and a trout 4lb. 4oz.; they are to be seen in the parlour of the Anchor and Pike. There is likewise a jack in this room of 10lb. 2oz., which is worthy of notice as having been taken with a tight gut line (that is, a line without running tackle) and No. 7 hook, and which, after a desperate struggle between angler and fish, was landed by the lock keeper with a shovel. In this case spade, angler, and man were indeed trumps. We now arrive at the Swan and Pike, which bounds Jewison’s Water.

It is curious that few anglers fish this stream with a fly, although much of it is most admirably adapted to that elegant and poetic branch of the art, and trout, chub, and dace are in sufficient numbers to court the graceful wand.

To get to Digby’s Water, the opposite side of the river, below this water, must be gained; the angler will then have to re-cross the stream at the cottage to follow us still lower down. The fall bounds Digby’s, just below where the Chingford Mill Stream leaves the main river, where the top of Wickes’s Water commences. There are some very handsome fish here. We now work back

and upwards again towards the mill-stream from Enfield—part the Ponder's End Water, part Digby's—and which is now called the West Reach, but was formerly termed the Flanders Fishery. At one time a weir was here near the foot-bridge and the cottage of the keepers. It is a well-watched and stocked water, joining Bailey's by the Old River, and the Ponder's End section by the mill-stream. The latter was formerly a brook, but now has ample water to work Hunt and Gammon's mill. This water possesses the recommendation of always being running from above, either through sluice gates or mill, and it has its distinctive places of piscatorial resort; Tyas Hole, the Pound Hole, for barbel, and the Barbel Hole. A Mr. Lewrie took two barbel here on one pater-noster at the same time, weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

At the railway tavern at Ponder's End, kept by Mrs. Bateman, there is in the parlour a small jack, taken in these preserves, with an inscription in the case to the following effect: "Strange, but true. This fish was hooked by Mr. Hart, in the Mill Stream, taking with it the top joint and line whilst fishing for roach; and three weeks afterwards, in January, 1864, was landed by Mr. Dodd, while trolling, with the hook, line, and top joint attached to it, as seen in the case." There is also in the parlour a splendid trout, which weighed 10 lb. 5 oz., and was taken on June 2, 1852, likewise in this water.

ORDNANCE FACTORY STATION.

Distance from London, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d.; Return—First-class 8s.,
Second 2s. 3d.

THE Ordnance or Old King's Head preserves commence at the Tumbling Bay, below the Ordnance Water at Enfield, where a notice at the side of the camp shed appears to that effect, and ends in Chingford Marsh, at the notice board forming the line of demarcation for Digby's portion of the Lea. It is rented from the Government. It looks very well in winter, but suffers very much in dry summers for the want of water. The latter is, however, pretty well made up for by the diligent watchfulness of Mr. Bailey, the proprietor, and his assistant, one or other of whom is a good deal upon the stream at night and by day, and the whole of it can be overhauled by a telescope from the proprietor's

cottage. Barbel of large size, up to 10lb., are literally in shoals in this water, but they are wary to an extreme. The country around presents features of much rustic beauty, and the river itself is very pretty the whole of the way over this district. Sewardstone Pool is a very noble piece of water, full of large roach, one angler taking an aggregate of 120lb. out of it in six successive Sundays. There is a small inn—the Fox—kept by Mr. Franklin, at Sewardstone, resorted to by the anglers of this preserve; but the Swan and Pike at Enfield, or Mr. Knight's, of the Ordnance Hotel, Enfield Lock, are generally preferred, for their contiguity to the railway station. Opposite One Bush ditch is a lagoon, that looks like the remains of an old ford, where symptoms of jack on the feed generally present themselves, and before we get to the bridge there is some deep water close under high banks which has a very fishy character. There is another fine pool in appearance, but there is little in it. In the Upper Marsh there is 10ft. of water reputed for its jack. All along by the Crownsnest Swim, Deadman's Hole, and past the reed beds, may be fitly termed the best bit of jack water for miles from this. As we catch a view of the seat of Mr. Hodgson, the lord of the manor of Sewardstone, we come upon a splendid "lay-by" for pike, and several very attractive slacks follow, where stumps, old trees, and bushes defy the net, and afford homes of peace and quietness to the chub. The reed bed beyond is remarkably pikey, and its bends, sharp holes, and scours must hold many bags of perch, chub, and barbel. A lagoon on the left-hand side, past an isolated stump, presents a charming and picturesque river scene, but with its holes and eddies full of snags, should be carefully fished by the troller and spinner. The Horseshoe Hole comes after this on the left, and is very good and deep, quite 15ft., and is a favourite resort for the bream fisher. Just above "the T ditch" many heavy bags of coarse fish are made almost daily during the season. The Long Plank Hole has been growing in favour of late, and the crooks from the river winding much in and out, have shown to a single rod 12½lb. and 14lb. in a day. It has been observed before, that it is strange that these waters are so much neglected by the fly-fisher, for there are few more appropriate shallows and scours, excepting in wild and mountainous streams, for the exercise of the feather. White Creek is very shallow, and ought to be approached with lightly loaded spinning gear, as there must be jack lying on it in due season, it being to some extent uninfluenced by the stream. Again, we

have old stumps of trees and quiet harbours for chub, &c., and after a goodly stretch of this kind of thing, it is all shallow until we get to Cowbridge, where a gravelly bottom and sharp rippling run woo the fly for half a mile of constantly recurring twist and bend. Here we cross the Cowbridge, and are now upon the left bank. Avoiding the quagmired meadows we take the "awkward stile," get over a gate to the left, keeping an intersecting ditch to our right. From the end of this ditch down to Jessop's Cottage, is a reach of very deep heavy water, that should be treated with the ledger for barbel. One of 11lb. 10oz., taken by Mr. Mardens from this, is in the Cripplegate collection, and is of surpassing beauty. Large bream are also taken here, six of which fish were caught in June, 1863, weighing 36lb., by six different persons. A little below the mill-stream enters from Enfield, and there are ten, fifteen, and in some spots twenty feet of water under the point of the rod. Perch abound all along these banks. There is a very long and likely hole a short distance past the mill-stream, on our left, which, with the remainder of this water before described, will well occupy a whole day to troll or spin it as it ought to be done.

We now commence again at the Swan and Pike, at Enfield Lock, with our path up stream, and the river on our left hand. This is free water until we arrive at the Tumbling Bay. Of this open water little can be said for certain, as it has been much altered by masonry and wharfing, and the bottom very considerably disturbed by extensive dredging. It appears to be a generally accepted notion amongst the oldest inhabitants of the Lea, that wherever a stretch of *still* water, such as occasioned by locks, presents itself, there the rod may ply its pursuit without molestation, or the imposition of a fee. But this view of the matter is in direct variance with the results of proceedings taken by holders, both higher up and lower down, where convictions for the purpose of proving private rights have been instituted against the angling trespasser.

WALTHAM STATION.

Distance from London, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s. 3d., Second 1s. 8d.; Return—First-class 3s. 3d.,
Second 2s. 6d.

WE will now proceed, according to the practice of every true angler, upon his first fishing in a private water, to the keeper's residence, which, in this instance, is near the Church at Waltham Abbey, in a court with a pork-butcher's at the corner, opposite the well-known Cock Inn. Old Jemmy Allsup is well spoken of by the subscribers as a civil, attentive, and sober fellow, who does his duty withal, between the proprietor, the water and the anglers, without fear or favour. He moreover knows how to keep his temper, which is sorely tried on the Sundays; but as there is no angling permitted on that day in this (Clarke's) or the next fishery above (Sanders's), a poacher is easily seen from the bridges, &c., and his retreat cut off if need be. There are two distinct waters connected with Clarke's preserves, which are partly divided in a manner by the Ordnance works. Of the top preserve, or Corn-mill Stream, we will speak first. This is approached by a turning at the corner of the Cock Inn, and passing the whole Abbey entrance, following a footpath leading through the meadows, where the river is exceedingly charming. The Willow Tree Swim, known by a fine drooping tree, is the first we approach. Well out and under it is excellent level and gravelly bottom, with 5ft. of water. This piece of stream up to Old Stoney Bridge—an ancient remain—has been celebrated for time out of mind for its roach, and the chub and perch which lurk beneath the roots of the trees, and under the cavernous banks. Pike in plenty. At the corner near the bridge, opposite Mr. Chaplin's outhouse, is the swim once much fished by Tom Taylor, one of the renowned anglers of the Lea. It is said of this noted rod, that upon one occasion, in the month of July, he began at half-past six in the afternoon, and that before eight o'clock he had got 38lb. of roach! Close to the old arch on the upper side is a noble ash tree, growing almost in the water. Behind this the wary fisher may hide himself, and letting the stream carry his bait beneath the bridge, take some goodly chub and perch. About half-way up the first field on the opposite side is an old willow trunk which can be only fished with a long rod, but it will well repay the roach angler to be thus prepared. Another splendid place is just before the two trees are reached—

the one tree a haw-bush, the other a somewhat sickly willow. Opposite the floodgate is a pretty swim, which runs full 20yds. to 25yds., with a slightly shelving bottom. These swims average 5ft. in depth. Before quitting this meadow, the curious will notice the remains of the old Abbey stews where the monks kept their carp and other fish for maigre days. These pits have not now, as formerly, any communication with the river, and are mostly dry in summer, and mowed by their owner. The bank in the second field is clear of trees, save one. About a third up this field, at a place where the town boys bathe, there are some rattling chub, which can be taken by the angler, from the fact that the bank shelves down on the meadow side, and thus will hide him from the water if he stoops to conquer. The troller will understand that jack are to be found almost everywhere in this preserve. Under the one tree, before alluded to, is as good a swim as any in the fishery. The third field has a bad name for its weeds and foul bottom. In the fourth field we again get a clean and open course. There is excellent fishing, particularly near the bushes at their roots, under which the river has burrowed, and formed many splendid homes for chub and roach. The latter fish run from 1lb. to 1½lb. weight, and these sizes are constantly taken, sometimes with remarkable regularity; and occasionally one of 2lb. has been added to the contents of a bag. Tom Taylor's great achievements at the spot in landing chub of from 2lb. to 4lb. with a single tight hair line is still a lively theme amongst the subscribers. From the fourth field we pass over "the W. Overshot" into a plantation all round which is fishable, and in which the trees and saplings afford effectual cover for the sly and cautious dibber. It is especially prized for jack, roach and chub. Thus from Waltham Abbey to where we touch Captain Sanders's Water, we have explored about a mile of extremely fine and prolific preserve; and when it is known how strictly Sanders's Water is looked after, and that there is no boundary to prevent a full range of the fish up and down both portions of the river, this character for excellence need not occasion any surprise. We now return the way we came, pass through the town, peer over the old town bridge, and take the towpath downwards. The subscription water commences again at the end of the spur, a little below the lock, where the Ordnance Stream enters. Some of the navigable river is likewise rented by Mr. Clarke, and very fine it is, being broad and deep, more particularly at the point opposite the new powder mills, where 12ft. of water may

be met with close to the bank. The pool of Clarke's Tumbling Bay is extremely handsome, deep, and expansive. It can only be reached by following the free water, spoken of at the beginning of this section, either up from Enfield Lock or down from Waltham Abbey, and crossing the new lock just below the shanty of John Want, the lock keeper, about half-way between these two places. Too much, indeed, can scarcely be said of this portion of the swift stream, as it embraces all the best features upon which the angler relies for success, and with the fly, so seldom used on the Lea, we should imagine his delight would be here complete. Several trout have recently been taken of 7lb., 5lb., 4lb., &c. The best roach swims in this water are opposite the Corning Mills and Cobbing Brook. We now retrace our steps, and Want, the lock-keeper, ever ready and willing, will punt us over to the opposite bank. Turning to the right, we come upon a fine sweep of this stream near Cobbing Brook, with a depth of nearly 15ft. within the reach of the rod. This may always be depended upon for a brace or two of good chub or a fair basket of as fine roach as can be desired. From this down stream are some good jack stretches, until we arrive at a cutting recently made for about 50yds. Here formerly stood a clump of willows, and close thereto was the famous Taylor's Roach Swim, now no more. Following the stream down we come to a long reach of 210yds. of excellent perch and jack water, with here and there a very promising roach swim. In all this distance the river's centre has a depth of 8ft. to 12ft., shallowing towards the bank, except in the roach swims just alluded to, and there we find good bottom at 6ft. to 8ft. A very broad expanse of the river now charms the eye of the angler, the plummet at a jutting angle a few yards out indicating 12ft. of water, and, still further, 15ft. and 16ft.—probably more. Here most noble chub are waiting the cautious stealthy craft of their betrayers; but beware, exultant angler, while under the influence of the nervous dash of, mayhap, a five-pounder, that the sunken tree ten yards to your left, which only can be seen when the water is bright, does not give renewed life and liberty to Mr. Gobus, and bring your tackle to grief! A sharp turn of the river leftward presents us with some shallows, where large perch, together with not insignificant roach, associate, apparently in not uncongenial fellowship. A ditch here affords an excuse for turning our back to the river, and proceeding up it we find a plank, broad, thick, and safely placed. Over this, and following the ditch down to its mouth, we pause

to contemplate the best roach swim of this water, 8ft. deep—a steady stream, and gravelly bottom. From this for 50yds. is again a perch range, with 6ft. of water close to the bank, in one even reach; heavy chub are known to be in abundance here. Next succeeds a bay or indentation of the bank, where the bait for bottom fishing will have to descend through 12ft. to 14ft. of water. This swim eddies and boils almost imperceptibly for a distance of about 20yds. Every angler will well know how to appreciate the eccentric action such combinations have upon the bait. In this bay fine vigorous chub and sportive roach are invariably to be met with, the latter rarely or never of an insignificant weight, generally of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. at least, and mostly giving an average of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Next our attention is called to a length of strictly jack water of 200yds. These homes and haunts of the tyrant of the deep were formerly unapproachable without the aid of high-water boots. Here many an old "sly fox" of a pike lived to a respectable old age and thrived to a length and calibre that, when his day arrived to render up his life to yet more ruthless man, made the name of his captor famous in the annals of the Lea. Whether by trolling or live-bait fishing, a brace of jack may be fairly counted upon. After a slight walk we enter the meadow containing the Artillery butts. Jumping the gate and traversing some thirty yards along the bank, we get a swim of 12ft. or 14ft. of water at rod's length, containing some of the finest chub the Lea river can boast of, and roach of a very considerable size. An anecdote of this spot has been related to us as a proof of its piscatorial wealth. Mr. Pelton, the then proprietor of the Cripplegate Angling Society's club-house, in Fore-street, City, and who, we are informed, never left these meadows (called Cob Mead) without one, two, or more brace of fine chub, offered to wager that a member of his club, a Mr. Wilmot, who had never seen this particular swim, should the next day fish it and take roach of a certain weight, amongst which the first he should land would not weigh less than 1lb. Mr. Wilmot began with the usual single hair line, which was speedily parted in twain by a heavy fish. Another shared the same fate; two gut lines followed suit—all doubtless wrecked by chub; but the first fish he landed was a roach, weighing 1lb. 1oz., and he supplemented this take with several of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Now Mr. Pelton took Mr. Wilmot's place, and fishing a little farther out, as his judgment suggested, killed five chub in succession, of a very handsome contour and portly figure. This

fishery ends with another 100yds. of splendid deep sedgy jack water. Mr. Clarke has reduced the subscription to the waters from one guinea and a half to one guinea. The jack fishing ceases on the last day of February. The *Britannia*, kept by J. Watkins, close to the Waltham Railway Station, is a clean, neatly furnished, and altogether well-ordered house.

Waltham Cross is in Cheshunt parish. It is famous for one of those elaborate and elegant crosses which the pious Edward I. erected in memory of his fond and faithful wife, Queen Eleanor, who died at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, in November, 1291: Her heart was interred in Lincoln Cathedral, but her body was brought to London and deposited in Westminster Abbey. At each of the places where it had been rested during this journey Edward afterwards erected a cross, of which only those at Geddington and Northampton now remain.

CESHUNT STATION.

Distance from London, 16 Miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s. 6d., Second 1s. 10d.; Return—First-class 3s. 9d., Second 2s. 9d.

CAPTAIN SANDERS'S subscription water is of a comparatively exclusive kind. There exist few or no traditions of sport connected with it; nor are there any features of association in relation with its banks. In fact, it is a close borough, and is simply a small winding stream running between the marshes from just below the pool at King's Weir, in Beningfield's Fishery, to the White Bridge, at Hollyfield, or Green's Green, Waltham. But albeit an unpretentious offshoot of the river Lea, it has for its extent—say some two miles in length—as great a diversity of good ground for breeding, rearing, and sustaining different sorts of fish as any piece of water we know of. Although, likewise, narrow in itself, and well planted with rushes, &c., it has several very large, wide, deep holes—indeed many of them from 12ft. to 15ft. deep. It boasts, moreover, of a number of long and broad rapids with gravelly bottoms, and constant windings; but the whole extent is bounded simply by the marshes, with the exception of about 300yds. at the near end fringed by trees, and at the farther end by an island upon which are three or four cottages, standing between the Lea

navigation and this tributary from the river. The water throughout is most thoroughly staked, at considerable cost, by the worthy owner, who to the knowledge of his well satisfied contributors, disburses far more than he receives, in stocking, watching, and preserving generally. Many fine fish are killed here as the subscribers are very properly chary of overfishing it. It possesses, however, its drawbacks, and some of a serious nature. It is much affected by floods, and the number of ditches connected with it offer temptations to the poacher during the periods that the jack run up them to spawn.

BROXBOURNE STATION.

Distance from London, 19 Miles.

FARES:—First-class 3s. 3d., Second 2s. 3d.; Return—First-class 5s.,
Second 3s. 4d.

THE Broxbourne fishery ranks deservedly high, from a combination of circumstances, not the least of which is the fact that the regulations which govern it are scrupulously carried out. Its proprietor, Mr. Benningfield, is an angler of some reputation. He has known the water for nearly half a century, and takes a personal pride in the sport, spending the profits derivable from the subscribers in the purchase of fresh stock from year to year. By this renovating system an ample supply of trout, pike, barbel, perch, roach, dace, chub, gudgeon, &c., are ready to the hook of the angler. The fishery extends over five miles of excellent water, consisting of navigation, mill streams, and tumbling-bays. It begins above at Johnny Page's Water, the lock at Dobbs Weir, at Hoddesdon, and ends below (passing Captain Sanders's fishery that runs by the side of it) at the Aqueduct lock at Wormley. The subscription is, to residents within five miles of Broxbourne-bridge, one guinea per annum for bottom fishing, and one guinea extra for trout and jack fishing. Residents beyond five miles may bottom and jack fish for one guinea per annum, but trout fishing is an additional guinea. A shilling a day is charged to non-subscribers for bottom angling; two shillings for jack, and five shillings for trout, but the districts in this case are limited. There are fence months for jack and trout. No trimmers or night lines are permitted. The gardens attached to the house are the finest of their kind in England. We leave the house

and proceed up-stream. The first swim is by the side of the house, about six feet off the banks, in which the water has not shallowed for years past. Right away up the mead averages 10ft. to 12ft. until the first bend is reached. This is "Devil's Hole" where the plummet shows 14ft. almost close to the bank. This swim is well screened by a high hedge at the back of the angler. Before we reach the lock, and on the opposite side, there are two or three famous swims of about 7ft. One is known by a tree, growing unlike its fellows, in the water. The next by two piles close in, and a third opposite "The Little Pond." The Carthagena Pool has marvellously altered of late years; the steam dredger having been at work and deepened it considerably. There are now several holes of 16ft. and 18ft. about it. Some of the old piling is left, round which it is very perchy.

Having crossed the lock and weir, we get through a well-secured hatch on the marsh side, and here, at the confluence of the fall and the river is a well-trodden spot, from which nearly a hundred-weight of jack were taken in one day. Looking up the river from the left-hand side of the weir, we see the Gulls or head of water formed by the spur upon which the lock-house and garden are situated, and well we can recall the desperate fights with the pike we have had in this deep and heavy portion of the river. Following up the larger pond which runs for a long distance at right angles with the Lea, and is wondrous deep, we arrive at the mill-head stream in the Hoddesdon marshes. The pond or lagoon has no connection with this stream, although it approaches it within the width of a gate. The mill-head is a very pretty stream of about a mile and a half in length, and is all that can be desired for the fly, from its freedom from weeds and other impediments. There are a few fine trout in it, some very heavy chub, shoals of large dace, and in the holes—of which, however, there are not many—some bouncing roach. Immediately opposite the gate, and at the corner of a ditch, is a first-rate swim for chub, and perch are seen everywhere chasing the small fry. Turning towards the right we follow this mill-head stream, until we get to where Manser's upper mill-tail enters. The little river winds and bends a good deal now, and presents many deep and suspicious-looking corners. Then when we get as far as we can, we find that we have got upon an island through the hatch we have spoken of; the one side of which island is formed by the navigation, the other by the mill-stream,

and which is nearly cut in two by the lagoon. A glimpse is now caught of the little inn kept by Cook, the present proprietor of Johnny Page's Water; retracing our steps on the marsh side of the navigable river, and passing up to Webster's Mill at Broxbourne, we arrive again close to the house. At the back of the mill, near the weed grating, there is a noted dace swim, out of which large baskets of this fish have been taken with the common house-fly. It can be got at from the church side, but the bank is high, narrow, rotten and treacherous. In the mill-pool to the left is 17ft. of water, and plenty of barbel of from 10lb. to 12lb. each. Passing through the mill-yard, by Mr. Webster's consent, we come to the picturesque tail, so often portrayed by artists, and find a pretty rush of water, suggestive of trout, dace, chub and gudgeon. Many trout indeed are taken here. Webster's Mill-stream—only open to subscribers—has been considerably shortened during recent years. It now acts more immediately upon the main river. This change has altered much the aspect of this reach, as we are inclined to believe, for the better. The alteration in the course of the mill-stream has formed several new and good swims. All down this is capital for roach in 8ft. or 9ft. of water. We look in vain, however, for Ben Sloman's Swim, and that of Bransby Cooper, the great surgeon. The stream has washed them out, and for ever! Opposite to the two hayricks on our right, and on the marsh side, there is a very favourite swim, a good deal contended for by anglers. Many trees on the meadow bank have been cut down, but their gnarled roots are left as harbours for chub, and the water being very deep around them, with undercut banks, better cover can scarcely be imagined. Off Plank Marsh Ditch, just before we reach the landing wharf for Nazing, is a wondrous hole for most fish. This is succeeded by the Second Horse-gate Bend, celebrated for perch, and where evidence is mostly active of their plentiful existence. The next bend the jack claim and keep. Then the three rush-beds follow; and here we are assured, by the subscribers, that the sport is as famous as it was wont to be in far-off times. A long stretch of fine pike water follows this, and extends with little deviation or alteration of character right down to the termination of Mr. Beningsfield's water at Wormley. We are now at the far-famed King's Weir—or tumbling bay and pool—which is included in the Broxbourne Fishery; the latter reaches to the caution-board of Captain Sanders's preserves. What a glorious pool is this! See what

scours—what holes, what eddies, what overhanging banks, and what dash of water! See those four streams pelting in their fury against and between as many islands, and positively rolling backwards in their wild impetus to get along; frothing in angry contention one against the other as they meet again, after rushing round and about stumps and stocks and stones in the very bewilderment of hurry. Take care, young gentleman; there are stakes there, armed with tenter-hooks! and there likewise—and here in this hole! and again up that ditch!—your spinning tackle will stand but a sorry chance amongst such a toothsome bottom. How beautiful, likewise, is all around! What depth! See, we push off the punt, and with a 20-ft. pole and a wet elbow just touch its gravelly bed. But where is the old lock?—gone? Yes; it was found that the fall between Carthage Lock and that of Wormley was not sufficient to require an intermediate stoppage, and so the water was unlocked here by the Lea Commission. The lock-house, however, still stands; and with another house upon the marsh side, falls, when viewed from below, into a very artistic landscape composition. Wending our way back to the house on the meadow side, we pass the water of “Currant-tree Island,” which looks a respectable home for pike. The Crown—for such is the sign of the house—is famed for its elegant and *récherche* cuisine, the resources of the larder, and the capabilities of the cook appear always to give satisfaction. The wines are likewise admirable, and the charges fair and just. Indeed, it is a “home” in which visitors have gone for a day, and found themselves staying for weeks.

Johnny Page’s, now Cook’s Water, follows that of Beningfield, at Broxbourne, and affords three or four handsome bends before we reach Wicks’s mill and weir, covering, perhaps, a little more than three-quarters of a mile in all of old—as distinguished from the navigable river. It commences at Careless Point and Breeches-makers’ Hole, where there is a much-coveted swim, near Page’s cottage. Opposite, on the Hoddesdon side, are the High Bank Swims, for roach and chub, and all round for jack; but the favourite resort for the troller or live-bait fisherman, is on the Swamp, properly so called—a marshy, spongy, slippery piece of land, or rather mud-and-water, which is either being gradually gained to the profit of the farmer or is being rapidly absorbed by the Lea. The weir contains plenty of perch and chub, and as there is nothing to stop the fish from the upper part of the Broxbourne water, they work pretty well into these deeps,

which we are assured, in pardonable pride, by a subscriber, are the very best in the river Lea. No barbel, to speak of, have been taken out of the weir for years, and therefore the capture of one of 6lb., by a Mr. Grove, in recent times, was an event which clings with much tenacity to the place. The High Bank Swims give 12ft. to 13ft. close in, and the weir, in parts, still more. The river, to us, appears to be here considerably wider than it used to be in times past; a conclusion the reverse of that which has attended our visits to most of the old resorts. The Fish and Eels Inn is a humble public enough, but its proprietor, although not an angler, appears a decent, civil, and attentive man. Above the weir there is about 100yds. to 150yds. of quiet mill-head, with good and deep bottom. After passing the garden over the navigation bridge, leaving the house to the left, a stile leads into a meadow, in which are five or six platform seats extending into the water from the bank, which gives at least an additional reach of rod—taking the marshy margin of the bank into consideration—of 8ft. to 10ft. These are aids to fish swims, which are kept clear from weeds by constant attention. The seats are peculiar, being raised upon a couple of footplanks, of 6ft. in length, well secured by four stout uprights driven firmly and deeply into the river. Having obtained one of these platforms, the angler is secure from interruption, as there is only room for himself, where he sits perched in his circumscribed lodging and on the narrowest of boards. But limited as is the seat, the appointment is one of place and power, and the emoluments attached to the position are generally composed of plenty of fish, although at the loss of the loaves. There exist two ways of reaching Cook's preserve, once Johnny Page's, and erst presided over between the holdings of the two, by "Tripey" Thompson. The one route is round by the towing-path, passing Beningsfield's, and following the navigation all the way up; the other, by leaving the railway at Broxbourne, and, turning round to the right, making for Hoddesdon, but when in the avenue across the meadows before reaching that town, taking an iron wicket and descending across a meadow to the New River, and following its margin until the road is reached which leads us up to the Fish and Eels. The latter is certainly more diversified and picturesque, and two or three spots of actual beauty are to be met with, particularly the view from the iron gate, and, again, where the row of elms falls over the artificial stream of the New River. Many fine fish taken from Cook's Water may be seen in the

room of a piscatory club at the Duke of Wellington Tavern, on the west side of Shoreditch, a little south of the Eastern Counties Railway. We may not turn our backs upon Hoddesdon without stating that a descendant of the Mr. Sherrall, so honourably mentioned by Salter, lives in the town, and who, as far as we can learn, keeps up the character given to his ancestor by that author-angler, that "if the fisher should meet with loss by breaking of lines, hooks, &c., while fishing in the waters, he may get assistance from this ingenious tradesman, who is ever ready to relieve a brother of the angle when in distress." Broxbourne Church is a handsome structure, stands upon an incline, and, from many points of view, is exceedingly picturesque, more particularly where the Lea and the old mill are brought into the foreground of the composition. Broxbourne Bury is a spacious mansion, the seat of G. Bosanquet, Esq., in the centre of a fine park, in which there are two or more ponds, which, when not over-fished, contain some handsome pike, perch, &c. Sir Henry Cock here entertained King James I. in his progress from Scotland. The seat of the Earl Brownlow is worth the walk, and the grounds, although not of an extensive character, are laid out with commendable taste and judgment. The sheet of water in the park, crossed by a pagoda-like bridge, possesses its attractions to the angler, as from thence the best view of the water up and down is obtainable.

THE RYE HOUSE STATION.

Distance from London, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 3s. 9d., Second 2s. 6d.; Return—First-class 5s. 6d.
Second 3s. 9d.

ANGLERS have nothing to do with plots, unless it be against the denizens of the waters. But he would be, indeed, unworthy the title of "a contemplative man" who could pass the ruins of the old Rye House, without drawing a contrast between his own peaceful pursuits and those of the murderous machinations of the ambitious. The angler would moreover lose much that is elevating and refining by his indifference to the associations of the past which these old walls so usefully recall, and the contrast they at present offer, by their instructive and educational

tendencies, to the people who every summer resort to this locality ostensibly for amusement, but who can scarcely return without being, if not better, certainly far wiser for their visit. Charles Knight has spoken in highly eulogistic terms of the mental trap here set for the masses; the late Mr. Cassell followed suit; and in *Bow Bells*, a writer has dwelt long and eloquently upon the powerful inducements for good which are apparently so carelessly and without method thrown about the locality. It is most pleasurable to see the hard-working thousands, indulging in the eager scrutiny of the tapestry, the antiquities, the ancient paintings and modern art referable to the history of the spot, which are gathered together in its old hall and conspirators' room. Amongst the paintings, bearing in most part the unmistakable impress of originality, are works from the easels of the great masters: Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Lawrence, Old Cuypp, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Zuccherro, Zoffany, Van der Meulen, Maas, Wyke, Jan Stein, Velasquez, B. West, Backhuysen, De Witt, Honderkouter, Heck, Jackson, Tilley Kettle, Etty, George Morland, Gerard, Van der Roer, Parocel, Borgognoni, Brooking, P. Parrini, Poussin, Van Somer, Dobson, Vanloo and others, and not the least a portrait of Ben Jonson by Houthorst, dated 1637, worthy a pilgrimage alone, to get face to face with this blunt intelligent and no less fine, and conversable head. Some of the portraits are very rare; but it is not our intention, however tempting, to write a *catalogue raisonné* of these galleries, but to say just enough to do the place that justice which it so eminently merits. The collection of tapestry and needlework is equally unique, but some of it is too old and tender to bear stretching, and the folds into which damp and other causes have draped it tend to mar the beautifully portrayed designs, which must have been worked, with such untiring assiduity, thereon. Copies of documents in reference to the Bye House and its celebrated plot, together with extracts of the State trials in the reign of Charles II., are appropriately to be found here, with many fine groups in statuary marble—a selection of ancient carved wood-work, amongst which is "The canopied bedstead of Queen Elizabeth, with its Florentine silk damask hangings," four exquisite figures of the Seasons and curious oak frames; while relics of Bannockburn, claymores, arblasts or crossbows, banners, armour, spears and partisan of men at arms, ancient matchlocks, a pair of enormous cavalier jack boots which were worn at Edge Hill, Marston Moor, and Naseby fights,

add to this *mélange* of historical interest. In June, 1850, a lad named George Longhurst, aged fifteen, went with some companions to bathe in Inglemere pond, about a mile from Ascôt race-course, and, while attempting the first rudiments of swimming had his hand grasped as far up as the wrist, by the jaws of a large fish. The creature finding it more than it could tackle let it go, when the boy, greatly alarmed at so fearful a reception, turned to get out of further danger. But in his retreat, the hungry monster caught at the other hand crossways, inflicting several deep wounds. The boy raised his first bitten and still bleeding hand and struck the fish a hard blow on the head, whereupon it turned its tail up and out of water, and went down out of sight. Mr. Brown, a surgeon, dressed the wounds which were of a serious character, the boy fainting twice. A few days after this occurrence something was seen floating in the pond, Harry King, the well known whipper-in of Her Majesty's stag-hounds, rode in and found it to be a large pike in a dying state; he twisted his whip around it and brought it ashore. It measured 41in. It died the next day, and was shown to Her Majesty, at Windsor. From observations of its scales under a microscope its age was determined, and thereby it is supposed, that had it not been starved—for, in afterwards draining the pond, not another living creature was discovered therein—it might, under ordinary circumstances, have weighed 40lb. This pike is amongst the many curiosities of the Rye House, and is perhaps the most ugly and repulsive object in it, but not therefore, of the less interest to the angler-naturalist. After quitting the remains of the Rye House, but not until we have admired the beautiful proportions of the ancient brickwork of its entrance tower, peered up the much worn apertures through which the chains of the drawbridge used to pass; traced a part of the old moat, now converted into watercress beds to supply the crowds of tea-drinkers in the summer season; gazed with no little pleasure at the beautifully carved door, nailed and iron clammed, with its heavy lock, ponderous original key, and equally mediæval knocker, its elaborately carved oak pillars and flowing capitals, the whole of which were removed entire from the house of Whittington, in Crutched Friars; ascended the curious spiral staircase with its brick newel and hand rail; looked down with a modest refusal to explore the subterranean passage said to have been a secret communication with Nether Hall, we find ourselves on the first landing at the threshold of the "Conspirators-room,"

in which many of the relics discovered in the vaults and dungeons are to be seen, and amongst them thirteen ancient vases, a silver coin of Henry I, &c. This room formerly was but the last stage to the prison, which by a corridor closely adjoined it. From the battlements a view of great beauty is obtained, in which the Lea forms one of the principal attributes of the picture. A chimney shaft of the spiral pattern of the fourteenth century, is the place upon which, raised by an iron spike, the gory head of Colonel Armstrong was placed after decapitation for his complicity in the Bye House Plot of 1683. Crossing over the road, the King's Arms Inn is entered, but not before our curiosity may be satisfied by an inspection of the arrangements set apart for the supply of any extraordinary influx of holiday seekers. In a cutting from the river is a snug and cozy adaptation of a saloon railway carriage fitted to a barge, in which—towed by a horse—some eight or ten in a party may enjoy a cigar, and sip their wine or grog while moving along "the banks of sedgy Lea." The entrance to the King's Arms Inn is in excellent harmony with all that has been quitted—ancient carved work, statuary, glazed panelling with thick old-fashioned sashes, paved floorings, &c., keeping the mind still in the long, long Past, from which it is drawn to the Present by the stuffed fish and birds, and anon a modern ballad stuck upon the walls. Space will not permit the jotting down a tithe of the crowds of things struggling around for precedence of notice, and the pen must fain content itself with one or two of the many notes made upon the occasion. There is a jack, taken by the late Mr. Sumner with a hair-line while fishing for roach, which weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; a fox strangling a game cock, which was caught in the act; and several other quaint specimens of taxidermy; a basso-relievo in plaster, typical of law—two litigants, the one pulling at the horns of a cow, the other at its tail, while a lawyer is milking it; and other humorous, dry, and serious subjects. The gardens are of great extent, and laid out with commendable order and taste. The land appropriated to instruction and amusement covers fifty acres. The river skirts some of the best parterres and orangeries. The fishing temples, *bijou* dwelling cots, snuggeries, summer-houses, and arbours, are arranged to command the best views of the Lea. In the Long Walk, there are, amongst other objects of value, two statues mantled with ivy, and on pedestals—the one, "Margueritte de France, femme de Monsere Edouarde, Rex d'Engleterre;" the other, "Thomas Wolcuis, Cardinal, 1515."

These interesting relics are not of the place, but have been removed, with other curiosities, from Plummer Ward, Esq.'s, of Gilston Park. In the studio of Mr. Teale—who is himself an accomplished artist—is a full-length portrait of General Wolfe, which has lately been secured by him, and another full-length of William III., by Kneller, of marvellous power in the handling, and supremely distinguished for the grace of drawing in the extremities and drapery.

The greatest number of people that ever visited the Bye House in one day was on Whit Monday, 1864; when upwards of 25,000 came down by rail and other conveyances; but the average number through the season—of course dependent upon the weather—is on Mondays, from 10,000 to 15,000. The kitchen arrangements, as may be supposed, are upon a Brobdignagian scale, as there are often dinners under preparation at one time for 1000 persons. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays the calls are not so great upon the resources of the proprietor, and gradually get less on Thursdays and Fridays, which are the result of special arrangements with select parties, who order mostly in advance; and on Saturdays, the trade dinners, bean-feasts, wayzgoose, and chapel-spreads, take place, generally in the grand hall or under the pavilion, in the former of which 500 people can dine in comfort, and in the latter some 1200 at a time, if needed, with a more select apartment in which 100 can refect. There are likewise ball-rooms, besides smaller resorts for separate parties. Mr. Teale speaks very highly of the visitors, and says that from year to year the conduct of the more humble classes is more marked and distinct in their appreciation and respect for the things which are here brought together for their gratification.

Quitting the house and crossing the bridge, which has a protected footway at the side of it, we follow the Lea down, the river being on our left, until we reach Field's Weir, at the mouth of the old river Stort. This weir possesses, perhaps, the finest fall between Ware and London. There are many sturdy trout still left in it. Batty, at the lock, tells us that one gentleman, not long since, took forty-five perch out of this pool, all over 11lb. in weight; that barbel of 10lb. and 12lb. have been taken out of it in his time; and that its depth is full 20ft. The Bye House Fishery extends yet a mile below this, over the Oak-tree Preserve. The Stort, up to Roydon, is likewise included in the fishery. The latter is full of fine holes, but

requires the tact and science of very able rodsters to make a bag out of them. We now retrace our steps to the house on the meadow side. At the mouth of the Stort is a famous swim for roach, where Hal Gibson, known amongst the fraternity as "Tony," the gentleman angler of Lloyds, used to do most heavy execution. The next swim is Drunken Man's Hole. It is good for roach, and immense chub are constantly taken from it of 6lb. and even 7lb. in weight. The next swim worth pulling up at is at the railway bridge, for roach and chub; but between all the swims the troller and spinner will find excellent water for jack. About 150yds. from the railway bridge is the chub hole, famous for upwards of a century past for this fish. Another 150yds. brings us to the Point Swim, where Mr. Taylor, of the East India Chambers, took 40lb. of chub, in a little more than two hours, with cheese bait, curiously prepared by Mr. Teale. The size of each bait should be as large as the end of the thumb. Commencing again from the house, and going north, we find on the towing-path side, about 200yds. up, the Spring Swim, which runs from some watercress beds. Many hundredweight of roach are taken here every season, and almost invariably a large trout selects the spot, doubtless attracted by the pellucid water which rises near this through the earth. The next swim is the Fence; and all up now is a fine gravelly bed in 6ft. to 14ft. of water, and then October Hole arrests our attention. The latter is celebrated amongst our tip-top roach anglers for its heavy fish. A well-known swim is opposite, Black Pool; and another highly-appreciated haunt is the Spring Ditch, which bounds the fishery. About a mile more above is likewise leased to Mr. Teale, but he has thrown it open to all for fair angling, free from a subscription. Pike are taken in this water varying from a small size to 16½lb. On the meadow side, going up from the house, the piles of the bridge offer capital places for perch. There were two perch taken here by a gentleman in about half-an-hour, which weighed 7½lb.; indeed, the perch may be seen in considerable shoals from the bridge in hot weather, when the water is bright. From Black Pool there are five swims of an excellent character for roach and chub; and at Black Pool roach are still taken, as mentioned by Salter, with distinct black transparent spots upon them. No attempt has been made to account for this peculiar freak of nature; but as at the bottom of the hole there is a black peaty bog, turning up occasionally entire trunks of trees, the spots may arise from this cause. The extraordinary fact is, that

although there are other portions of the water of greater depth, the spotted fish are only caught in this hole. Near here is a piece of backwater, which has been in high repute before and since Walton's time. Bets have been made to take sixty gudgeons in an hour here—a feat often accomplished. There are likewise great numbers of "millers' thumbs," which closely resemble the dolphin, and we are told they afford a dish of exquisite flavour. From the Black Pool, say about 200yds. down, is the renowned October Hole, of Walton celebrity. In it there are 20ft. of water. It is a spring, and the bottom being always beautifully clean, the fish resort to it in great numbers. From this down to the house is all good for jack, and several admirable roach swims intervene. Mr. Teale is a determined enemy to poachers, and has many a desperate *fracas* with them. Indeed he is said to have prosecuted more of this class—regardless of cost—than any twenty owners of water on the river. He is constantly up all night, sitting on the watch without a light, and being, perhaps, one of the best single-stick players in England, he goes boldly in amongst the fellows with a sharp knife for the dogs and the nets, and a sturdy cudgel for the skulls of his nocturnal visitors, and thus, by dint of perseverance, has broken up many a gang that were formerly the terror of the neighbourhood, and amongst them the lawless band known as the "Stanstead lot," which for a long time committed, nearly unmolested, the most destructive inroads upon the preserves of game and fish in the forest and neighbourhood of the Lea.

The angler who purposes fishing the free and upper water should, as a matter of simple justice, confine his patronage to the Rye House, inasmuch as this act of liberality of Mr. Teale, by throwing open so long a stretch of the Lea, is a concession which has no parallel.

Hoddesdon is little more than half a mile from the Rye House. It is a small market town, very clean and neat in its general aspect, and is backed on the north by extensive woods and the New River, and the Lea, joined by the Stort, on the south. It is sacred to the angler and lover of Izaak Walton, as it was here the learned man "loved to fish, and took his morning cup of ale at the Old Thatched House." The Rye House is close to the Lea, on the right of that river. It is celebrated as the residence of Bumbold, who was implicated in the supposed conspiracy to murder Charles II. and the Duke of York on their way back from Newmarket—a machination known as the Rye House plot. All that

remains of the mansion is the ancient gate house, a splendid specimen of brick architecture, and some kitchens and outhouses, and a portion of the old moat.

ST. MARGARET'S STATION.

Distance from London, 22 Miles.

FARES:—First-class 4s., Second 2s. 9d.; Return—First-class 6s.,
Second 4s.

WE are now approaching more conservative waters, and, with the exception of a portion of the Lea at Hertford, to be alluded to hereafter, nearly all above is now private, not to say exclusive. The Amwell Magna Fishery is supported by a club of fifteen gentlemen, and the members are elected by ballot. The fee is seven guineas per annum. It is decidedly the best preserved water on the river Lea, well stocked with trout, jack, perch, enormous chub, &c., and is most admirably looked after by its bailiffs and watchers. There is little doubt, however, that the sewage of Hertford, if not of Ware, has much deteriorated it of late, a consequence which it is to be hoped will not be allowed to last much longer. The members have six daily tickets awarded to them for friends, and the privilege of introducing a companion; but the latter must be done in person, and the visitor is restricted to the use of certain tackle—the fly, and, we believe, spinning for trout, being exclusively reserved for the subscribers. If the mission of this book were more than to record bare facts, a tempting opportunity would be thus offered to dilate upon the offices of host and guest, for this regulation certainly does seem to turn its back upon all the accepted rules of social courtesy. As well might we ask a friend to dinner and keep him to humble malt or stomach-racking cider, while we cracked bottle after bottle of Burgundy, popped cork after cork of champagne, and smacking our lips from time to time, unctuously dilated, with the porter-drinker at the same table, upon the exquisite *bouquet* and refined character of the one viand or the other. But what is it of ours? "*Num ego me interpono Romanis.*"

WARE.

Distance from London, 24 Miles.

FARES:—First-class 4s. 6d., Second 3s. 3d.; Return—First-class 6s. 9d.,
Second 5s.

THE Amwell Magna Fishery, of which we were compelled to speak under the head of St. Margaret's Station, as it is likewise near to that alighting portion of the Great Eastern Railway, commences in the upper part, at Ware Flour-mill. The mill-pool is somewhat circumscribed in its extent; but from its being surrounded by gates and hatches, leading only to private grounds, and jealously looked after, an amount of desirable quietude is obtained for both fish and fisher, highly conducive to the propagation of the fish and the comfort of its catcher. The deepest spot in the pool, dependent upon the amount of water, is about 18ft. to 20ft. The bed is of a fine gravel, not so clean of late as one might wish, or if so, there is no reason why the "thirty and forty trout which used to be seen on this scour at a time in the act of spawning," should not be there in similar, if not in increased numbers, every season. A very pretty back-water follows upon the pool, with not more than 3ft. of depth in places, but should it be, a little coloured chub of a formidable size may be taken by bottom fishing, in this comparative shallow, and when it is clear they may be seen rushing off into the deeps in splendid style, and in no contemptible numbers. An eel of 8½lb. was taken out of this water. At the corner where the mill-tail meets the backwater and joins Mr. M. H. Gosselin's private grounds, passing under a rustic bridge and thus again into the navigation by some detached pleasure grounds, there is always a concourse of fish waiting for fly or bottom bait. Returning up the mill-tail, we find 5ft. of water beneath a handsome weeping willow. Seats and stages are erected all along this stretch of water, the better to fish the swims, which are always kept clean for the paste and gentle fisher. The troller and live-baiter, for an hour or so, would do no harm in preceding the roach angler, if the swim of the former has been ground-baited in anticipation, as several jack, induced by the herds of fish attracted by the ground-bait, are generally lurking about. We now turn our back upon Ware, and proceed along the towing-path in the direction of Hertford until we arrive at the Red House—the gauge-house for

measuring the water drawn from the Lea, to augment the supply from the Chadwell spring, or as it is more commonly called, the New River-head. The Red House is situated about half-way between Ware and Hertford, and the Amwell Magna Fishery extends therefrom down to St. Margaret's, where it joins Teale's Water.

The New River is an artificial cut, forty-two miles long, for the supply of London with water. It was commenced in 1609, and finished in 1613, when the projector, Sir Hugh Myddelton, was knighted by James I. Myddelton was a citizen of London, and died very poor, being ruined by his immense undertaking. So little was its benefit understood, that for above thirty years the seventy-two shares into which it was divided netted only 5*l.* apiece. Each was sold originally for 100*l.* Within the last few years they were sold for 9000*l.* a share, and some in 1847 for 10,000*l.*

We turn to the left of the circular basin of this far-famed spring, the which and some extent of the New River is included in the Amwell Magna Fishery. There is a noticeable fact connected with this head; the basin, in the extreme depth of winter, is generally full of fish, which take refuge from the inclemency of the river water, while in summer the opposite fact is observable, the comparative coldness of the spring driving the fish elsewhere. At the junction of this portion of the New River with the canal-like cut from the Red House, large quantities of jack and perch congregate. The former are seldom taken above 7*lb.* or 8*lb.* in weight, and the latter about 1½*lb.* to 2*lb.* On an arch spanning this cut is erected a monument to Sir Hugh Myddelton. When it was made known that so large a supply of the London water was derivable from the Lea, the verses written upon the monument were waggishly interpolated:—

Amwell! perpetual be thy stream,
 Nor e'er thy springs be less:
 Thousands who drink them never dream
 Whence flows the boon they bless.
 Too often thus *poor silly* man
 Blind and unconscious lives;
 Enjoys *some company's cunning* plan,
 Nor thanks *the Lea* that gives.

We again head back to the Gauge-house, an hydraulic arrangement in case of floods, regain the navigation, and skirting the weir and over the meads, pass Dye's Tumbling Bay. There are

fat and heavy trout in this pool, which is from 9ft. to 10ft. deep, with a gravelly bottom, well protected with ponderous stones brought here and elsewhere in the bed of the Lea from the father of the father of the present Blackfriars Bridge. From the lower part of this pool the view is very artistic. A timber yard forms one side of the subject; the old bay the middle distance; the tops of a few gaudy coloured barges and masts give an eye to the *tableaux*. The church, malting cowls, and quaint houses filling up the background in a tone of quiet grey, contrasting with the foaming waterfall, as we observed it, in deep and sombre shadow. From this pool down to the cottage of Browne, the head-keeper, the stream looks most likely for chub, and perhaps for barbel, but we are told that it is not much coveted by the subscribers. We get back to save time and distance to the navigable portion of the Lea, and inhale, as we turn towards the town, the aromatic and grateful odour of the many malt-houses of Ware. We have now an opportunity of looking around, and find plenty of additional evidences to redeem the valley of the Lea from the charge of being of a flat and uninteresting character. A little below the first lock from Ware on the right, and overlooking the town, is Pierdales, the handsome residence of Mr. C. Cass, a gentleman well known as a follower of the Puckeridge hounds; and past the grove of fir trees is the residence of the Rev. C. Barclay Bevan, of Amwell Bury, who, at his sole charge, built a church and parsonage on Hertford Heath, an outlying hamlet which will be recalled by old Haileyburians, from its proximity to the late East India College. About a mile south-west of this stood the East India College, at Haileybury, which was founded in 1806, for the education of civil officers for the Government of India; and one mile south is the pretty village of Amwell.

How picturesque the view, where up the side
 Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch
 Rise mixed with trees, above whose swelling tops
 Ascends the tall church tower, and loftier still
 The hill extended ridge! How picturesque,
 Where slow beneath that bank, the silver stream
 Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
 Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
 Of osier intermixed!

Again, below the well wooded heights of Great Amwell, is the snug and healthy perched vicarage of one who sleeps above his steeple. To the right of this house a column will be observed,

rearing itself above the sky-line with no little pretension; but well as this looks, and admirable as it serves as a land-mark, it is merely one of the supports of the piers of the ancient bridge before referred to. There is a pond under this spot well stored with chub, from which it may be inferred that there is either a spring therein or it has a connection with running water. There is likewise some remains of a dam once a portion of the old river, but now cut off from the canal which is beautiful from its perfect pellucid contents. To the left of us is Easenev Wood, once of very great extent, but fast falling under the axe. The river Ash runs up the valley, and empties itself close to Browne's cottage, in Amwell Marshes. St. Margaret's Church is on our right. It is both a "donative" and a "peculiar." A mill tail is now in view, and courses nearly half a mile before it reaches the river. We here catch sight of Netherfield Hall, the seat of Mr. Charles Booth, the eminent distiller, and Cat's-hill, the residence of Mr. James Baraud, a first-rate angler and general sportsman. But here is Browne's Cottage, the fishing-box, and enough of flood-gates, tracings of big trout and pike, and scraps of wit upon its walls with sundry curiosities here and there to engage the attention for half an hour or so. A jack of 17½ lb. is pencilled upon the panelling by Rolfe, the celebrated fish painter, it being caught in these waters, and drawings of fish and other appropriate *pendants* are likewise met with. We leave these, cross over the well-kept water-gates, and find ourselves on the Stanstead mill-stream, between which and the old river we now make our way. There are very fine roach and jack in this water, and plenty of stones of a large size as shelter for the trout, so much wanted in the Thames. There are two falls from the mill-stream into the old river, the second one "The Five Gate Pool," a superb deep of some 14ft. The most likely place we have yet commented upon for trout is a tumbling bay erected by the club, about 5ft. deep at the deepest place, with a dashing scour well protected with large flints and other stones. Passing through a gate and leaving a very sly looking cut out of the mill head on the opposite side for jack, we find the old river joining the navigation just above the St. Margaret's railway station, and here ends this admirably kept and much coveted fishery.

Although Ware is sensitively alive to the fact that Bishops Stortford is fast treading upon her heels as a commercial rival in the production of malt, singularly enough there is perhaps no other town of the same size, that can make the inglorious boast

of the possession of such execrable ale! This circumstance is well known amongst the regular angling frequenters of the place, most of whom keep a well-stored locker of bottled porter, &c. brought down from town. For the most part, the vile decoctions obtainable at the taverns would puzzle the whole college of analytical chemistry to determine their constituents; and those who have swallowed a few sips have tasted most persistently the nauseous compound for the rest of the day. The best plan, under these circumstances—which the casual angler out for many hours will fully realise—is to take a bottle of draught ale down from the second-class refreshment-bar at the Shoreditch terminus, where a tap of sound, clear, and exquisitely flavoured Romford “malt” is always on draught, of Ind, Coope, and Co.’s brewing, which will keep its own head and out of the man’s that drinks it, throughout the day. Saving this, the principal hotels, inns, and minor houses of a public nature, are for the most part respectable, and moderate in their charges. From above Ware to the Red House Engine-room, the water, although included in the lease of the Amwell Magna Fishery, may be said to be open to all, as the keepers have no orders to interfere with anglers thereon. It is in appearance almost of an uniform character, the plummet and actual fishing can alone determine its qualities. Water of this description is very capricious—here for a good pitch, and there for a bad one—and the fish will shift and change about both with the seasons and the alternations of the weather to the filling of a bag to-day, and the result of a blank to-morrow. The alterations which the bottom is subjected to by the dredger, and the cessation or passage of barges, moreover, affect, for good or ill, the efforts of the best angler. Many heavy baskets of jack, perch, chub, roach, and a heavy trout now and then, have been taken from this part of the river, more particularly when the up-country water has given the fish from above and in the tributaries, a chance to escape from their aristocratic boundaries. At any other time than during a fresh, the likelihood of doing a remarkable amount of bagging is very doubtful, as the whole district is most scandalously overrun with poachers, who look upon it as their own by custom and immemorial usage. If it were stocked and protected it would prove a splendid piscatorial reservoir and feeder to the preserves both up and down.

The church at Ware is very old. It is cruciform, and once contained some fine bronzes, which have been purloined with other curiosities. At the Saracen’s Head Hotel may still be seen

the great bed of Ware. It is 12ft. square. "Neither the use nor the origin of this piece of furniture has ever been well authenticated, although said to have been the state-bed of Edward IV." The remains of an ancient priory are also here. Ware is said to owe its origin to King Edward the Elder, who built it on the site of a weir formed on the river by the Danish army, from whence it derives its name.

HERTFORD.

Distance from London, 26 Miles.

FARES:—First-class 4s. 9d., Second 3s. 4d.; Return—First-class 7s., Second 5s.

MR. JAMES WILLMOT, of the White Swan, an unpretentious inn, opposite the Town-hall, is the lessee of a fishery at Hertford. The water is the property of the Marquis of Salisbury, and begins above at the Town-mill (Mr. Hott's), and finishes at the Red House Engine-room in the King's Meads, between Hertford and Ware. The town mill-tail is a large, dark and mysterious-looking pool, said to hold trout of enormous proportions, and certainly in appearance it does not belie the reports current of its finny stores. Trout, indeed, of 11lb. to 12lb. have been taken out of its depths. It, and its surroundings, must be likewise a perfect haven for the coarser kinds of fish, as malt-houses everywhere overhang its approaches, and barges are lading and unloading grain, which, with all the care possible, must escape, however infinitesimally, to feed and fatten the expectant fish below. For some distance downward from the mill the river is shut in by these warehouses and wharves; and consequently a circum-bendibus must be described, either by passing the Great Northern Station, and entering the town-lands of Hartham, or in the contrary direction, round by the Folly Bridge. If the latter route is taken, we find ourselves on the banks of the navigation close by a fork in the stream. Leaving the main river, spanned by the bridge above named, we take the left-hand branch, which is a large piece of water that ought not to be passed unnoticed by the troller, spinner, and perch fisher. It extends past Gripper's Wharf, and ends at the Flood-gates by Finch's Cottage, to which point we should have come had we taken the other route to Hartham. At the foot of the Flood-

gates we find Finch's Hole, which is 5ft. to 6ft. in depth, and extends some 50ft., in which jack are often met with, and one of nearly 12lb. was killed there last year. A long sweep of very shallow water follows, till a junction is formed with the Beane at the eastern extremity of Hartham. The next spot of note is the Mill Field Hole, named after a second mill, that of Mr. Harry Inskip, who is an elegant fly-fisher. (Mr. Inskip's mill-tail is exclusively private.) This hole is nearly opposite a conical-shaped, straw-roofed cottage, that looks like a large summer-house, a little to the left of Bengeo old church; and again *above* this hole is a rare scour for trout, where a chain crosses the stream to keep the cattle within bounds. Some very pretty water, babbling over a half-sandy half-gravelly bottom succeeds, clearly a trout scour, and then the first osier island, at the top prong of which is a hole of 5ft. The near branch of the river is eminent for trout, the further branch for white fish. Now all down for some distance are shallows, with a deep sand-bed, which have a reputation for trout. The willows here and there obstruct the full use of the fly until the White Bridge is reached, and then the water is pretty free from impediment to the full exercise of the poetry of the art. Immediately past the White Bridge is an excellent chub-hole, and it extends almost to the commencement of the second osier eyot, where there is a perch hole indicated by a piece of dead water, which was formerly a pretty little stream supplied from the lock on the navigation, but which is now being rapidly and purposely filled up with the superfluous ballast removed from the cuts. Going a little round the dead water, we find a long and handsome stretch of the stream, opposite Ware Park and its magnificent rising grounds. Here five or six slight bends follow each other, and at the confluence of the stream with the navigation is a fine chub-hole. Amazing quantities of craw-fish are produced in this river, and are taken with a common round drop-net, baited with any description of garbage, which being left quiet for awhile is drawn quickly to the surface, and in this way three or four are taken at a time. We are now opposite Ware Park Mill (Mr. Shephard's), under which the tributary stream, the Rib, enters the Lea, and the navigation bars our progress. There is an excellent swim on the other side by the mill-tail, where trout and chub are both heavy, and perch abound. The water all around is well adapted to the spinning bait, and looks excellent for most kinds of angling. By following the navigation back to the lock, the angler can cross to the towing-path, and then he may either

get down below to the Red House, or by going up stream, return to the town by the main river, which, it will be remembered, we quitted at Folly Bridge. The White Swan Fishery is very accessible from the north and east of London, by the Great Eastern Railway, and from the West-end or the centre of London by the Great Northern line. The subscription for non-residents is 5s. per annum; the number not limited. Baits must be taken from London. Hertford is a capital town, and sends two members to Parliament. It is laid out in the shape of the letter Y, between the upper projections of which an ancient castle used to stand, dating from the Tenth century. A few traces of it yet remain; one round, some angular towers, and a portion of the outer walls. Royalty frequently satisfied the natural, if not the vulgar cravings of appetite here, and it has been in turn the scene of both luxury and woe to crowned heads, it holding a conspicuous place in history as the prison of the Kings of France and Scotland in the reign of Edward III., previously to which, in the reign of John, it was besieged and taken by the Dauphin of France. Hertford has fallen off in the number of its churches; All-Saints and St. Andrew's only remaining out of five, of which the town formerly boasted. One of its principal attractions arises from its being the seat of the preparatory education of the pupils of the Blue-Coat School, belonging to Christ's Hospital; and 500 children are often to be seen there at a time. Buckenden Bury is near, and situated in a fine park, ornamented with water. Bragbury House has likewise the attractions of water—a stream running through the vale which joins the river Beane at Frogmore, and which has been extended near the house into the importance of a lake. Ware Park is another lovely spot, beautifully varied by wood and water, the rivers Lea and Rib adding much to its beauty.

The Marquis of Salisbury claims the fishery of the Lea for about a mile, it may be, above Hertford. It is very pretty beyond the Town-mill. where it runs in a graceful parabolic curve through the old Castle grounds now occupied by Mr. Longmore, and is equally picturesque for some distance past the quaint cottages whose gardens come down to its margin. Here and hereabout the rod may pursue its affectionate desires without challenge right away up to The Poplars, and the fishing is not, at certain periods, to be despised. The trout, indeed, which are in too great a plenty in their noble quarters above stream, where there is but little feed for the many, get down very often in numbers to this and the waters below, where the hungry vassals

may be at once detected by their sooty complexion, their large heads, and attenuated forms. But amongst the shoal of minnows they here meet with, they soon lose their inky hue, grow sleek, fat and handsome jowled; and thus these chance escapes from the overstocked domains of a refined starvation are conducive to the health of the fish, make the food to their fellows whom they have left more perspicuous by their absence, and greatly contribute to the sport of the angler. At the Poplars there is a division of streams; the one being the Mimram or Maram which flows through Lord Cowper's grounds at Panshanger, the other the Lea from Bayford Bury, W. B. Baker, Esq.'s, of which we shall have a few words to say.

We are now fairly out of Hertford; but although against the plan we had laid down, to keep close to the railway of the Great Eastern, we cannot resist the temptation of making our account of the Lea as complete as it is possible by summarising the upper waters under the head of Addenda, and thus led we find ourselves tracing the river upwards through grounds of a more or less exclusive character. The Poplars are now observable from the elevated road which passes through Bayfordbury, Essenden, &c., and we become almost suddenly conscious that we have abandoned the commerce of the Lea for the retirement of a purely pastoral life, so musically still is the repose of all around. There to the right is the kyanised black wooden railway bridge of the Great Northern branch to Luton, stretching over the Mimram, and here on the left the picturesque domain of Hertingfordbury, with its private lodge and hatchway bridge, forming altogether a very pretty view. The Lea, which now presents itself from hence to the Horns-mill, together with the mill-head and backwater, has produced many jack of from 12lb. to 15lb. in weight. The head for, say, 150yds., runs without fence, close to the road, and therefore is doubtless free to the angler. Looking now up stream, before we get to the splash and foot-bridge which crosses a small brook on our left, we get a charming bit of rivulet scenery, the back of the Hart Horn Inn, with its careless out-door premises, and the said splash, with now a team passing through it, forming one of the many exquisite and homely landscape groups which continually arrest the observation and engage the pencils of a Birket Foster, a George Chester, a Hulme, or a Creswick. Meadows, although narrow, separate us from a long stretch of the river, which, albeit banked high, is visible from the road, which in its turn is charmingly wooded.

Crossing a stone bridge, and by one of the lodges of Bayfordbury Park (we shall enter this anon), we follow the river, which now widens out, looks deep, and gives elbow room, with a graceful bow, to a withy bed, affording here and there likely lagoons for jack. Again a sweep to the right, as if the stream were seeking the shelter of an abrupt and green knoll fringed with larch and other trees, and the river is lost to the eye. We hurry on and meet it again, but not until it has crept quietly behind Roberson's farm, which it appears to take protectively in its embrace, as though to guard it from the intrusion of trespassers in its rear, and then it emerges from beneath a handsome arch into the broad light of expansive meads. W. R. Baker, Esq. has devoted himself with untiring zeal and perseverance to the breeding of salmon, trout, grayling, &c. on his fine estate, Bayfordbury Park. The upper pond, in which there are nearly 150 salmon smolts in their third year, is a handsome piece of water of two acres in extent. It is beautifully clear, with a gravelly and sandy bottom, 12ft. in its deepest, and fed by springs. The smolts therein, which would in a state of freedom, having run to the sea, be now probably 15lb. in weight, are here but of 1½lb. They are, however, extremely lively, and apparently in the best of health and condition, rising freely to a fly. The trout and grayling in the same water appear to be doing equally well. Mr. Baker turned into the Lea some 1500 grayling during the summer of 1864, two only of which as yet have been captured with the hook. The mansion of Bayfordbury contains the celebrated portraits of the Kit-Cat Club and many fine marbles. Three miles of the Lea are claimed by this gentleman. It is beset with chub of 3lb., roach of 1lb. to 1½lb., perch 1½lb., pike in abundance, and shoals of dace of ½lb. apiece; but trout and grayling are the great objects of increase upon which Mr. Baker sets much value, and certainly his efforts to get up a large stock and thus do his neighbours a great amount of good are untiring and praiseworthy. Taking up the Lea at a little above Roxford Farm, where we left it, the stream gets more sharp, affording trout of 3lb. and 3½lb. which, however, are seldom in season here until after the appearance of the May-fly. The Lea throughout the whole course of Woolmer Park is exceedingly fine, and admirably adapted as a trout preserve, it having long stretches of wide sharp shallows over a beautifully gravelly bottom, with swirling pools, well protected by natural barriers and local surveillance. It possesses occasional deep holes, overhanging

banks and gnarled roots for harbour and winter quarters for fish. We are indebted to its courteous proprietor, Herbert Wodehouse, Esq., for a most delightful ramble along the well wooded banks of this charming piece of the Lea, which won upon us at every step by its pastoral grace. The estate between Woolmers and Hatfield is the property of the co-heiress of the late Lady Braye, but the right of the fishery belongs to Lord Salisbury. The Lea enters this nobleman's seat a little below Hatfield Mills, Wood Hall and Farm, and Bush Hall. The park is of considerable expanse, and is splendidly endowed by nature. It contains some remarkably ancient timber, said to have reached 1000 years in growth. The Queen's Oak reported to be the termination of the walk permitted to Queen Elizabeth, when a prisoner at Hatfield, is now a mere grey lifeless trunk. Many important political and poetical events have rendered the mansion eminently historical. The original style of this unique old pile has been scrupulously kept up. The task of artistically redecorating the whole interior previous to her present Majesty's visit was entrusted to the celebrated architect painter Frederick Sang. This portion of the interior is grand and harmonious, graceful in conception and masterly in execution, and looks as brilliant and fresh at the present day as it did eighteen years ago on the occasion of the royal visit, when we first, upon an angling tour, had an opportunity of enjoying the splendour of this noble mansion, and joining the gifted artist and his talented staff in serenading Her Majesty in full chorus from the groves beneath her private apartments. The Lea in Hatfield Park is too artificial in configuration to please the ardent lover of river scenery, and in this respect it is in marked contrast to Woolmers, so comparatively close to it, where nature appears to revel in glorious wantonness, and to be as conservative in her bowers, banks and bosky dells as though it were a liberal slice cribbed from Eden. The water, however, in Hatfield Park is stocked, perhaps overstocked,* with pike, perch, &c. No permissions whatever are now given to fish it excepting to his lordship's immediate friends, this courtesy having been more than once shamefully abused by strangers.

A walk of about three miles along the banks of the Lea brings us to Brockett Hall and grounds, which are very charming, our stream adding great grace and beauty to all that surrounds it.

* There exists a rumour that this preserve has been let as a subscription water to the landlord of the Salisbury Arms; but at the period of our going to press there was not time to ascertain its truth.

The lake, which is of a considerable expanse and fed by the Lea, contains enough to satisfy the angler, but it requires a boat to fish it well, although many heavy bags have been occasionally made from its banks. Near the upper bridge is the deepest and best place for jack. After quitting Brochett Hall, we follow the course of the Lea, passing many places of mark upon our way, more particularly Luton Park or the Hoo, in which is a long stretch of fine and wide water, and here almost at its rise we must pause as we are trenching upon a district which will justly fall under the group of another railway.

TRIBUTARIES OF THE LEA.

(For Fares, &c., see recapitulation of Stations, Distances, &c., *ante*, p. iv.)

THE STORT.

WE pass the spot where the Stort joins the Lea near Hoddesdon, and taking the towing path find a portion of the old river running to our right and the navigable river to our left as far as the Stort Junction Lock, and passing Field's (or the lower lock) about two furlongs from Brick Lock, and after about a mile more reach Boydon Lock, the fall of which is about 7ft. At Boydon, Mr. Roe, the postmaster, is a lover of the angle; Mr. F. Torrington, the station-master, likewise possesses some knowledge of the water, and both will give any information to the angler. Boydon is the first station on this branch of the Great Eastern Railway, and thus far the Stort is attached to the Rye House Fishery. Three miles further is Hunsdon Mill (Mr. Thomas Garrett's) with the lock. About a mile beyond this Parndon Mill (Mr. Westrop Death's) and lock are gained, and then a mile further, Burnt Mill Station, which is the second station on the Bishops Stortford line. It is so called from the mill being twice destroyed by fire. The proprietor of the present mill is Mr. William Death. A lock is close by. The scenery about this is exceedingly lovely, and the fishing still continues good. Gilston Park, the seat of J. Hodgson, Esq., is extensive, and a ramble therein will well repay the tourist. The mansion is a stately structure, approached by two entrances into the domain. The one from the west is full a mile and a half from the lodge to the house, and is a remarkably fine avenue of ancient trees, extending the whole of this distance. The park contains an expansive lake, said to be tenanted with large

jack, perch, roach, &c. The eastern approach is about half a mile from Burnt Mill, and the walk there likewise presents some charming little bits and nooks of artistic landscape scenery. Terlin Park, the property of J. Hill, Esq., is another noteworthy place as it looks over the Stort, is but five minutes' walk from the station, and a broad piece of water therein is supplied by the river, and considerably adorns the estate. An additional mile from this gives us Latton Mill, the property or leased by Mr. Edward Glascock. There is likewise a lock. Then follows Harlow. There is a mill here, the property of Mr. B. Barnard, in the tail of which are some good chub, roach, and a few pike. There is likewise a lock close by.

Harlow Bush fair, which is held September 9th, for horses and cattle, is known throughout England. There is average fishing, open to the angler from Roydon all the way to Stortford so long as the towing-path is kept; but where the waters are diverted to supply the mills, there the river is strictly private, and not to be trespassed upon without the full sanction of the proprietors. There can be little doubt but that for most kinds of fish the mill-tails, weirs, tumbling bays and waste water sluices are the best, and therefore the most desirable to the angler. Knowing this, if the fisherman desires an hour or two, let him ask for it courteously, and he will find it seldom refused without good and sufficient reasons. Heavy pike are occasionally taken from the towing path. Perch are likewise plentiful, but not large. This river has a reputation for fine tench, which are captured in the season with lobworm well on the ground. There is a Railway Inn, with beds, at the railway station. The next lock beyond Harlow is Feakes, and is reached by a walk of a mile and a quarter. Three-quarters of a mile now gives us Shearing Mill, owned by Mr. John Barnard, with a lock. Then an additional third of a mile finds us at Sawbridgeworth Mill, but a little distance from the station. It is likewise the property of Mr. John Barnard, who, having a kindly sympathy for anglers, rarely refuses an application for a few hours' fishing. Mr. Hull, the station-master, is likewise devoted to the art, and would assist a brother angler in any way that lies in his power. The Bell and Feathers is an excellent inn, and the visitor will find there all he may reasonably desire in refectation and charges. We trudge on now nearly a mile and a quarter, when we hail Tednanbury Lock. Then, putting another five-eighths of a mile behind us we arrive at Bishops Stortford. Here the angler

or rambler will do well to consult the intelligent and obliging station-master, Mr. W. J. Anstee, whose knowledge of all around is complete, and whose disposition to impart it no less deserving of our thanks. Mr. Walter Gilbey's (of the eminent London wine firm) portion of the Stort which he holds from Mr. Hawkes the brewer, is private. It extends from a short distance below Stanstead down to Stortford. The kind and hospitable proprietor is taking every pains to keep it free from the net and night line, and has turned in a liberal supply of fish from time to time. It is a very pretty bit of the stream, and will doubtless ere long well repay its generous lessee, by the pleasure it will afford to anglers to whom Mr. Gilbey (being a thorough sportsman himself) indulgently inclines. The water abounds in pike, perch and roach, but there are no chub, and the gudgeons of late years have quitted it. It is however the intention, so soon as the late legislative sewage enactments can be brought to bear upon Bishops Stortford, to introduce gudgeon again, together with trout and grayling, which are known to be to some extent migratory fish, and would be at present affected unto death by an excursion into the foul pollution of the river below. It is an important town, principally relying upon its malting for distinction. There are several ancient monuments in the interior of the church, which is an old gothic edifice with chancel, nave and aisles, a tower and spire. Sir John Brograve, Attorney-General to the Duchy of Lancaster in the time of James I. built the Manor-house, the grounds of which are admirably arranged, and afford much delight to the admirer of landscape scenery. T. F. Salter says, in his "Angler's Guide," dated 1815, "I was once roving for perch on the banks of the Stort, I met a brother of the angle trolling on horseback. From the singularity of the case, I inquired the cause of his being on horseback, suspecting that he had become indolent, but found it arose from weakness of a broken leg. By a little practice he managed his tackle very well, and killed many good fish without dismounting. The best part of this river," adds Salter, "that I am acquainted with for jack, pike and perch, is between Harlow and Sawbridgeworth."

It may not be generally known that "At Hallingbury, within a mile of Stortford, Mr. Sutton, the founder of the Charter House, intended to build the hospital, and had actually fixed upon a field south of the manor-house, near the road leading from Ongar to Stans-street, for that purpose, and had even obtained an Act of Parliament in 9 James 1; but he altered his intention much for

the better, and fixed it where it is." *Vide* "History of Essex," by a Gentleman, Chelmsford, 1771. This meadow still belongs to the institution, and as it has now been determined to move the Charter House from Goswell-street, it is probable the first intention of its benevolent founder, nearly a hundred years after his munificent bequests, will be carried out.

THE MIMERAM

Rises in the parish of King's Walden, and passes through "the Hoo" (not the Luton Hoo) and Codicote Mill to Welwyn, and by Lockley's and Digswell Water to Tewin, and thence through Panshanger (Earl Cowper's) to the Lea above Hertford. From Tewin down to Tewin Mill there is excellent fly-fishing, many of the trout weigh 5lb. and 6lb.; but most parts in the season, although wide, are weedy. Below Tewin Mill and down to the entrance of Mr. Thornton's park, about half a mile, there are also fine trout. Mr. Thornton's park is well stocked with trout, and that gentleman will give a day to any true angler, provided the latter is properly introduced and accredited, and the water is not previously occupied. Not so the Earl Cowper, who is chary to a degree of his trout, many of which repay this noble proprietor for his fond indulgence much after the fashion of spoiled and pampered children—by growing up sickly and ill-conditioned. No one can carry the breeding of trout beyond a certain limit; beyond that, it is a crowded house, and the finest aqueous piscatorial residence assumes rapidly the uninviting characteristics of a hospital, without its curative virtues. Lord Cowper's domain stretches down to the Lea, a small portion of it bounding Hertingfordbury-park, one of the estates of W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury.

THE BEANE OR BENEFICIAN

Rises in the parish of Yardley, near Lufen Hall, from two sources, skirts Cromer, passes by Walkern, and between Aston and Bennington. In the grounds of Frogmore it receives a small stream called the Broadwater, which rises in the parish of Stevenage, and then passes by Watton village. At Watton the Beane runs through the park of Abel Smith, Esq., at Wood Hall, and here contains many large trout, but permission to fish is difficult to obtain. This property extends to Stapleford. From Stapleford Bridge, Bulls Mill, down to Waterford Mill, some good fishing water presents itself, trout varying from 1lb. to 4lb. being

often taken. Above this the trout are, however, for the most part bad in colour, and only come late in season. After Waterford Mill for about half a mile there is a piece of open water on the marsh which is wide, but being mostly shallow, the trout are wary and difficult to capture; a southerly wind and a cloudy sky should be chosen. From Waterford Marsh down to the Mole Wood Mill the water is known as the Out, and is an artificial millhead, which is good. From this down to Hertford are the Sele Deepes, which no one but the best and steadiest hands need essay. The fish are large, and when in season very excellent in game and flavour, but they are as shy as a school-girl and as wild as a mallard.

THE ASH

Rises in the parish of Little Hadham, passes a short distance from Moor Place and Hadham Mill, and Much Hadham—where there is a station on the Buntingford Branch of the Great Eastern Railway, 27 miles from London; Widford Station, $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles, four miles east from Ware; Blakesware and Mardocks Station, $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles, where perch abound—and falls into the river Lea at Stanstead Abbott. The Buntingford line turns off from the Hertford line at St. Margaret's. The Ash contains jack, but a good bag is seldom made. Edward Calvert, Esq., the great brewer has taken pains to stock portions of it with trout, having first killed down the coarse fish, but this gentleman's efforts have, we are sorry to say, met with but slight success. Still the late Sir Joseph Paxton was very fond of fishing the Ash, and as he was well content with the sport he met with, and had the *entrée* of most of the exclusive trout preserves in the neighbourhood, we may have drawn a prejudiced account of this tributary.

THE RIB.

Rises at Corneybury, a mile north of Buntingford, thence by Coles (—Somes, Esq.) to Aspeden, where trout of goodly size abound, even in rivulets with water scarcely sufficient to cover their dorsal fins. Thence the stream runs to near Buntingford Station, $35\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London; West Mill Station, $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and on to Braughing Station, $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles; where it is joined by the Quin, a small stream rising on the Cambridge and Ware-road, near Biggin, between Ainstree and Widial; then passes by the Hormeads, Braughing, and joins the Rib, which goes on past Gatesbury Mill to Standon Station, 31 miles from London,

Latchford, Berwick, Thundridge, Wadesmill, and skirting Ware Park, falls into the Lea under Ware Park Mill. Above Standon, for about three miles, there is very fair angling, the trout are large and full of bounce; the stream is well preserved by Colonel Tower, and again beyond by Miss Mellish, of Hamel's Park, for some distance. The trout lie at the bends, and are more than usually solitary in their habits; so if the fish rise well the angler may make a capital basket. It will not be found of any use to thrash the water all over, only at the likely parts, which are always palpable to the initiated eye. Below Standon the trout are scarce; jack, perch, chub, dace, and roach, in plenty. Mr. Chapman, the farmer at Latchford, is partial to anglers, and would be found willing to give a stray rod an opportunity of distinguishing itself. Above and below Barrack the angler will meet with plenty to do, if he gets leave, in clearing off the jack; opposite Barrack farm there are always a few four and five pounders. All about Sawtress farm likewise jack abound, and one was caught there in recent days, of 13lb. There are also plenty of small jack, and lots of large perch of 2lb. each in Youngsbury Park, above Wade's Mill, the seat of A. G. Puller, Esq. W. Parker, Esq.'s property, of Ware Park, runs nearly up to Ware West Mill. From thence Robert Hanbury, Esq.'s park and lands extend to the site of the third (Wade's) mill, recently burned down. The neighbourhood, indeed the whole of the country through which the Rib flows, is exceedingly lovely, and for the most part all that an artist, if not all that an angler, could desire. The dace at Standon are remarkable for their weight and pluck.

The river Rib runs through Standon within twenty yards of the railway station. The land, and doubtless the water, belongs about here to — Foster, Esq., the banker, of Cambridge, and some to the Duke of Wellington. The farms are occupied by various tenants, who are courteous to anglers, provided they are approached in a proper manner. There are trout, jack, roach, dace, and perch in the Rib at and near Standon in ample numbers for sport. There are two respectable inns in the place that make up beds for visitors, and they are in close proximity to the river. It will be well to ask Mr. Barker, the worthy station master, as to private quarters, who has likewise every information anent the stream ready for the inquiring piscator. The church of St. Mary possesses a fine Norman arch, and the edifice itself is in the decorated style of architecture. In the chancel are some ancient

marble monuments to Sir Ralph Sadleir, Bart., who was of the Privy Council in the reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth; also of Thomas Sadleir, Bart., son of the above and his wife; here are also the remains of the Aston family. The Roman Catholic College of St. Edmund's is about one mile west, and was founded on the expulsion of the Roman Catholics from Douay. An iron bridge spans the Rib here.

SNARESBROOK STATION (near Wanstead).

Distance from London, 7½ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s., Second 9d., Third 7d.

THE river Roding runs near, but there is little or nothing in it so low down as this. The Eagle Tavern at Snarebrook possesses a pond, but it has long since ceased to be classed as a fish preserve. The same may be said of the once famous ponds in Wanstead-park.

GEORGE-LANE STATION.

Distance from London, 8½ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s. 2d., Second 10d., Third 8d.

THE river Roding is still within a few minutes' walk of us, but the same observation applies to this place as we made of the last.

WOODFORD STATION.

Distance from London, 9¼ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s. 4d., Second 1s., Third 9d.

THE river Roding gets a little better here, but its small bulk does not allow of any particular cover for fish. A few dace and perch sometimes are taken.

BUCKHURST-HILL.

Distance from London, 10¾ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s. 5d., Second 1s., Third 9d.

THESE are small portions of the river Roding heresabout, which, after rains, contain a fish or two, but it is as a fishing station wholly unworthy of the angler's attention.

LOUGHTON STATION—LANE STATION.*Distance from London, 13½ Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 1s. 6d., Second 1s., Third 9d.

THE river Roding now turns from us to the right, and the tourist-angler will scarcely regret its absence in a piscatorial, although he may in a picturesque point of view.

ONGAR STATION.*Distance from London, 28½ Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 3s. 4d., Second 2s. 6d., Third 1s. 8d.

THE river Roding again returns to us, but its character has not become any better since we parted with it at Loughton.

ILFORD STATION.*Distance from London, 7 Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 1s., Second 9d., Third 7d.

A LAKE here and a couple of ponds were once well spoken of, but they have much grown up, and consequently deteriorated. Barking Creek Water, the Roding river, runs near Ilford, and a few dace and gudgeon may be occasionally caught, but it is a waste of ink to rank it as an angling resort at present, whatever time and better sanitary arrangements may make it. The country round about is very pretty, and Hainault Forest is within an easy walk, passing Rising Castle and Abury Hall.

CHADWELL HEATH STATION.*Distance from London, 9½ Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 1s. 6d., Second 1s. 2d., Third 9d.

DAGENHAM Breach is the only water deserving a passing mention as within a reachable distance from Chadwell; but that place is more immediately got at by the Tilbury Fort line, a station having been erected close to the fishery for the convenience of a dock now forming by the conversion of part of the breach into a basin. It is very marshy around, and offers but little attraction to the tourist; the water, however, produces very large bream, roach, and some few pike, but the fish have a bad reputation for healthfulness, and will not keep any time.

ROMFORD STATION.*Distance from London, 12 Miles.*

FARES:—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d., Third 1s.

ROMFORD is more celebrated for its beer than its water. Indeed, in respect to the latter there is but a streamlet, almost destitute of a fish. Doubtless, formerly, from the name Romford, there was something more piscatorial here. It may be that the wells for the requirements of the brewery absorb the supply of the stream.

BRENTWOOD STATION.*Distance from London, 17½ Miles.*FARES:—First-class 3s. 6d., Second 2s. 6d., Third 1s. 9d.,
Parliamentary 1s. 5½d.

THE only water near this consists of some two or more ponds in Thorndon Hall Park, the seat of Lord Petre, about two miles from the station. The fishing therein is very uncertain, as all dead water angling mostly is; the weeds during nine months and throughout the year, if the winter prove mild, wholly or in part precluding the exercise of the angle, but when the lakes are clear and unobstructed, and the wind is blowing half a gale from the south, south-west, or north-west, a good deal of sport may be had amongst the jack and perch. Should the weeds be thick, look out for a clear place, and there fish with live bait. If, however, there is no such spot, clear one out and leave it alone for an hour or so and then return with a live gudgeon, a quarter of a pound roach, or good size dace. Should the weeds be only half grown, and leave a foot or eighteen inches of water above them clear and without vegetation, spin with a small dace or bleak, and but little weight on the line. In this case the bait need not sink much below the surface, as the jack, although in the weeds, are ready when on the field for anything passing over them.

CHELMSFORD STATION.*Distance from London, 29½ Miles.*FARES:—First-class 6s., Second 4s. 10d., Third 3s. 7d.,
Parliamentary 2s. 5d.

THIS town is situated at the confluence of the Oan with the Chelmer. Excellent fishing may be had at times, both near and within a few miles of the town, to a considerable extent, both

private and free. The Rev. O. W. Arnold, of the Grammar School at Chelmsford, is a gentleman of much experience as an angler. Mr. Arnold tells us that he generally catches his own baits, but they can be procured in the town occasionally from a man named Butcher, in New-street, and Miller's, at Rainsford End. The river is far better than pond fishing, and very few ponds in the neighbourhood have any good fish in them. Mr. Falcke has "the Grove," at Great Baddon, near which there is a lake said to contain many fish, and Mr. Wells, of Broomfield, has also a lake with some good angling. The agent at the station, Mr. Seeley, will be glad to assist the angler-tourist in any way that lies in his power. *Vide* Measom's "Illustrated Guide to the Great Eastern (Colchester Line)," for river Can, p. 9. *Vide* also Wright's "Essex and White Essex" for Chelmer river.

WITHAM STATION.

Distance from London, 38½ Miles.

FARES:—First-class 7s. 9d., Second 6s. 3d., Third 4s. 9d.,
Parliamentary 3s. 2d.

WE are now over our prescribed bounds, but it may be well to remark that Witham is on a tributary of the Blackwater river. A branch of the rail to the north follows this tributary up to Braintree, where the latter stream almost joins the Blackwater again, which had made a *détour* east to Kelvedon Station, the north to Coggeshall, and then west to Braintree. Another branch of the railway to the right by Wickham, Bishop's Langford to Maldon (the entrance of the Blackwater river), follows the course of this river almost the whole of the way and crosses it twice. By getting down at Langford station, having previously given notice of that desire to the guard at Witham, some good angling in the Chelmer navigation may be probably obtained from the Hon. Captain Swabey, of Langford Grove, about two miles from Maldon, who rents and preserves it.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF LONDON ANGLING SOCIETIES.

Name of Society.	Place of Meeting.	Nights of Meeting.
Alliance Angling Society	Red Lion, 5, Great Warner-street, Clerkenwell	Friday and Sunday
Amicable Society of Anglers	Cherry Tree, 85, Upper White-cross-street, St. Luke's	Saturday and Sunday
Amicable Waltonians	George the Fourth, 156, Goswell-street	Friday and Sunday
Brothers Well Met	Berkeley Castle, Rahere-street, Goswell-road	Sunday and Monday
Cavendiah	King's Head, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square	Not known
City of London	The Anglers, Union-street, Bishopsgate	Thursday and Sunday
Finsbury Society of Anglers	Bald Face Stag, Worship-sq., Finsbury	Wednesday and Sunday
Friendly Anglers	Jacob's Well, 25, New Inn Broadway, Shoreditch	Wednesday and Sunday
Friendly Anglers	Hope Arms, 51, Duke-street, Oxford-street	Wednesday
Golden Tench	Victoria, Charlotte-st., Euston-road	Saturday and Sunday
Piscatorial	Star and Garter, 44, Pall Mall	Monday
Silver Trout	Freemasons' Arms, 81, Long Acre	Sunday
True Waltonians	Crown, 12, Pentonville-road	Tuesday
United Society of Anglers	Wellington, 222, Shoreditch	Wednesday and Sunday
Walton and Cotton	Crown and Woolpack, 75, St. John-street-road	Monday, Wednesday and Sunday
Walton Society of Anglers	The Ship, 14, Berkeley-street, Clerkenwell	Sunday
Waltonians	King's Head, 34, Great Portland-street	Not known
Titles of Societies not known	White Horse, 105, Long-acre	} Not known
	Seymour Arms, 9, Seymour-street, Bryanstone square	
	Rose and Crown, 62, Tottenham-court-road	
	Knave of Clubs, 23, Club-row, Bethnal Green	
	Fitzroy Arms, 21, Clipston-street, Dorset-square	
	Fish & Bell, 9, Charles-st., Soho	
	Camden Arms, 1, Great Randolph-street, Camden-town	

LIST OF FISHING-TACKLE MAKERS.

[For the convenience of the tourist-angler, we give a list of some of the fishing-tackle makers near to and within a four-mile radius of the Great Eastern terminus.]

- Alfred, William H. and Son, 54, Moorgate-street, E.C.
 Allport; Mrs. Mary A., 41, Bethnal-green-road, N.E.
 Barnett, Timothy, 3, Goswell-terrace, Goswell-road, E.C.
 Carter, Alfred, 124, St. John-street-road, E.C.
 Clark, Joseph, 11, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, E.C.
 Crofts, William, 47, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, E.C.
 Dicks, Mrs. E., 112, St. John's-road, Hoxton, N.
 Eaton and Deller, 6 and 7, Crooked-lane, E.C.
 Edmonds, William, 15, East-road, City-road, N.
 Fernandes, Marco, 2, Devonshire-square, N.E.
 Gillett, John, 115, Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, E.C.
 Gowland and Co., 3 and 4, Crooked-lane, E.C.
 Holroyd, James S., 59, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
 Kenning, George, 4, Little Britain, E.C.
 Kewell, Charles, 98, St. John-street-road, E.C.
 Kitchingham, Alfred, 37, Somerset-place, Hoxton, N.
 Little, Giles, 15, Fetter-lane, Holborn, E.C.
 M'Kiernan, James, 15, St. John's-lane, E.C., and 7, Albion-place,
 Clerkenwell, E.C.
 Martin, John, 4, Belvedere, Cambridge-road, E.C.
 Quarrier, Mrs. Elizabeth, 17, Little Gray'-inn-lane, E.C.
 Sowerbutts, T. H., 3, Blossom-terrace, Commercial-street, N.E.
 Tennant, William M., 6, Holywell-lane, E.C..

THE RAIL AND THE ROD;

OR,

TOURIST-ANGLER'S GUIDE

TO

WATERS AND QUARTERS AROUND LONDON.

No. II.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

By GREVILLE F. (BARNES),

FISCATORIAL CORRESPONDENT TO THE "FIELD" JOURNAL.

LONDON:

HORACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

1867.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY HORACE COX, 846, STRAND, W.C.

TO

ROBERT BARCLAY, Esq.,

IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF THE AMENITIES
SO FRANKLY, HOSPITABLY, AND FRATEERNALLY EXTENDED

BY

HIMSELF AND MRS. BARCLAY,

AT THEIR

COTTAGE AT STREATLEY, BERKS,

TO THE

AUTHOR DURING HIS THAMES RAMBLES,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN submitting No. 2 of "The Rail and the Rod" to the public, it should be stated that the subject of the Thames with its many attractive accessories has so grown under the pen, that the author has found it necessary to carry the reader with him as far as Oxford, more than sixty miles from London, and, consequently, twice the distance originally assigned to the sections of this work. It is, however, modestly submitted, that the writer is not altogether responsible for this truancy, as the encouragement given to the sale of No. 1 of "The Rail and the Rod" (The Great Eastern Railway) most plainly evidences that the want of a work of this nature is fully appreciated, and that any extension of liberality upon the part of the author will be proportionately recognised.

TABLE OF PLACES ALLUDED TO,

EMBRACING THE STATIONS, DISTANCES, FARES, &c.*

PLACE.	PAGE.	MILES FROM LONDON.	SINGLE JOURNEY TICKETS.		RETURN TICKETS.	
			First.	Second.	First.	Second.
Paddington.....	5		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Hanwell (near the Brent River)	7	7½	1 4	1 0	2 0	1 6
Southall	7	9½	1 6	1 2	2 3	1 9
Brentford (near the Brent River)	7	12½	1 6	1 2	2 3	1 9
West Drayton (near the Colne)	7	13½	2 4	1 6	3 6	2 3
Uxbridge do.	63	16½	2 10	1 11	4 3	3 6
Windsor (near the Thames).....	11	21½	3 9	2 10	5 6	4 3
Taplow do.	17	22½	4 1	3 1	6 0	4 6
Maldenhead do.	17	24½	4 6	3 4	6 9	5 0
Cookham do.	22	27	5 0	3 8	7 6	5 6
Marlow Road do.	23	28½	5 3	3 11	8 3	6 0
Twyford (near the Loddon River).....	36	31	5 6	4 1	8 3	6 0
Shiplake (near the Thames)	35	33½	6 0	4 6	9 0	6 9
Henley and Wargrave, do.	29	35½	6 4	4 9	9 6	7 0
Reading and Caversham, do.	38	36	6 4	4 9
Mortimer (near the Loddon River) ...	64	43½	7 7	5 8	13 0	10 0
Basingstoke do.	64	51½	9 2	6 10	16 0	11 8
Pangbourne (near the Thames)	42	41½	7 5	5 7	13 0	9 6
Goring do.	45	44½	7 11	5 11	14 0	10 6
Moulsoford do.	49	47½	8 5	6 4	14 6	11 0
Wallingford do.	49	50½	9 2	6 10	15 9	11 9
Culham do.	53	56½	9 10	7 5	17 6	13 0
Abingdon do.	53	59½	10 10	8 2	17 6	13 9
Oxford do.	63½	11 0	8 4	17 6	13 6

* The Third Class fare may be calculated by the distances given at one penny per mile.

THE RAIL AND THE ROD.

No II.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

INTRODUCTORY AND GENERAL REMARKS.

THE Great Western Railway is to the tourist-angler the most important line of the several iron roads which lead from London. It meets the noblest of our rivers, the Thames, at Windsor, and scarcely ever quits the stream for more than an easy distance, until it reaches Oxford. Thus, the tourist is introduced to some of the finest scenery in England, and if the angler does not find the waters, at present, as good for his favourite pursuit as any within the same distance of the metropolis, they shortly will be made so under the guardian care of the new Thames Conservators, most of whom, having a natural love for the Art, are determined to suppress the use of the net altogether where practicable, and fishing with rod or otherwise, during the fence months.

By the Great Western Railway, which has trains from Moor-gate-street, City, the rambler may start for Reading—now indeed “Reading made Easy”—by early morn, and be fishing in the Thames at Caversham or its neighbourhood by half-past seven, a.m.; or be, with his rod or sketch-book, amidst the wondrous scenery of Newnham, or the less imposing country below Abingdon, before nine a.m., and have at least six hours for sketching, sport, and pedestrianism, at any one of the most of the extreme stations dwelt upon in this book.

It is the design of this work to point out the best and most accessible spots upon the rivers and still waters contiguous to the Great Western Railway, so that by its perusal the angler may be made acquainted, previously to starting upon an excursion, with the particulars of the resorts to which he is bent. To do this effectively, it was necessary to have a long and intimate acquaintance with the rivers under review ; how they are affected by floods and droughts ; the nature of the soil over which they flow ; their bays, creeks, and lagoons ; the quality, colour, and temperature of the water ; the depths and localities of their weirs, holes, and scours, and a close insight into the changeful and coquettish habits of the finny dwellers therein. With these qualities it was likewise requisite to possess a subtle knowledge of the manners and customs of those who live upon the banks, whether they obtain their living by taking in tourists, or taking out anglers. All these qualifications may not be very apparent in this work, but their exercise, it is presumed, has considerably influenced the general tone which pervades it. It is, however, but due to the greater part of those with whom the author has come into contact upon the Thames, to say, that he has found them, although possessed of a certain semi-cunning shrewdness, invested with a much larger amount of intelligence, and a disposition to convey it to others, than he has met with amongst the like classes, during the majority of his aquatic inland trips. In the latter respect, too much, indeed, cannot be said in praise of the more humble inhabitants who reside near the Thames. The fishermen as a *genus loci*, can be "all things to all men." They urge, with some degree of truth, that a customer quits London with a determination to spend a certain amount before he returns, and they do not require any great exercise of logic to persuade themselves that they are justified in getting as much as they can. Hence, there is no tariff amongst the fishermen which can be thoroughly depended upon, or which is the same at all the angling resorts. One man will consider himself well paid at four shillings a day, exclusive of bread and cheese and beer ; while another will expect half a guinea, and stick his fork without ceremony into your *pâté de foie gras*, and apply the neck of your hock to his mouth with equal nonchalance. The cheaper fishermen will work very hard and punt you where you please to dictate, but they in general lack the requisite knowledge founded upon the scarce faculty of observation ; the dearer are up in the secrets of the deep, but are generally lazy, phlegmatic fellows,

who appear to consider a district to be circumscribed by the third of a mile's length. The medium men I have invariably found to be the best. They do not run over and disturb the swims by their awkwardness, neither do they surlily refuse to try all and everywhere ere the day is half closed. Their day's rate of remuneration may be considered fair at seven or eight shillings, together with cold meat, bread and cheese, and if the angler plainly observes that he obtains sport through their tact, he should not part with them without giving them some trifle as a premium. A great deal, of course, depends upon the state of the weather and the seasons—the length of the day and its temperature—and an angler of any discernment will readily discover, how far and when he should be liberal in either money or viands. A lavish prodigality is highly destructive to all respect, as elsewhere, amongst dependents. They look upon the donor as "soft" and unaccustomed to the Thames, or that he is unduly bribing them, preparatory to a suggestion to use the cast-net, or exercise some other questionable means of obtaining a basket of fish to carry home. On the other hand, meanness is seen through at once; and, of the two alternatives, it is much better to give the man what he asks, or not employ him at all; for, as the bargain is always made beforehand, the angler will find a corresponding deduction of zeal, if not of civility, if he has previously bated the fisherman. However, it is not the intention to write an angler's instructor, as there are plenty of works of that description to refer to, more particularly "A Book upon Angling" by Mr. Francis Francis, who seems to have anticipated all that can be said upon such subjects, and has at length, after countless reproductions of stale facts by others, given us a really practical and original work.

The proprietors of the houses of entertainment are comparatively a superior class of persons, and the prevailing impression which is left upon the mind, after a visit to these hostelries, is their uniform love of cleanliness. Some, indeed, carry this refinement to an extreme, and the stranger might feel a reluctance to enter their portals with muddy boots, did he not see the example set him by others. The charges of these houses do not vary much. A good plain dinner may be had from two to three shillings a head, and the cooking, in general, is unexceptionable. Breakfasts range from a shilling upwards, and beds rarely exceed two shillings. It is difficult to pronounce upon the qualities of country ales of divers brewings. They should be approached

with caution until a long acquaintance familiarises the consumer. I have never found ale of Bass in bottle, or Ind, Coope in draught, rebel against the constitution after filling a vacancy in the victualling department of myself or my men. Allsopp—extremely genial in hot weather at the entrance of the animal threshold—is not always a quiet lodger. But if the two former choice specimens of “barley wine” are not within hail, a tap should be found, if possible, that adjoins a brewery, or actual “home-brewed,” or a point may be sometimes made by the scent of a malt-house at a village beer-shop. There is a beer most grateful to the thirsty palate brewed by many farmers for the harvest labourers. This, if you can make friends at the homestead, is occasionally to be “borrowed” for once, and, indeed, again and again, if your memory serves you sufficiently in “heartie gentleness,” as Chaucer has it, when you get to town to send the hospitable agriculturist some little delicacy as a recognition of his good nature. It is still more difficult to speak with any certainty of wines and spirits. Happily the angler is mostly of temperate habits, and his nights are not lengthened at the expense of a curtailed morn. If, however, wines are absolutely necessary to the angler’s *regime*, they should be taken down from London, and an arrangement made with the landlord to pay so much for each cork drawn. This—by the by—is a custom that is dying out, and is now left in most houses to the discretion of the guest. Upon the whole, therefore, it will be seen, that the opinion formed, after very many years’ close observation of those with whom the angler-tourist will come in contact upon the Thames, is one of a favourable kind, always keeping in mind that one who is the bearer of good nature and kindly feeling, is most likely to meet with a reciprocal return. It is impossible to overrate the artistic resources of the Thames, or justly to express the enjoyment which a display of a succession of its picturesque scenery affords. Some faint attempt, however, has been made to depict, by the aid of the pen, its abundant charms; and, as the early education of an artist preceded the delights of authorship, it is humbly presumed that where the writer has revelled in the description of sylvan beauties, he has not “overstepped the modesty of nature.”

The course we have first taken is on the main line of the Great Western Railway as far as Slough, then by a slight detour to the left to Windsor, passing on our route the Thorney Broad Subscription Water of the Colne, of which a

detailed account is given. Our next station is Maidenhead, where we branch off to the right on the Thames and Oxford loop, and proceed to Great Marlow. Returning to the main line we gain Twyford, and by another branch pass to the right of the Loddon, and meet the Thames at Henley, and returning a third time to the direct route, Reading is reached, after which the whole distance along the Thames Valley is followed, bringing the tourist close to Pangbourne, Goring, Streatley, Wallingford, Culham, Abingdon, and finally Oxford. To Wallingford there is a branch line of three miles, and to Abingdon of about a mile. All these places are mostly within an agreeable distance of the intermediate angling quarters on the Thames, none of which, although not immediately upon the railway route, are omitted, in order to render the whole district of the River Thames as complete as possible from Windsor to Oxford. The author is much indebted to the continuous attentions of the officers of the Great Western Railway to his wishes; and the angler-tourist will find that every consistent courtesy will be shown to his inquiries by the several station-masters upon the line in regard to information as to the waters, houses to let, private lodgings, &c. Of course, it need scarcely be suggested, that if a communication by post is needed, a stamped and directed envelope for return should be enclosed to reduce the trouble and time to the lowest minimum thus kindly devoted to others.

PADDINGTON.

Station Master, Mr. A. HIGGINS.

WE may not linger upon the London platform of the Great Western, beyond the few minutes which it will occupy the reader in glancing at two books but recently published; the one "Angling," under the generic name of "Books for the Country," the other "Fishing." In the former, the angler is directed to "the Willow Vale Fishery, the Victoria Fishery, and the Star Fishery," as being "near the Shepherd's Bush, Bayswater, containing roach, barbel and dace;" "sometimes rod-fishers succeed in taking away five-and-twenty or thirty pounds weight of fish." "These ponds," adds the work, "are within a sixpenny ride of the Bank of England." When it is stated that no such ponds have existed for years, and that the

site of them is now covered with bricks and mortar, as little credit will be given to the great attractions "the East and West India Docks afford to anglers," which it is needless to say is equally a heedless and fallacious statement. The other book tells its readers that "perch is the only fresh-water fish that feeds on its own kind," forgetful of the cannibalistic voracity of trout, chub, and jack, and details a method of fishing for roach at London-bridge and amongst the shipping in the Pool! spells gentles—"gentils," as in some ancient books upon angling; and recommends itself as being the best guide for youth! As a specimen of which the young beginner is taught "how to troll for TROUT!"—a practice which, if he pursued upon any one preserve in Great Britain, would most certainly insure him either a ducking in the mill-pond, or an ignominious expulsion from the stream. These absurd errors are not pointed out with any invidious feeling, but solely with the object to show, that even in 1867 the instructions of a past age are reprinted without correction or warning. Even "Measom's Official Illustrated Guides to the Railways," generally deemed correct, have a wood engraving, serving in one district for a "View of Tintern Abbey from the entrance," and identically the same cut in another for "St. Botolph's Priory," with many other similarly absurd pictorial examples of the modern style of book making, as bewildering to the tourist as they are vexatious to the antiquarian.

Some of my hungry readers who have forsworn the vicinity of all refreshment rooms, from "their persistency in giving nothing worth eating, and charging more than something for it," will be grateful to me for stating that the catering at the Paddington station is as much as can be expected where hurry on the part of us "travelling waiters" is the rule, and time and patience the exception. I have invariably found the viands of a good quality, and whether I have departed early or arrived late, met with attendance both prompt and thoughtful. Indeed, this place redeems from utter condemnation the system of refreshment rooms in England, in which even those who start well after a while fall into the same routine of niggardly glasses, split chops, and stale pastry, and rise in the scale of charges, with an upward tendency for tawdry emblazonments and showy young women.

We are now seated in a carriage of the Great Western, and *en route* to Windsor, the first station on the river Thames. Before reaching that regal town, I shall have to speak of a few

spots of interest to the angler. The Paddington Canal runs close to the railway, as far as where the latter is intersected by the North and South-Western Railway; but canals near London have long ceased to afford sport to the rod even of the most meagre description. The rail crosses the Brent, "a river of the past," at Hanwell, and a glimpse may be had upon the left of the trees of Osterley Park, which was formerly six miles in circumference. It has undergone great changes in dimensions and ownership. From the lodges at the entrance of the park, a spacious road passes between two fine sheets of water, which, being on different levels, may be termed the upper and lower. The first is opposite the east front, and in view of the house. Though not large, it gives beauty and variety to this part of the park. The lower water is of much greater extent, and partly inclosed by woods, through which it makes a noble sweep. These two lakes were under distinct proprietorships when we last visited them. The smaller in the possession of the Dowager Lady Jersey (since deceased), the larger let with a pretty cottage to Mr. Green, well known on the Turf. They are both well stocked with fish, particularly perch, but the water rapidly colours—more so in the upper pond—and thus renders the angling uncertain.

The Yedding Brook, a tributary to the Colne, passes under the line near Bull's Bridge, and feeds a fine piece of extremely exclusive water in Oranford Lodge, the seat of the present Earl of Berkeley. The park, although so close to London, abounds in pheasants, and the small, picturesque, and sequestered church is in the park, and well worth a visit. Our next station, after passing Southall and the branch to Brentford, is

WEST DRAYTON.

Station Master, Mr. BOWNER.

Distance from London, 18½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s. 4d., Second 1s. 6d.; Return—First-class 3s. 6d.,
Second 2s. 3d.

HERE we cross three branches of the Colne; the first a private water coming down from Uxbridge, which, after turning many wheels, feeds Drayton Mill, and then runs at the back of Drayton Green to Hubert Debourg, Esq.'s preserves, until it joins, below the second stream, Thorney Broad, which works another flour-mill (Mr. Mercer's). This second stream runs through Huntsman Park

(— Tower, Esq.), some mile and a half to the right of the railway. This domain forms the upper boundary of Godfrey's (Thorney Broad Subscription Water), which ends on our left, a little this side Mercer's Mill. It is a productive fishery, noted for its extraordinary roach, which it is said have been caught during the present season as heavy as 2lb. 2oz. The water, would, however, be still more prolific in valuable fish, including trout, if it were not for the offensive sewage of Uxbridge, which is permitted, after so-called deodorisation, to flow into it, and which fills the holes—once so famed for heavy chub, &c.—with offensive mud. A path through the garden of the station-master, cut under the embankment of the railway, leads to Godfrey's house—a humble little cot, affording two extra bed-rooms and comfortable accommodation.

Following the river up stream, we first come to the Back House Swim; the average depth is about 6ft., with a clear bottom. There is a small stump sticking out at the water's edge, which indicates the deepest part. Here Mr. Stocker and Mr. Fluter have taken from 20lb. to 30lb. of roach and dace, principally the former fish, in a day. From this to the railway bridge is jack water, and dace are caught with the fly. Thirty yards before we get to the railway bridge, Mr. Randall (the well-known comic singer) took, on the 28th February last (1867), a large and handsome show of heavy perch. Just above the railway bridge is a first-rate swim, known by the willows planted at the edge of the river, where dace are taken of extraordinary size and quantity. About 50yds. from the bridge is a splendid roach swim, in which literally bushels of roach may be seen. The withey-bed is at the angler's back. Crossing over the County Ditch is a fine piece of jack water. Tench lie here in abundance. A little farther on, opposite the first large willow, is the top of the water-cress bed, from which a scour takes its name, famous for the fly, as large quantities of chub and dace, and occasionally a trout, are thus caught here. Fifty yards above the willow is another noted piece for jack, and between this and York's Hole is a pretty scour for dace. Now comes the celebrated York's Hole (so called from the habit of an angler of that name waiting there hours before daylight to secure it), averaging 7ft. in depth. From this swim has been captured in one day, by a single rod, thirty roach, averaging over 1lb. each. A little farther on, close to a bush, is another capital swim for both roach and dace, called the Bush Swim. The next is the Broken Willow

Swim, from which every angler frequenting Thorney Broad can boast of having taken heavy fish. Just beyond this willow there is a small stretch of water, admirably adapted for a party of four anglers, who may, without disturbing one another, fish for roach in water averaging from 5ft. to 6ft. At the end of the latter, opposite the poplar, is a notorious swim for all kinds of fish that frequent this water, particularly perch. Mr. Cornes here took in one day seventeen perch, weighing 22lb., two of which weighed 5lb. Following this is a shallow for the fly, and the Deep Hole, well known for its heavy roach and chub. Next is the Oak Tree Swim, good for dace. Between the Oak Tree Swim and Shoulder of Mutton Swim is an excellent scour for fly-fishing. Opposite the Shoulder of Mutton stile is an extraordinary chub hole, from which Mr. Hawkins has very frequently taken many large chub. Next comes the Shoulder of Mutton Swim, 25yds. in length, the place *par excellence* for roach, and from which Messrs. Jones and Hawkins took 84lb. of roach in two days. Above the latter, and up to the common, are swims it would be idle to enumerate, as they succeed each other every few yards. The Bay Swim on the common averages 7ft. in depth, and has afforded Mr. Schreider 50lb. weight of roach in one day, and that gentleman has often taken 30lb. to 40lb. in the same space of time. Mr. Hazelden and friend took on Good Friday (1866) 37lb. of fish, all tench, from this spot; and Mr. Stead (of "Cure" celebrity) captured 30lb. of tench at the same place on one occasion last autumn. The Bay is also famous for its jack. We are now at the top of the water on the wooden bridge. Here, from the "coign of vantage" anyone sceptical of the presence of the piscatorial wealth of this portion of the Colne, may satisfy himself, as the chub, dace, and the roach more particularly, in the spawning season may be seen in shoals. Above this is Huntsman Park (Mr. Tower's), strictly private water. Over the bridge a long stretch of shallows is brought within play of the rod, and where many trout fall victims every season to the prowess of the fly-fisher.

At the end of these shallows, returning on the right bank close by the ditch, is a very good roach swim, which was prolific last season. Crossing over the ditch are about 50yds. of very deep water, which abounds with all kinds of fish, some parts of which are 10ft. deep. To continue thus to classify the countless swims going down towards the cottage would be a tiresome monotony. The angler's eye will at once detect the

most likely places, and it is enough to assure him that the water is full of fish, to tantalise him to seek out the best holes and swims wherefrom to take them. Exactly opposite the cottage is a handsome weir, under which trout and very heavy perch lurk, both of which may occasionally be seen coming out to feed. Below the weir the river takes a course almost straight, in direct contrast to the tortuous character of the upper portion of the preserves, and is excellent for spinning for jack.

The following are the regulations of these waters :—

Subscription for one rod and line, for bottom fishing, 10s. per annum, or 1s. per day; for one rod and line, for trout, pike, and bottom fishing, 15s. per annum, or 2s. per day; two rods and lines, 1l. per annum. All extra rods, 1s. per day. Subscriptions to commence on the 25th March in each year.

That no person be allowed to fish in these waters without first paying his subscription and receiving his ticket.

That any angler in these waters shall, on demand, produce his ticket, or give satisfactory proof of his qualification to any other subscriber, or other authorised person, and that it shall not be deemed an affront to make such demand.

It shall be considered the duty of subscribers to give information of any infringement of these rules and regulations.

Trout fishing to commence on the 1st day of April and end on the last day of September. All trout caught under 1lb. weight to be immediately returned into the water.

That no trolling or fishing for pike be allowed from the 10th day of March until the 1st day of August.

No live bait fishing allowed, except with the snap hook; no pike to be taken under 1½lb. weight.

No perch fishing from the 1st of March to the 1st of May.

That no night lines, trimmers, or nets of any description be used (except landing nets), or any unfair means to catch the fish, contrary to the received usages and custom of fair angling.

That no subscriber shall lend his ticket under the penalty of the forfeiture thereof.

Subscribers can have a man to attend them, but not to fish for them.

Punts lent on hire 2s. per day.

The only remarks I have to make upon the above rules, which appear framed in a fair and protective spirit, are, that the use of gorge-bait might have been interdicted, as well as the live bait gorge; and that the use of punts, it is to be feared, must tend to the disturbance of the water and the annoyance of the anglers.

A wrinkle worth knowing here is in reference to baits. The nearer the angler gets to the Uxbridge sewer on the common the more will he find the roach and dace take the blood-worm,

which may be tied in a bunch of four or more with a piece of red sewing-silk ; but below and above paste, the size of a hazelnut for roach, and gentles for dace, should be used.

The third branch of the Colne runs down from Ivor, near the bridge of which there are generally some trout, and shoals of dace to be seen on the shallows. On the left of the line it enters the lands of Mr. Bagley, and there, from its sharp windings, presents many especially good places for large chub to lurk.

About two miles on the right of Langley Station (Mr. Parlove, agent) are Langley and Black Parks, the seat of — Harvey, Esq. Here are two good sized lakes, scarcely ever fished, full of pike, perch, &c.

WINDSOR.

Agent, Mr. W. W. DAWSON.

Distance from London, 21½ miles.

FARES :—First-class 3s. 9d., Second 2s. 10d. ; Return—First-class 5s. 6d., Second 4s. 3d

HERE the Great Western, with its duality of gauge, claims the Thames from the South-Western Railway, and, apparently fearful that the river might escape its iron grasp, courses the river like a greyhound, leaping fairly over the stream in its speed no less than four times between Windsor and Oxford, of which leaps, *Anglice* stations, I shall have to speak in their turn.

George Lamb, of Brocass-lane, Eton—an excellent fisherman and an intelligent companion—is now my sculler from Windsor to Maidenhead. “Will he have his beer and his bread and cheese from the public?” “No!” he prefers his own beer which is Marlow brewed. The beer of the neighbourhood has served him out once or twice during the season while he has been in attendance upon ladies, and “that sort of thing won't do for such as us,” observed Lamb plaintively and laying his hand significantly a little below his waistband.

For Windsor and its Castle, Eton and its Schools, *vide* the guides to those places ; I have other fish to fry, an occupation that the sun's heat at this moment would render a sinecure. But there stands Tollady, the boat-builder, in the shade, who tells us he charges three shillings per day for punt, five shillings for the man,

baits six-pence a dozen, and ground bait according to what is used. I paid six shillings for my boat and ten shillings for George Lamb, exclusive of locks; and cheap enough, for it was a pull indeed—not alone against stream, but through many portions of weed, reed and slimy vegetable rottenness, which tried the might of the strong man before me. But while it bathed him in a shower bath of perspiration, and blistered his hands as though he had been pulling for the championship and had won it; not a grumble escaped his lips or even a sigh of discontent disturbed the happy serenity of all around. On, on, he sculled, over every obstacle, a living epitome of the power of an indomitable perseverance upon the obstacles which impede our progress while pushing against the stream of the river of life. By-the-by, brother anglers, have a care you do not fall into the hands of “Slinging S.” the fisherman, as he is termed here. This character is “too good” a one for the pen to be dismissed in a line, whether that be the ultimate fate of my hero or otherwise. I will, therefore, reserve the development of this “king of the story-tellers;” a mild translation of the cognomen by which he is recognised at Eton, for another occasion. I merely repeat, pay him to keep away from you, if you pay him at all. I cannot, however, refrain from giving a sample of his style of romance. “I was pulling up by Surly,” said he, “with a gent and a lady. The lady took an oar, and while we was a-waiting a bit off some rushes, a butterfly flew across the boat, and I wish my feet may stick for ever to this here curb-stone, if a trout of about three pounds three ounces did’nt jump clean over the boat from one side to t’other, take the butterfly and leave a few spots of water on the lady’s silk dress. It was a light blue one—no, don’t let me tell a lie—a sort of violet-colour.” This man is said never to have spoken the truth but once, and that was when he said he could not even if it was to save his life. Just above the centre arch of Windsor Bridge, on the town side, is a good pitch for barbel, being 17ft. deep at fair water, but this, of course, depends on the season. At the “*chevaux de frise*” is a run of excellent water for perch and pike—the Brocass, known all over the world—as Etonians are to be met with everywhere—indicates average water for most descriptions of fish. The boughs along the “Dead Water Ait,” and opposite the “Artists’ Clump of Trees,” near the railway arch, look, and are, very chubby. There are barbel swims from the railway up to Clewer Creek. The ballasting which goes on in these waters without let, fee, or hindrance, anyhow and any-

where, is continually altering the physiological character of the river, but all along the "Rushes" sport may be reckoned upon, although, mayhap, not as of old. To the bank fishermen the whole of this reach up to Surly Lock offers peculiar facilities, and numbers of anglers take advantage of the early cheap trains of the Great Western Railway to try their skill in this very likely water, as there is 8ft. to 12ft. of depth in many parts within reach of a fourteen foot rod and a few extra feet of line. We pass the Clewer Mill stream, which with its long stretch of head stream are private waters belonging to Mr. Vidler. All about the river here are fine trout and plenty of them. Clewer Point, which next succeeds, may be known by the presence of an upright barge roll. The famous pitch for barbel and perch is somewhat higher upon the Clewer side and is 16ft. deep. The water about this swim is 19ft. deep, in which the best Thames gudgeons are taken, of which fishing only one or two good days were had last season, as they don't bite freely. "It's the water, sir, the sewer water, that throws them off their feed; it clammy the bottom, and they don't like it," observes George Lamb. There are people living who recollect a sturgeon being caught at Clewer Point weighing 56lb.; it was taken in a punt to the Great Park, and thence in a truck to "The Cottage," the favourite snugery of George IV. This sturgeon was caught while washing the net, the stupid royal fish having run against it and got entangled. It was likewise at Clewer Point that a salmon strike was taken in the same king's reign, weighing 36lb.

Swans, swans, everywhere! Twenty of these destructive but graceful birds within sight. Cook's Weir is past where the Eton boys learn to swim—nothing much up there; and here is Athens, in which the expert diver, after matriculating up yonder, comes to finish his floatable and sinkable education. The steps indicate a barbel hole on the Berkshire side. Perpendicular washed away banks with little or no foliage skirt the Thames, and Boveney Lock looms in sight. Just below this lock are the Boveney Deeps, 13ft. by plumb line, full of barbel and perch. I learn that Nottingham George, of whom Lamb speaks generously and warmly as a fisherman, took a chub $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. last season, but that they run from 1lb. to 5lb. in Boveney Weir, in which the gudgeon are likewise very plentiful, and galore of jack, all the way from "Athens" to the "Rushes," where they are taken from 1lb. to 16lb. weight. There were great quantities taken last winter. More

dredging! Why not make them pay a fee for the right of ballast, and carry it to the credit of a fund for the good of the river, but in any case, supervise their operation, and make the men take the stuff from where its removal would best conduce to the advantage of the stream? At Boveney Weir there are all sorts of fish—but perch and chub most abound. The deepest part is 18ft. Old Stone, the lock-keeper, has been dead some years. Most readers will recollect this eccentric old man, who in his conversation always associated his avocations with his personal ailments, and whether in reply to a freight of ladies or a boat full of oarsmen who might enquire after his health, would reply, "I weir well, thanks be to God! my health's bin a good deal locked up o' late," and other rejoinders, in which water, piles, and other substantive adjuncts to his avocations were innocently outspoken whether to rich or simple. Boveney Lock possesses a civil and active lock-keeper, who will get up any time in the night and not make a "trouble of it." After passing it, turn and look down that beautiful stretch of the upper water, it has a splendid rocky bottom and the plummet still hangs suspended in 14ft. deep. Around the piles on the left there are many sturdy perch. All the way up to Surly Hall, which now peeps around the corner, is attractive water. Surly Hall is kept by one Harris, who does not belie the pun the nomenclature of the house suggests. The widow of Dukey Grantham, the celebrated pedestrian, who beat the equally noted Levett some ten years ago, was the best hostess this house ever had. She well understood an angler's wants, and an Eton boy's fun. The accommodation has certainly fallen off. Opposite Grosvenor's Watering-place or Boveney Court, and right in the bushes, is a lagoon, where pike dwell in 8ft. of water. There is likewise a place on the tow-path side reported as famous for its yield of barbel. A deep named Ruddle's Pool, between The Willows and Mr. Roger Ekyn's, where the late Mr. Walter of the *Times* formerly lived, is thought highly of as a perch and pike residence. George Lamb tells me that he was out here some fifteen years ago with Mr. Palk, the chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons, and they had eleven runs in less than two hours without shifting the punt, and they caught nine out of them. It was about 20ft. deep, but ends with a muddy bottom, the rest being gravel. He says it is as good as ever for jack and perch, the latter running from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2lb. "The Willows" is a delightful retirement situated on the Berkshire banks of the Thames, and

owes its immediate beauty to the late Mr. Henly Townly Ward. "It was originally," writes a lover of English river scenery, "a cold swamp covered with osiers, which, by skilful and effectual drainage, has been converted into a verdant and sloping lawn, replete with rural elegance. The ornamental ground is connected by a subterraneous passage, with a small farm, called Bullock's Heath: of literal description it will admit but little." At the same time a spot where the towers of Windsor Castle are seen to rise in such splendid magnificence from their elevated brow—where the turrets of Eton College are beheld amid its surrounding groves; and where the Thames flows immediately before it: the grandeur of distant prospect in addition to its own native and tranquil beauty, rescued from the morass—is deserving of more than cursory remark. There are, however, circumstances connected with this villa which cannot be addressed to the eye, but must have reached the hearts of those who were admitted as visitors, and may be surely considered as a superior characteristic of it; for the well-known and constant hospitality which distinguished it, more particularly at the annual aquatic festival, which Majesty so often attended, cannot have been forgotten by Etonians old enough to recal Mr. and Mrs. Townly Ward's graceful amenities. A long stretch of weed now tries the muscles of my sculler's arms, and we are silent for awhile, but not indifferent to the wondrous harbour for fish which surrounds the boat, far above and below her on either side. "There is worse pulling to come," observes George, but he added, forgetting the labour of the oarsman in the zeal of the angler, "it would bother any net." More dace are caught at the tails of the weirs than in any other shallows. Those who can remember old Pollard's Fishery would not know it now, Mr. Wilmer, a courteous and hospitable disciple of Esculapius, having rendered it as pretty a box as any upon the river banks. Near this was a celebrated barbel hole, but its glory hath departed, it having been thoroughly baited without the slightest result, and there used to be "tons" here. Good chub and roach swims from the tow path. From hence to Monkey Island it is called Water Oakley Reach, and is good for pike, perch, and barbel, and excellent tench and carp. There are no bream at all up here. I may mention that I asked all the way up whether a grayling had yet been taken with a fly, and the reply has been ever in the negative. A long stretch of reed now divides the stream, and appears alive with fish. Water Oakley Court is on our left. This is a somewhat pretentious mansion in the frittered out-up confec-

tionary style of architecture, and is noticeable as being so great a change from the old coal-wharf buildings that formerly stood here. The gudgeon off this place are large and plentiful. Down-place House is a plain old port-winey-looking edifice, inhabited by the family of the Harfords for very many years. "That lady on the lawn near the boat-house is the prettiest sculler on the river as ever I see in my life," remarks Lamb, with the admiration of a connoisseur. "From this to Bray Lock," says the "Oarsman's Guide," "is the stiffest piece of water on the Thames." I saw a good many chub between the boat and the bank, by the Queen's Ait, just before we come to Monkey Island. Monkey Island is a small ait, situated below Maidenhead Bridge, and near the village of Bray. A Duke of Marlborough originally improved, planted, and erected two pretty pavilions upon it, and often drove over from Langley Park, where he then resided, to enjoy such piscatorial recreation as this place afforded. One of the rooms being painted in the Arabesque style, in which monkeys are the predominant figures, the island, from that circumstance received its name. The house on Monkey Island has fresh tenants, the refreshments good, and the people civil; and a snugger retreat for the angler from the cares of this world for a week or two one would hardly wish than this hotel. Chapman is the fisherman at Bray. The "George," a public-house, has beds. Bray lives in history from the fact that its worldly vicar changed twice from Romanism to Protestantism to carry out his determination that, "whoever was king, he would live and die Vicar of Bray." We pass a sewer from the latter village; it looked nasty, but seemed ashamed of itself, and is not very obtrusively visible among the bushes, to which it imparts a luxurious growth of verdure, and the vegetation appears rankly grateful in return. Here is a nice little bit of back water, and good trout and gudgeon fishing on the Buckinghamshire side. I have every reason to believe that the back water at Monkey Island is and has been much overrated; it is a tolerably clearstream, it is true, but I have scarcely known a trout of above a couple of pounds to work up it. The water opposite the cottage here upon our visit was covered with a description of emmet, upon which the dace and chub were greedily feeding. A man who had been watching them declared that he saw them rise from the bottom of the water, but I should think it much more probable that a portion of the bank, with their nest had given way; but the surmise of the man is worth jotting. Monkey Island to Bray Lock is all the best of

waters, with heavy chub on the right, and it has the reputation of holding very large trout, while plenty of cover insures pike in the winter months. Here are likewise several bushy alts with insect-producing boughs, alluring such whopping chub! A refreshment house of a cleanly and tempting aspect presents itself, supported by the buildings of Briganshawes Farm, kept by one Franklin, and called Amerton or Amedem Bank. But onwards for the lock and Finimore its keeper. There is but little fall at the Bray Weir; it has, nevertheless, an envied character for trout. Bray Mill-tail, Mr. W. Pate owner, is worthy the angler's attention. It is, however, private. Another house, the George Inn, beckons us in vain, although Woodhouse, its landlord, keeps it tidy, his creature comforts in good condition, and his charges, if not low, sufficiently reasonable. The pretty village of Bray, and its well-kept parsonage follow, and old departed Sye Wilder, and Andrews, who has likewise quitted this mundane sphere—two excellent fishermen—rise in their punts to my mental vision, and recal the many happy days, pictured in memory's mellowing glass, I have spent upon the surface of these mirrored waters.

The railway bridge—perhaps one of the largest and finest spans of brick architecture in Europe—now crosses the Thames, and may be said to end Bray Reach, an excellent one for jack and perch, while the boughs afford sport nearly all the way up for chub. A barbel pitch lately discovered, and fast rising into fame, is in this reach about half-way; but there are no landmarks to indicate it. The depth of water right up is excellent, and may be fished within fourteen or fifteen yards from the tow-path, where it suddenly shallows. Mr. Bond lets out punts.

TAPLOW and MAIDENHEAD.

Station Masters, Mr. J. R. WARD and Mr. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Distance from London, 24½ miles.

FARES :—First-class 4s. 6d., Second 3s. 4d.; Return—First-class 6s. 9d.,
Second 5s.

THERE are two stations close to Maidenhead, but Taplow is generally preferred, as it is nearer to the river. The inn opposite to the latter is a pleasant little house. The Orkney Arms at the

bridge has gained the "enviable distinction" of being an expensive hotel. It is, therefore, frequented by those who desire exclusiveness, and is spoken of by its patrons as offering excellent quarters, and as possessing a certain smack of the leaven of that old-fashioned and scrupulous attendance so dear to the ancient port-wine school. All along the osier ait, before reaching Boulter's Lock, there are good sized chub to be met with. There is nothing particular near Venables' Mill-stream on the right, excepting just opposite the entrance to it in the main river, for gudgeons.

Maidenhead is a corporate and market town on the declivity of a hill on the Berkshire side of our river. It is called Stow Sudlington, and South Arlington, by Leland. Camden supposes its present name to have been derived from the veneration paid there to the head of some British virgin, of whose virtues or miraculous powers no record is to be found. In the fourteenth century, the passage over the river was higher up; but after a wooden bridge was built the place began to acquire some degree of consideration. It is governed by a high steward, mayor and aldermen. The bridge is a handsome structure of Portland stone, of seven principal and six lesser arches, and was built after a design of Sir Robert Taylor. Perhaps no two views upon the Thames form a greater contrast than the upper and lower prospects. Upon our north is seen the grand and elevated sweep of the woods of Taplow, Cliefden, and Hedsor, while to the south the Thames flows through one unvaried level, but not, however, destitute of a class of artistic features, in which the tower of Bray Church, the buildings of Monkey Island, the ornate villas under our eye, and the "bucks," and splash of falling water, form salient points.

Taplow and its glorious panorama of hanging woods now rise majestically upon the view. There stands the splendid seat of the Duke of Sutherland, from the terraces of which even the great tower of Windsor Castle can be looked down upon; and there amongst the forest glade is Hedsor, Lord Bolton's; and here, surrounded with inexpressible beauty, is Mr. Grenfell's; and yonder, close hugging "Thames' translucent wave," is an umbrageous walk, cool, refreshing, and verse inspiring, whose beechy shaded chalk cliffs, recal many an evening ramble. How cherished, how tender are these reminiscences! With what a flood of joyous melancholy do they come pouring back upon the heart!

Taplow was a place of confinement to the Princess Elizabeth, during the reign of her bigoted and tyrannic sister, Mary; and, in a predominating situation in the park, there stood, when I was a boy, a venerable oak, which tradition represented as having been planted by her during the period of her solitary residence at this place; but its then state of decay appeared to suggest a much earlier date for its infant growth, by comparing it with the Farlop Oak, and other trees of the same class, whose far greater antiquity has been clearly ascertained. The walks formed in the hanging woods about Taplow, are of considerable extent; and from buildings judiciously placed in commanding points, or openings tastefully made as inlets to particular objects, the country is viewed in various directions, and the circumstances of it selected into distinct pictures. From an opening at the termination of the upper walk, what may now be called the mutilated brow of Cliefden is seen across a woody chasm. In the bottom the Thames divides into two branches, and forms an island, whereon is distinguished Formosa Cottage; beyond are the insulated grounds of Cookham House, the meads of Hedsor, and the rising county of Buckinghamshire. The lower walk in Taplow woods, though it loses the great expanse of prospect, acquires a substantive charm in the perspective distinctness of its objects. The extent of horizon is lost, but the partial glimpses of it from particular points, or through selected vistas, which the hand of taste has curiously provided for particular scenes, produces in the mind a more composed delight. From one shady seat, Windsor Castle appears embedded in foliage; and, from another, Eton College is seen in a similar frame-work of branching verdure. But this is not all; many circumstances, both natural and accidental, which, from the higher stations, are either overlooked or involved in the wide circumference of prospect, acquire, from the more distinct and insulated view, an individual and interesting importance, and instead of being lost, as it were, in the extent of surface over which the eye hurries with indiscriminating impatience, become predominating features in the chosen landscape. Ray and Taplow Mills, for instance, which stretch from the banks of the river to the islands, with their rushing waters; the old lock; the farms and cottages, that are scattered about the nearer part of the country; the rural mansions which grace the shore, with all the picturesque and moving craft of the stream, enliven, vary, and complete the prospect.

Were mine the art, with glowing hand,
 The flood of deathless song to pour,
 That lyre should call the fairy band
 To press, O Thames! thy willowy shore ;
 And weave for thee, with spells sublime,
 The magic wreath of boldest rhyme ;
 And consecrate to latest time
 The sweetly-changeful melody.
 For never yet a nobler theme
 Has filled the poet's midnight dream,
 Than thy serenely-winding stream—
 The stream beloved of liberty.

The cheery cry to the lock-keeper, who is ever slow at Boulters, and well he may be with such creaky-cranky gates as he has to touch so gingerly, wakes me up from my dreamy reverie to gaze upon that sweet bit of landscape in which the Messrs. Fuller's cottage and mill at Ray forms "the eye," and the deeply-wooded cliffs on the one side, the old lock—too, too old—on the other, its picturesque and artistic accessories. What hoy!—a new public, Ray Mead Hotel, kept by Harman. Neat and snug in appearance, I must know more of you shortly—hoy!—lock! lock! There he is at last, lank and lazy. With what a cool methodical want of grace the fellow goes to work! Work!—twenty minutes by the watch getting through this crazy structure, but the new conservators, with 5000*l.* to spend upon each lock, are working up stream to the rescue of labour and rottenness. Here is the prettiest tumbling bay, to our right, on the river. It forms a crescent, and hides beneath it many a spotted beauty of the stream. How grand the scenery opens. How proud that perpendicular bluff, clothed in an array of countless kinds of trees, although opposite in character and in form, all in harmony commingling. See the summer-house high-perched as eagle's home, with path hidden approach, puzzling, enigma-like, the mind in mazy wonderment of its secret accessibility. But yet prouder appears the stream, seeming to glide along reluctant to quit a paradise of loveliness, in apparent conscious knowledge that all that is opposed to its purity awaits it ere it reach the sea. But what of its fish? Well, commendable for both pike and perch right up to Cookham. We pass the entrance to the Cliefden spring, where we were wont, when Sir George Warrener held the house, to land unchallenged to pic-nic and cool our sparkling Moselle or ale within its icy bosom.

We pass the Cliefden aits, all excellent water, and pull through the reedy impediments which surround us, with no little difficulty,

and again a tolerably clear stream, wide and deep, awaits us. There are several pitches; one opposite the second keeper's lodge, the latter nestling most deliciously beneath the cliff, and another equally good swim in the centre of the channel about fifty yards higher up. Both are noted for barbel and perch. Formosa Cottage, a castellated, plain, if not ugly, house, and its really pretty island, are on our larboard bow—it is in the possession of the widow of Sir George Young—and the keeper's cot on our starboard quarter, full of sylvan characteristics; then the ferry, where horses cross, with another exquisite walk beneath the towering bank of trees. Two streams here divide from the main river at Cookham Bridge. We peer under the arched foliage and fancy wondrous chub steal up there at night for the black slug or unconscious wee bit frog. By-the-by what a fatal bait is the baby-frog for chub; it beats all other created things.

I shall never forget the silence of that summer's evening,—the warm gloom around, or the exquisite beauty of the river, with the castle ever and anon looming grand and solemn in the distance. How my spirit bathed as it were, in the tranquil shadows, as memory's shallop bore me retrospectively through its changeful windings, to the long, long days of June vacations. How we boys would thread the amorous alders at the water's edge, conjecturing forward, though the present lay like Eden around us; for the future was the sun to which each young heart turned for light! What wild conceits of great, oracular lives ourselves would equal! But let that pass. Each has gone by, in turn, to humbler fates. Sometimes we angled, and our trolling gear swung the gray pickerel from his reedy shoals. Beyond a horse-shoe bend, the current's force fell off, precipitous, on the western side. There plunged the bathers; there I learned to swim, flung far into the stream by one who laughingly watched my gaspings, till my young limbs, half of themselves struck out, and held me up. Far below a pile-drove dam, from bank to bank, shuts back the waters in a shadowy lake, about a mimic island. Languidly the chesnuts still infoliate its space, and still the whispering flags are intertwined with whitest water lilies near the marge. The paper-mill, close by, with murmurous wheel, yet glistens through the branches, while a score of laughing maidens throng the copse at noon. Thus I recal the past, as with careless arms upon the gunwale, I peer through and through the water, and almost see its silvery naiads, from

their wavering depths, gleam with strange faces upwards; almost hear sweet voices carol: "Ah, you all come back! we charm your childhood; then you roam away, to float on alien waters, like the winds; but, ah, you all come back, come dreaming back!" Thus, unconsciously blending poetry with our prose, we are aroused by our fisherman asking whether he shall open another bottle of Bass No. 1 ale? No; it is too strong, too thought-creating, and we are not inclined to muse, thus idly, any longer.

The stream is one of considerable breadth, and hides behind and peeps forth from among the islands which divide it. Although the view is somewhat inclosed, its area is made up of many objects of great individual beauty, and so contrasted as to form more than one charming picture.

The Thames branches off into three different channels, forming several islands, one of which contains fifty-six acres.

COOKHAM.

Station Master, Mr. F. GODWIN.

Distance from London, 27 miles.

FARES :—First-class 5s., Second 3s. 8d.; Return—First-class 7s. 6d., Second 5s. 6d.

THE two divisional streams last mentioned afford a little perch-fishing at their entrances. A private weir stream on the right called the Buck River, is famous, but whether because it really contains fish or because there are difficulties which beset its fishing, I cannot say. Cookham, with its wooden straggling bridge,—not marked on my Ordnance map—and its rustic church, forms in its deep shadow a pleasing picture, and reminds one of Wilson gone. Look back from this at Lord Bolton's castellated summer-house.

The Bell and Dragon is the best inn at Cookham, better known as Lord's. John Wilder, old Sye's brother, is the fisherman here, and gives great satisfaction. He did live in a wooden hut near the bridge, but the centre of the village claims him now as its own.

We are in Cookham Beach, a splendid water for perch, roach, and jack, but you should not go under the bridge, without trying the brilliantly sparkling ale at the Ferry House. Cookham Beach averages 8ft. throughout, with a clear gravelly bottom. Opposite Morley's Mill, between Hedsor and Bourne End (not Bone End, as upon most maps) there are generally a good many punts out in the season. The sight of the timber railway bridge tells me I am nearing Mrs. Llewellyn's at Abney House, and the Waterman's Arms, where Mrs. Brown, its cleanly and ever attentive landlady will place upon the polished mirrored table a tray of bread, butter, and cheese, and a jug of "barley wine" fit for a king, and a banquet for an angler.

Cookham is a considerable village, about two miles up the river from Maidenhead-bridge. Its ivy-mantled church tower, Cookham House with its lofty elms, and several scattered villas, form a very pretty river scene on the Berkshire banks of the stream, opposite the wood-clad, abrupt, and shaggy brow of

The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love,

and is as rich as foliage can make it.

MARLOW ROAD.

Station Master, Mr. J. FREEMANTLE.

Distance from London, 28½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 5s. 3d., Second 3s. 11d.; Return—First-class 8s. 3d., Second 6s.

THE fishermen here are Thomas Sparkes and Edward Goding who, like the rest about the Thames, are shrewd, knowing fellows, deep in all the mysteries of the craft, and acquainted with every hole whither big fish retire like monks for meditation and good fare. "In the main," says Thorne, "these fishermen are respectable and trustworthy, though they are apt occasionally, like other guides, to play upon the credulity of a confiding stranger, and it must be confessed that they do a little love to tickle the gills of a 'cute trout. Some of the clever fishermen are a good deal petted, if not spoiled. A few are

characters, and a good many aim to be humorists; almost all are civil."

Marlow Road Station is full three miles from Marlow Weir by the road, but an omnibus meets the trains, the fare for which is a shilling each passenger. There are two or three inns along this road, and the Railway Inn, John Jarvis, close to the station, is clean and economical.

Marlow may be well termed the paradise of anglers, there being in and around it everything to contribute to his delight. To those who have not visited the Complete Angler Inn for a few years a great treat is in store, for the place is so marvellously altered, and for the better, that the old visitor will scarcely know it again;—so much enlarged, so much improved are its inner and outer comforts. Indeed it is scarcely possible to suggest any requirement that is not there. The gardens trim and well kept; the house the pattern of cleanly care and almost fastidious neatness, yet a cleanliness and neatness withal that does not say, as some over-nice interiors do, "I am only for polished boots and dress coats." No, so far from such being the case, it is the acme of free-and-easiness in his Sunday best; and what glorious prospects all around, the silken thready bridge thrown across the stream, as it were, by some gigantic engineering spider; the church, half hidden by the pendent willows; the lovely toy-like cottages, slipping over mossy lawns into the stream; the quaint gables of that dear old wharf; the distant woods and broad expansive meadows; and that charmingly monotonous and sleep-inducing fall of water at the weir, so close beneath the chamber windows as to make it a wonder how the fisher can shake off the drowsy god and seek so early his darling sport:—

Oh! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portray'd
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill.
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love.

Mr. G. Rolls, designated by the Rev. Charles Kingsley as the "king of fishers" and the "prince of gentlemen," lives opposite in that pretty cottage, which he makes one of his wandering homes. Mr. Rolls has caught salmon from the top of Marlow Weir, and he is still a regular old perch and jack angler, one of

his favourite haunts is Mr. Witherington's, at Sonning Mill. But here is the buxom, good-tempered landlady, Mrs. Parslow, to tell me that Robert Shaw, the bailiff to the Marlow and Cookham Angling Protection Society, is ready to add his meed of information to my river stores. Shaw is an intelligent and reliable officer, who evidently mingles a love for the river with his responsible duties, and it is equally clear that his zeal and worth have obtained for him the respect and consideration of not only the members of the club, but that of the inhabitants of Marlow and its vicinity, who speak of him with praise. He tells me that—Marlow is almost an exceptional town in regard to sewage, as the system of cesspools is still carried on there, and that no offensive drains whatever empty into the Thames. To my question as to the effect of the drain from the breweries, he says that he thinks that this one does no harm, as bushels of fish may be seen about it. The fish, however, are certainly not so healthy, they are more tender in the scale than they used to be. The immense increase in the number of swans keeps the spawn down, and these swans are very fond of the brewery drain, as they there pick up the seed of the hop which is drifted from the vats. The hop-seed ought to give the fish an appetite. The Point below Marlow, just above the Quarry Wood, is one of the best places for jack, perch, barbel, and roach. Some little way below this is the Black Hole, which holds 25ft. of water in its middle. Again, below this, and just above the Chalk Pit, a famous place for all sorts of fish presents itself. The next pitch is near the rush-bed, and another first-rate swim is below Stone House; and just at the end of Spade Oak Reach the greater part is capital perch water, and gives first-rate sport; while Stone House Reach holds some of the largest fish, both trout and pike, in the river Thames. The greater portion of the distance offers on the north bank excellent bank fishing, as the banks are high and abrupt, and the water deep close in; indeed, it is doubtful if the whole length of the Thames has better local angling; all down from the hotel to this averages 12ft. in depth. Mr. Ledger, who is well known as a skilful barbel-fisher, has taken 2cwt. and upwards of this fish out of these swims in a day. This portion of the river, and far above, is never netted. There are seventy-five members in the Cookham and Marlow Club, some subscribing five guineas and others a guinea. Above Marlow, about half-a-mile up, the fish are very plentiful, and the first places of any note are off Bisham Church and the

Abbey, and at Abbey-hill here, where the weeds admit of it, are some capital roach swims; and the jack-fishing from this almost up to Temple Lock is capital in winter. The High Bells is famous for jack; and at Black Rags, some mile and a quarter above the Abbey, in 8ft. to 9ft. of water, jack and perch lurk in numbers. Shaw has taken pike here of 28lb., and while out with Mr. Edwin Lukyn, the eminent dentist, two years since, sixteen jack were taken weighing 68lb.; and another take had eleven jack amongst it weighing 60lb.

Above Temple Lock, one of the most beautiful reaches on the Thames, is well stocked with fish, despite the use of the net so often applied by Sir William Clayton's household. Higher up is Mr. Scott Murray's, at Danesfield, who gives his water up without condition or stint to the angler. There are some delicious back waters running through the estate of the first-named gentleman, but chains and spikes warn the angler that he may not trespass, but as Sir William has a right to do what he "likes with his own," no true sportsman would intrude upon his preserves, or thwart his wish, however exclusive in its effect. The largest chub taken on record was one of 6½lb., just opposite Haberley House, below Marlow Railway Bridge, by Mr. Walker, the well-known proprietor of the Lambeth Shot Manufactory, who, having no objection to fish in any water however well preserved, hermetically closes his own at Horton, on the Colne, to his brother-anglers. Dr. Shon, the worthy treasurer to the club, caught a chub 4¼lb., which he has at his house stuffed; he always fishes for them with a tight line, and considers the loss of a few shillings' worth of gut most amply compensated by the extra sport obtained and skill required to manage this style of angling. At New Lock weir, there are said to be hundredweights of jack and perch, and then Medmenham, a beautiful reach on the Buckingham side, literally teems with fish; and opposite Miss West's, Culham House, a red edifice on the Berks side, are splendid deeps. Bysham Grange, next to Medmenham Abbey, is likewise famous. The Ferry Boat public-house at Medmenham has beds. At the George and Dragon Commercial Inn, near the bridge in Marlow, one James Tilbury will be found, who keeps a public and sets forth manifold attractions for fishing parties. The lock-keeper at Hambleton can make up a bed or two, and the opposite bank boasts the Queen's Head public-house, where four or more beds can be had. Opposite Rose Hill, the seat of Mr. Micklein, a punt

may be pitched with every assurance of excellent sport. A Mr. Bell is in the habit of gudgeon fishing about here; he angles with two hooks, the one set out from the line with a bristle, and this gentleman bags sometimes as many as sixty dozen a day. Deaf Jack used to say the difficulty was to get one small enough for spinning. Lady Place is another noted swim. A pike was taken near this some years ago in a flue net, the weight of which was 32½lb. I heard here a very bad account of the Wycombe stream, which is, as far down as High Wycombe, one of the finest trout streams in England for the size and beauty of its trout, but from this for some miles it is said to be polluted by paper mills beyond conception, my informant telling me that he once rashly sent in a dog, which, stirring up the deposit, caused so loud and palpable a stench that he had fairly to run for it. The average of trout taken at Marlow in a season is about forty. The swims and pitches have, since the flood of 1852, been very considerably altered, but the best are enumerated up to Hambleton Lock. The tyrant pike, however, seems to be comparatively the most plentiful fish, and it would, perhaps, be better for the trout if the tyrant man would exercise a little more of his murderous cunning over the dominion of this ruthless fish.

The Thames is scarcely anywhere more abundant in beauty than between Marlow and Henley—while the river itself, as if sensible of the superior charms of its banks, lingers as it were in its course—by a greater variety and succession of meanders than it anywhere displays, from its fountain to the sea.

Camden in his "Britannica" traces the etymology of Marlow to the "*chalk*" called "*marle*," but marl and chalk are two distinct substances, possessing opposite qualities, and too small a relative quantity of marl is found in the district to warrant the title to the place. In Domesday Book it is called Merlaw, which appears to signify a mere, or standing water; and this might then be the situation of the place, for near the town are some peat moors in which stags' horns and other animal remains have been found; and these moors Mr. Langley, in his history of the Hundred of Desborough, seems to suppose were standing water at that period. Neither of these definitions is, however, at all satisfactory. The manor of Marlow previous to the conquest was in the possession of Alger, Earl of Mercia, and descended to his son, from whom it was taken by King William, and granted to Queen Matilda. At the period of the survey it was found to be taxed with fifteen hides of land. Its

woods are represented as capable of supplying *pannage* for a thousand swine; a term which denotes the feeding of that animal upon the *mash* or fruit of wild forest trees, such as oak, beech, chesnuts, &c., and its fishery produced a thousand eels. Between Marlow and Henley the constant succession of scenes of sylvan beauty strikes the gazer dumb with enthralled admiration, and the powers of the pen are displumed before the might of the pencil, which, by its magical attributes tends to excite the refined appetite to visit the original feast of nature as here spread out, and banquet to the full.

Here lofty hills lift up their woody heads,
 There its green lap the grassy meadow spreads;
 Enclosures here the sylvan scene divide,
 There plains extended spread their harvests wide;
 Here oaks, their mossy limbs wide-stretching meet,
 And form impervious thickets at our feet.
 Through aromatic heaps of rip'ning hay
 The silver Thames here wins her winding way,
 While many a tower, and many a spire between,
 Shoots from the groves, and cheers the rural scene.

Bisham is a very pleasant village on the Berks banks of the Thames, about two miles from Hurley, and at a lesser distance across the river from Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. The Manor House is on the site of the old abbey, and notwithstanding the various alterations it has undergone, may be, in some measure, considered as a part of it. It appears to have been erected by William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, 1338. It is said to have been dedicated, on its first foundation, to our Lord Jesus Christ, and the blessed Virgin his mother; and on the second, to the Virgin only. At the same time it appears in the records of the reign of Richard II., to be styled the conventual church of the Holy Trinity. No particular reason appears to account for the various dedications of this religious house previous to 1536, when Henry VIII. confiscated all its possessions to his own use, and afterwards frequently "favoured" it with a visit. Queen Elizabeth also, among her many progresses, made a journey thither, and continued to reside there during some weeks. Bisham church should be visited, as it contains a very sumptuous monument of the family of the Hobys, to whom the abbey was granted by Edward VI.

Before Culham Court (Miss West's) and on the Buckinghamshire side is Medmedham, with its church, abbey-house, and

upland farms. To the left the eye advances up the enchanting vale of Hambledon, and finds more distant termination in the groves of Fawley. From the grounds above Culham Court there is a still more commanding view of the windings of the river, with Danesfield (Mr. Scott Murray's) on its shaggy cliff, and the less perceptible mansion of Hurley Place on the Berkshire bank. Hurley Mill is owned by Mr. Holmes.

HENLEY and WARGRAVE.

Station Master, Mr. J. BORN.

Distance from London, 35½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 6s. 4d., Second 4s. 9d.; Return—First-class 9s. 6d., Second 7s.

HENLEY BRIDGE is now sighted. Its railway station is close to the river. We at once seek for old Richard Vaughan, a conscientious fisherman, to check what we have already noted, and take up the pulling onward. The island seen from the bridge in the distance down stream belongs to Mr. Mackenzie, the contractor. Around and about it there is tidy sport to be had for fish that love heavy water, it being for a long stretch 14ft. to 16ft. deep hereabout. From Henley to Phylis Court, the perch taken often reach 3lb. in weight and upwards, and the gudgeons are very fine and fleshy, measuring from 5in. to 6in. in length. There is likewise some excellent spinning water near Greenlands (Mr. Marjoribanks), and no better place for perch in this district than opposite that gentleman's house, where 25ft. of water may be plumbed on a gravel bottom everywhere.

Richard Vaughan charges 7s. a-day, ground-bait extra, and "expects grub in plenty, but homely." Henley does not sewer into the river, but still adheres to the cess-pool system. It is the prevailing notion here that the river is overstocked with fish. I certainly never saw so many perch upon the feed. At Henley I always put up at the Catherine Wheel, where Mrs. Mary Eyres attends personally to the comforts of her customers, has ample accommodation, and of the best in every respect for the angler; the house is inland, removed sufficiently from the mists of the river, is extremely cozy and the charges moderate. The Thames at Henley is 75yds. across, and presents a magnificent sight from

the bridge, whether we look up or down the river, which is here 16ft. to 18ft. deep, and affords good gudgeon fishing all the way up stream, marsh, lock and mills, with plenty of perch and jack angling in autumn and winter; the best pike, and I am assured by several that there are many of 20lb. to 30lb. in weight, are found in some deep back waters or lagoons on the left hand side, and monster chub may be taken as heavy as 5lb. with a fly. All the way up to the reach there are, however, few or no dace. Marsh Pool is a favourite locality for barbel. At Marsh Mills there are two tails and two weirs, affording deeps and scours of a most attractive character; and another stretch of delightful water succeeds, hemmed in on one side with richly fringed chalk cliffs, and expansive meadows on the other. This reach is straight for a mile or more, passing Mr. Fuller Maitland's, of Park-place, and ending at the celebrated Beggar's Hole, opposite the first ferry from Henley. The water contains vast numbers of fish, but from its extent and almost uniform depth the great difficulty is to hit upon the swims. That being achieved, excellent sport may be had. Having arrived at the ferry, I shouted in vain for the ferryman to confirm or alter a few facts, but he was up at the other of his posts, having a duality of Charon duties to attend to. This makes it awkward for anglers, who must take a long *détour* to get again to the river, as ditches and back waters retard his progress; but just opposite the same first ferry there is an almost dead piece of water which 20yds. up, presents a hole "so jolly deep, and a nice friendly stump of a tree to rest the rod on." Opposite Boney Court, Mr. Rogers's, there is good jack, perch, and roach fishing, and, indeed, sport may be reckoned upon right away up to the second ferry. Here there is a hole with about 25ft. of water which runs with this remarkable depth for at least 50yds. if not 60yds. Perch in great quantities are taken out of it in autumn. Then the roach fisher will find, between the second ferry and Wargrave, opposite Mr. Eagle's, a new house on the Berkshire side, a capital run of some length for roach. Just above this, and before you get to Captain Hall's snug little cottage this side the George and Dragon, there are several excellent pitches for roach and gudgeon, and from the inn up to the railway bridge many swims for roach, perch, and gudgeon. There is a piece of back water called The Lake, which taking its rise at Wargrave, runs down to the first ferry. It is the property of Mr. Rhodes, and affords very fine pike fishing. There is likewise another piece of back water of a pikey reputation, the property of Mr.

Holmes, to whom a note should be sent by the angler for permission to fish it. This is just below the railway bridge, and above the inn.

The George and Dragon at Wargrave has been increased in size, and offers seven extra beds. The picturesque character of the house has entirely gone; but the cooking is extremely good, and the charges are the most moderate I have met with anywhere. It is on the banks of the Thames, with lovely views up and down. The landlady and her daughters are very respectable, and they study with commendable forethought to please their customers in every respect. Reeves is the fisherman here. He is of a superior class, with considerable tact and experience. He should be previously written to, and in that case, if he be disengaged, the angler will find every requisite preparation already undergone. The son of the landlady of the George and Dragon likewise goes out with anglers, and is a steady skilful fisherman.

This reach is a magnificent one for pike, perhaps not so great as it used to be, but still scarcely fallen off sufficiently to deserve its omission from the list of "pike waters" of so high an authority as that of my friend Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, who passes Henley over in his excellent work, "The Book of the Pike," by a skip from Hurley to Wargrave.

Poaching is said, however, to go on about Henley to a frightful extent, but the new conservators are in possession of facts in regard to this, as well as to the doings at other places, that will effectually check such practices immediately the arrangements they have in contemplation are complete.

The flood in March this year (1867), as great as any which have occurred since 1849, brought down with it immense quantities of jack, roach, perch, &c.

The fishermen at Henley are Richard and Edward Vaughan, William Stone, George Parrott, Edward Woodley, Henry Allum, James Jerome, and Samuel Lambourne. The latter is one of the best anglers and most obliging men amongst them. They all officiate as watermen as well as puntsmen. The tackle, however, that they use is, for the most part, rude and primitive, if not rotten and altogether worthless, especially the rods, which more resemble the letter S than a respectable Farlow. The best tackle-shop is kept by one Rowe, a tobacconist; the next, Clements' toy-shop at the corner of Bell Street; there is also another at a barber's, who has got an eye to a business duality; the lines being equally fit for skipping ropes and the hooks for a butcher's shop, albeit they are of the rustiest.

Sometimes accommodation is difficult to get at Henley during the regatta, if so Hambledon Lock House below may afford it, or the Queen's Head close by.

Henley is a market and a corporate town, beautifully situate in the county of Oxford. The Thames flows before it, and a fine amphitheatre of woody hills rises behind it. The Chiltern Hills begin here. Doctor Plot, the historian of Oxfordshire, represents it as the most ancient town in that county, and forms its name from *Hen* old, and *Ley* place. He also supposes it to be the capital of the *Ancalites*, who revolted to Cæsar, as mentioned in the Commentaries, Bell. Gall. L. 5. It was also called Hanleganz and Hanneburg, in the ancient records of the corporation. Doctor Gale considers it to be the Calleva or Galleva Attrebatum of Antoninus, and Celeba of Ravennas, on account of a Roman road, running directly from Spinæ or Spene hither, and the Roman coins found about it. He supposes also that the Attrebates of Ptolemy and Antoninus were the same with the Ancalites of the Romans. Camden, who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, relates, that in his time, the inhabitants of this place were principally supported by carrying wood to London in boats, and bringing back corn. It then had a wooden bridge, which was supposed to have succeeded a very ancient one of stone, whose foundations Leland mentions as visible in shallow seasons. The latter has been supposed, by some antiquarians, to be the bridge over which, according to Dion Cassius, the Romans passed in pursuit of the Britons, who swam across a lower part of the river ; though this fact is contested, and some have insisted that Essex was the scene of this flight of the British forces from the legions of Rome. The corporation of this town consists of a mayor, aldermen, and burgesses. The church, close to the Thames, is large, and its low tower of beautiful proportions, built by Cardinal Wolsey, is a distinguished and predominating object from many parts of the river and the surrounding country. Here is a free school, founded by James I. ; another by Lady Periam ; and an almshouse, by Longland, Bishop of Lincoln. The principal trade of the place is in meal, malt, and corn. The town appears externally especially clean, and there is an air of pleasing, unaffected simplicity and propriety about all in and around it, but dullness reigns throughout.

The principal ornament of Henley is its bridge. It is built of stone, consisting of five arches, and is an object of uncommon, unpretentious elegance. This beautiful structure is enriched with

sculpture from the chisel of Mrs. Damer. The masks of the Thame and the Isis, which decorate the consoles of the central arch, are the works of that accomplished lady. The bridge was finished in the year 1787, but the designer, Mr. Hayward, of Shropshire, did not live to see it began; his remains, however, lie close to his impressive work, in Henley Church, where a monument is erected to his memory.

While upon the bridge the eye will naturally rest upon Fawley Court (Edward Mackenzie, Esq.), which is seen here in great advantage, upon the northern bank of the Thames. The line which marks the boundary between Bucks and Oxon passes across the lawn on which the house stands. Its history is full of interest—too long to give; but the scholar cannot recall the past without a sense of regret for the irreparable damage done by a body of cavalry in the service of Charles I, which took up its quarters there in the autumn of 1662, for the soldiery, though their officers had commanded the utmost care to be taken of the property, acted in the most ruthless manner. "Of divers writings of consequence, and books which were found in the study, some they tore in pieces, and others they employed to light their tobacco, and others they carried away." The grounds of Fawley rise rather boldly from the meads, beyond the river, on the Berkshire side; some parts being richly clothed, and others only fringed with wood; while the opposite part of the picture consists of the uplands of Fawley, clad with beeches, in clumps and groves; and the more distant woods of Hambledon. The church of Fawley is worth a short inland walk, its interior being fitted up with the entire furniture of the chapel at Cannons, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Buckingham, near Edgeware, in Middlesex. Nor should the parsonage house escape the notice of the artist-angler; for, although not visible from the river, it nestles in a most beautiful and romantic spot, full of the sweetest variety and landscape grace.

Here, at Fawley, is the island whence the boats start for Henley Bridge in the regatta, which may be considered as the parent of all amateur regattas. It had its origin in a contest between the two universities, on this reach, in 1829, which excited so much interest as to suggest the idea of its becoming annual. This was first actually carried out in the regatta, June 14, 1839, since which it has obtained universal popularity. The river, about this, is strewed with islands, which are often planted with large trees, such as ash and alders. The smaller islands are called

eyots or *aits*; "these occur everywhere," says Thorne, "sometimes singly, and far apart, and sometimes in clusters, and are almost as various and beautiful as they are numerous. They are generally planted with osiers, and as they occur in the shallows, are frequently surrounded by rushes, while the willow herb, loose-strife, and similar flowers, encompass them with a belt of brilliant colours."

Boswell says, in quoting the following, said to be written by Shenstone on a pane of glass in a parlour window of the Red Lion, close to the bridge—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an inn—

"We happened to lie this night at Henley where Shenstone wrote these lines; which I give as they are found in the corrected edition of his works, published after his death." Johnson said, "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves as well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

SHIPLAKE.*Station Master, Mr. J. DAVIES.**Distance from London, 88½ miles.*

FARES:—First-class 6s., Second 4s. 6d.; Return—First-class 9s.,
Second 6s. 9d.

SHIPLAKE is on the opposite side the river to Wargrave, a little higher up, and its railway station is reached by a ferry at the George and Dragon, and a short walk across the meadows. Opposite Wargrave Ait are several large eddies, where, when the water is declining after a flood, but still a little coloured, many large perch are captured.

Shiplake Lock is just above the railway bridge, opposite the two entrances to the Loddon river. The mill close by is one of the most artistic on the Thames. Its pool is noted for its pike, but holds few trout. Now we get to Doctor Phillmore Island, at the tail of which there are plenty of perch of a respectable girth, and jack in due season. All round the island the fly may be profitably cast for chub and dace. Phillmore House is on the hill, and about 400yds. above it there is the well known Chalk-pit Hole, and the angler can scarcely try a wrong place—making, of course, an exception here and there—all the way to Sonning. I heard of seventy brace of perch having been taken with two rods at the Chalk-pit in a day, and I have myself caught perch there for a short time at a rate which would treble that number.

One of the entrances—the upper one—to the Loddon, called the Patrick Stream, leaves the Thames between Sonning and Shiplake, then joining the Loddon, enters the Thames again just above Wargrave, with the waters of the former river. I have known pike of large size to be taken out of the Patrick Stream in the winter. It is likewise a favourite place for large chub. A wide piece of water before its meadow bridge is reached from the Thames should be fished with the gorge bait in September or October: it is mostly too weedy to spin.

Wargrave was formerly a considerable market town; it is now no more than a small, and, upon its water-side a pleasant, village. Some years past it became remarkable for the theatrical exhibitions of the late Earl of Barrymore. The church contains the monument of Mr. Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," who was killed here by a fall from his horse.

Shiplake is a small, retired village, which has acquired some degree of notoriety from its having possessed for its pious, learned, and exemplary minister, the Rev. Mr. Granger, the most eminent biographical writer of the times in which he lived. He died in the year 1776, while he was performing the sacramental functions at the altar of his parish church.

Such privilege what saint e'er knew?
To whom such honour shown?
His Saviour's death in rapturous view,
And unperceived his own.

The situation of Shiplake Church is exceedingly picturesque, with its embattled tower, ivy-clad and perched on a chalk cliff overhanging a fine bend of the river. It has seven handsome stained windows from the ruined Church of St. Bertin, at St. Omer, sacked during the first French Revolution, and contains some quaint old carving. The oldest portion of the Church of St. Andrew, whose image is over the north porch, dates from 1200. The most remarkable feature is a sculptured arch in the north chancel aisle, the key-stone of which bears the arms of the see of Salisbury, which on one side is a representation of Christ blessing the twelve Apostles, and on the other kings and queens crowned. The brass of Lawrence Fytton, bailiff, of Sonning, bears the date 1434. Lord Stowell, who died at Early Court, is buried here. In a house in the upper part of the village, Sydney Smith wrote "Peter Plymley's Letters." At a house called the Grove, Miss Rich was in the habit of receiving Pitt, Wyndham, Addington, Admiral Villeneuve (who lost the battle of Trafalgar), with many distinguished French *émigrés*.

Sonning is about two miles from Twyford and three from Reading Stations on the main line. It is one of the most lovely bits of village landscape on the Thames, plentiful as are such sweet pieces of artistic repose. Sonning Mill-tails, its weirs and back waters, which are extensive, are amply stored with fish; but they are the private property of Mr. Charles Witherington, one of the newly-appointed conservators, from whom permission to angle must first be obtained, this gentleman having asserted his right, and maintained it at law, to the whole of the water accessories to his mill, by the conviction of trespassers. Mr. Witherington has never been known to refuse any respectable application, provided the water has not been previously engaged by others or friends expected. The barbel are here in plenty, and prodigious in size;

chub large, feeding greedily in season : perch abundant, but trout, dace, and gudgeon scarce ; and the jack, more particularly above the mill, run to heavy weights. My favourite sport here is to wade at the weir scours, or amongst the ins and outs of water running therefrom, with a large red palmer or beetle, and in this way, with a double-handed fly-rod, I have bagged scores of heavy chub. A pretty stream that runs partly through a garden, contains great quantities of this fish, which by dibbing with a cockchafer or the black slug—found at the sides of hedges in abundance after a shower—or with very small frogs, chub of 2lb. to 3lb. weight may be landed to the heart's content. The pith from the vertebræ of the ox, with ox or sheep brains thrown in well minced as an attraction, and a paste made with these brains and flour to a good consistence, are favourite baits. Moreover, a minnow or small gudgeon may be spun with success for chub in all the tails with a likely chance for pike and perhaps a trout.

The inn is the White Hart, close by the bridge, on the Berks side, making up six beds, and affords most excellent accommodation. The landlord, Edward Lockley, and his family, are very quiet and obliging people, and fully understand the ways and requirements of the angler. Their charges are fair, and their viands of a wholesome kind and of good quality.

Sadler, the Sonning lock-keeper, lets out punts and boats, and attends anglers. His charge for punt, man, and bait is 6s., exclusive of provisions. The angler should provide himself with worms and gentles. Boats are sixpence per hour, those with scarlet mattresses and lounging backs for ladies are one shilling the first hour and sixpence each the subsequent hours. James Bromley, to be met with over the bridge, is likewise a good fisherman, and probably more legitimately so than Sadler.

Just below Sonning, on the willow tree side, there are hundreds of bait to be taken, with worm, or gentle, if needed.

READING and CAVERSHAM.

Station Master, Mr. JOHN PEACH.

Distance from London, 36 miles.

FARES:—First-class 6s. 4d., Second 4s. 9d.; Express Trains—First-class 7s. 11d., Second 5s. 7d.; Return—First-class 12s. 9d., Second 10s.

THERE exists no portion of the Thames that requires and demands more patient consideration from the new conservators than that about Reading; but I have no wish to speak of the deplorable state into which this beautiful part of the river was allowed during late years to fall;—let bygones be bygones, and hope for a brighter future.

At the extremity of the willow branches, on the Oxfordshire side, opposite the Dreadnought public-house, there is a swim about six feet from the bank, where only roach are caught, but these are of a large size, and of a peculiarly deep golden colour, partaking somewhat of the hue of carp. Large quantities are taken on flush days—that is, when locks are often opened. This would be a fine reach if not continually netted, but as this right has hitherto been attached to the lease of the Dreadnought, and respectable tenants have now entered on possession, I have every reason to believe that their promise to me, that the water should be in future exclusively preserved for anglers, will be honourably adhered to, and that the landlady will meet with her reward from the increased patronage of the disciples of Walton. Bait is scarce about Reading. It must either be taken from London or the cast-net used on the King's Meadow side of the Kennett, where the Great Western crosses. There is a swim for gudgeons opposite Mr. Crawshay's farm. One of the best swims for chub, &c., is at the tail of "The Duel" ait below Little Caversham Lock, where the mill water joins the main river. It can only be fished from a punt, and then some knowledge as to the exact pitch is absolutely necessary to insure sport.

There is a notice in the parlour of the White Hart on Caversham Bridge, "To Fishermen," which states that a punt, tackle, baits, &c., are always ready, signed "Peter B. Mattam, Fisherman." I would say more than one word in praise of this singularly happily situated little inn, the White Hart. The house is perched between the two bridges, and its rooms command views on either side, exquisitely lovely, and of the purest English character.

Everything within appears clean and neat, and a parlour level with the bridge, in which are some stuffed fish of the landlord's catching (who, as his cheerful little wife has it, "would, I verily believe, live and die on the water a-fishing") is especially desirable, from the landscapes observable from its windows. I hear that Mrs. Bidett is an excellent cook; her charges are moderate: and that both herself and her no less good-tempered husband take every pains to please their visitors. The house makes up three beds.

Before the angler arrives at the bridge from the railway, he might do worse than look up over "The Moderation" beer-shop on the left, whereon is written.

Let moderation be your guide,
Nor ever from its precepts slide.
Take the good things of life and use 'em
With thankful heart, and not abuse 'em.

Some men to vile excesses stray,
Then sign a pledge to mend their way.
Be thou to keeping more inclined
Which humblest sought, the humblest find.

Then water for your cleansing take,
But liquor for your stomach's sake;
And recommend to all the nation
Your temperance and moderation.

The following, full of valuable detail, arose during a correspondence which appeared in *The Field Journal* upon netting at Caversham:

"In common with most of your readers, I have derived a lively satisfaction from the perusal of 'Greville F.'s' letters on the above subject. That he should be acquainted with the subject in its entirety, and not dependent on others for his information, was hardly to be looked for, and hence arises the necessity of supplementing his remarks when deficient in fullness, and of supplying incidental detail, which must obviously be unknown to the cursory observer. The reach of water commences with the Maple-Durham Lock pool, in my opinion, far the best of the whole river Thames. This pool, which forms no part of a back or mill stream, and over which, previous to the canalisation by means of locks, the Queen's highway must necessarily have run, is now claimed exclusively by Michael Blunt, Esq., of Mapledurham House, as his own private fishery. This claim on the part of the public, I most utterly and entirely deny; but, should a stranger

Mrs. Bidett
 m. clappers

row his boat within the charmed precinct, and attempt to fish, Shephard, the lockman, will at once put off from the Round House, and continue to row and splash about him. In this Shephard only does what he is paid to do; but how, for this last twenty years, he has escaped with a whole skin and a dry shirt, is a mystery beyond the powers of my solution. From the mouth of this pool down to the tail of the eyot opposite the Roebuck Inn, is first-class water for large trout, jack, chub, and perch; but the right of netting it is leased by Mr. Blunt to the above-named Shephard, and is exercised by him very freely. This does not, however, stop its being good angling water, for the stream being very rapid, and running over gravel, with occasional "aids," causes the fish from the lower deep to constantly stive up, while it renders at the same time the process of netting anything but easy.

"From the Roebuck down to the bottom of Taylor's Ayot, the water deepens considerably, and comprises every variety of character; and it is to this water that Champ and the Pangbourne fishermen are in the habit of bringing their best customers. The right to net this water, as also to the eel fishery below, is in Mr. Braham (the son of the great tenor), who occasionally exercises it, but by no means so as to be detrimental to the fishing, as the catches made by the Messrs. J., of Reading, when they and Champ fish these waters together, would fully testify.

"From Taylor's Ayot down to Caversham Pound the fishing belongs to Mr. Blackall Simonds on the Oxfordshire side, that on the Berkshire side being vested in the Crown down to the mouth of the Kennett. Mr. Simonds's water is let to Piper, the boat-builder on Caversham Bridge, while the rights of the Crown are leased to a Mr. Clark, who has taken them with a view entirely to angling, and never knowingly permits a net to enter his water. The lock pools at Caversham are owned by Mr. Champion, while the waters from there to the Sonning Oaks are the property of Mr. Crawshay on the Oxfordshire side, and from the Kennett's mouth from the same point on the Berkshire side belong to Lord Sidmouth. Mr. Crawshay's water is never netted, but Lord Sidmouth's has this year been the subject of exeptional bad usage.

"So far then as fair netting is concerned, we have little or nothing to complain of; but there is a far heavier grievance which truth compels me to mention.

"The town of Reading is infested with fish poachers, and

as there is not a semblance of a keeper on the waters, they reign unmolested. Their mode of action is as follows: The moment a fresh comes in the river, and the water gets discoloured, every fish of prey leaves the streams and seeks the shelter of the sods and flams. Knowing this, the poachers take a fine-meshed eight-yard flue, and, attaching a cord to the further extremity, shove it gently into the stream by the aid of a light fir pole, one man on the shore retaining hold of the cord, while another keeps the net at its full tension by means of the pole. They then swim this net down stream quietly in front of each sod or flam, while a third man thrusts another long pole some three feet in advance of the net, through any place which may seem capable of holding a fish. Now, as fish invariably lie with their heads up stream, the result is obvious. The moment a fish feels the jar of the pole, he darts both up and outwards, and, of course, meets the descending flue; if a large one, the net is at once drawn in and the fish removed—a process which scarcely occupies a minute; if a small one, the net is allowed to continue its swim, and so on, *toties quoties*. Your readers may form some estimate of the damage done by this small net, when I tell them that I have personally seen five consecutive parties march along the Caversham-road, with poles and net fully displayed on their shoulders, on the same evening.

“I do not hesitate to affirm that these small nets will in one night of flood time kill ten times the amount of valuable fish that all the legitimate netting in the above district can possibly do in a week. Still, for all this, there is capital fishing to be had at Caversham. But there are no local adepts in the art; there is no one who can handle a punt like a man, and the lack of custom is such that ground and other bait are never kept in store. The place, like a dog, has got a bad reputation, and is contemptuously but unjustly disregarded. The remedy seems simple and obvious.

“Let the Mayor of Reading, whoever he may be, propose to his corporation that they should, as an accessory to their town, rent the fishing of the waters which I have above described, and give instructions to his police to lay an embargo on the nets going over Caversham-bridge, or the Kennett's mouth (both of which are within the borough), and the whole poaching system would be nipped in the bud. The water could, in most cases, be had for the gift; the cost of preservation would be *nil*; and the benefit to the town would soon be manifest in the increased

number of those who like to combine a healthy residence with a chance of recreation, at a moderate expense."

The netting above alluded to has given a bad angling repute to the place; but as it is the determination of the authorities to suppress, by every means in their power, all illegal spoliation, the Caversham waters, from their great natural productiveness, may, if left alone but for a short period, become almost as full of fish as anywhere else in the Thames.

In the Norcott Scours, near the Boebuck, a favourite inn with the Reading folk, there are two or three excellent lay-byes for jack and perch, and swims in plenty for roach and gudgeon. The water is said to be well preserved, and its depth is 7ft. in places, with holes and shallows here and there. Right away past the farm at Hardwick House to Maple-Durham is capital open spinning water; gudgeons and roach abound, and perch are to be picked up. Then, from Maple-Durham to Pangbourne, the whole length and breadth of the river is eminent for large jack, perch, and ponderous roach—more particularly for the latter when the water is a little coloured. The perch feed here until February. Again, at Hampton Ferry shoals of perch may be seen on the rove. Above the ferry the water gets shallower, and is good for gudgeon and trout.

PANGBOURNE.

Station Master. Mr. J. G. GLASSON. .

Distance from London, 41½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 7s. 5d., Second 5s. 7d.; Return—First-class 13s.,
Second 9s. 6d.

PANGBOURNE is another of those pearls of English landscape which our river threads; no sweeter spot is within many miles. The Thames seems especially fond of disporting itself here, and loth indeed to leave; it loiters in the great depths of the pools, creeps slyly under the banks, frolics as a kitten after its tail in the eddies, and then dashes hurriedly off beneath the far-stretching pretty wooden bridge, as if to make up for time truantly lost.

John Champ is my man at Pangbourne. His name is above that cottage window where all within bespeaks wifely care and cleanliness. Champ, besides being a fisherman, lets a part of his rustic dwelling to anglers. There are two beds and a sitting-room, for which the charge is 25s. 6d. a week, or 17s. or 18s. for one bed and sitting-room, according to the attendance and etceteras required. But these snug and cozy quarters are generally occupied. There is a second which has bedrooms to let, kept by one Norris, from the threshold of which fish may be likewise seen rising. The weir-pool flows up to the camp-shed, at the foot of the gardens of these cottages, and there is ample space to sit and fish in 10ft. to 12ft. water, for at least half-a-dozen anglers, and yet be within rod touch of your door. The deepest part of the pool is 25ft. I have seen the barbel rolling over each other in apparently the most uncomfortable disorder, and those that have slept close to the water tell me that during a warm night there is a constant succession of heavy splashes heard distinctly above the roar of the fall. As many as 150 trout have been taken out of this pool in a season, and should the visitor doubt that there are not numbers remaining, Champ will put him on the middle lock, and there he may sit and watch the rascals dashing about amongst the minute fry of the roach, and helping themselves in the most gluttonous style to this whitebait. Not a minute, indeed, elapses without one, and sometimes four or five at a time, rushing into the shoals of tiny fish with gaping jaws, and bolting the helpless little creatures. But you may spin a minnow upon these occasions amongst the trout in vain, and the fry they love so well, is too tender and delicate for the hook.

The Swan, close to the weirs, is a capital house, and Mrs. Mary Ann Ashley, its hostess, will make you right welcome and comfortable if you do not extend your orders beyond bread, cheese, and butter, the best of beer, and a glass of grog. There are no dinners to be had at the Swan, nor does it pluck its feathers for strange bedfellows. If these things are needed, there are two other houses in Pangbourne, of which I have never heard a complaint; but I prefer crossing the bridge into Whitchurch, and there the son and daughter of Mrs. Ashley possess a remarkably clean hostelrie, the Bridge House, where spotless dimity and lavender sheets have afforded me many a night of enviable repose, after an indulgence in good and moderate fare. The Pang stream, which is full of trout, more particularly near Tidmarsh, enters at Pangbourne; but it is private property, and

held by — Breadon, Esq. Pangbourne Bridge has the extraordinary notice thereon that a fine of 5*l.* will be inflicted upon any one angling therefrom !

Just through the railway bridge near Basildon a grotto formerly stood, but I could find little or no trace of it, although the house close upon its site is called by that name. The disposal of shells in grottoes was, at one time, a fashion if not a rage, and there are, or were until lately, fine examples of these objects in the grounds of Stourhead, Oaklands, Pain's Hill, and Park Place, but the shell room thus arranged for ornament, whether above or below the surface of the earth, has long ceased to be classed amongst subjects entitled to the distinction of pure taste. At one time the grotto engaged the attention of many of our poets and fugitive verse writers, doubtless from the associations of coolness and seclusion which these retreats in ornamental grounds afforded to the studious and contemplative, as well as for other reasons equally endearing to the romantic mind.

Pangbourne has its claims upon the antiquarian, being mentioned in the Domesday Book as then held by Miles Crispin, of William the Conqueror. Its manor and church were afterwards granted to the Abbey of Reading, as appears from the confirmation of the charter of Henry II., its founder, by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert, Bishop of Sarum. It afterwards formed a part of the great possessions of Edward, Duke of Somerset, who was executed in the last year of Edward VI. ; and after various successive grants, &c., this manor and estate were finally conveyed, in the year 1671, to John Breadon, Esq., whose descendant is the present possessor of them. The village of Whitchurch on the opposite bank has no other distinction than that of having been the residence of the celebrated grammarian and mathematician, Doctor Wallis, one of the professors of Gresham College, and to whose work on the English language all subsequent writers on that interesting and important subject, either have, or ought to have, acknowledged their obligations.

GORING.*Station Master, Mr. GEORGE TYER.**Distance from London, 44½ miles.*

FARES:—First-class 7s. 11d., Second 5s. 11d.; Return—First-class 14s.,
Second 10s. 6d.

GORING and Streatley are two exquisite villages, parted only by a picturesque bridge. The greater portion of the water between Pangbourne and Wallingford road is under the surveillance of the keepers of the Streatley, Goring, Basildon, and Stoke Angling Association, of which Cornelius Saunders, the proprietor of the Swan Inn at Streatley—the head-quarters of the club—and William Cox, of Moulesford, are water bailiffs; John Rush, jun., of Streatley the assistant bailiff; and Mr. Thomas Keating, the honorary secretary. It was but the other day, that old John Rush, toddling by the help of a stick around and about his favourite haunts, to which he had been attached as a fisherman nearly seventy years, thus bespake him, "Lawk, sir! it'll never be the same river again! The drainage of the land up headway, the tapping of the stream for companies like, and then, no navigation! It can't be, never. Why, I used to be ashamed of the quantity the gentlemen used to catch of roach then, all the summer round, and now we has to wait for them coming on the feed ever so late, and when they does we get one where we used to get ten. Pike, sir?—why fourteen or sixteen a day for one rod was thought nothing of, and all under 2lb. chucked in. In old times we would have a freshet or a flood, and about four days arter a letter already written would go up to a gent and down he would come, perhaps with a friend or two, and it's oudacious the lots we used to take of almost all sorts of fish; look at that ere river now! I am fairly took back with it, not a wag of water—not a ripple in the air—it's got no life in it. Howsomever, it's full of fish, sir, full as it can be—too many indeed. The 'sociation water begins, sir, about a mile down below this here bridge (Streatley) and the place is called Grote Hole. It is 5ft. 6in. deep for half a mile, then shallow over Hollies where there is sights of jack, for about 400yds., in 4ft. of water. But the weeds are dreadful of late years, quite cantankerous like, it's the sewage and no navigation. Burgess Hole, arter the name of the parson who lived opposite there, has a

shallow at the head and tail of it which is good for trout, it is about a quarter of a mile down. The bottom may be a little slivery here and there, but otherwise good and gravelly. Then from Hollies to Streatley, plenty of jack, perch, and roach, and the water 5ft. on the average in the Mill Pool, Buck Pool, and Lock Pool, all private property, belonging to the 'sociation. There is plenty of trout. Most of the farmers have come to an arrangement only to allow the members to fish from the banks—of course cannot stop punts—except on private waters. The club was founded, sir, in 1850, and we have had some of the best anglers in England belonging to it. I do think others who fishes it ought to send a donation or some'at, as they has all the benefit of its being watched both day and night. The lock here, sir, is in good order, but the Pound Lock is vastly bad, but this was built afore my recollection. That's Mr. Arnold's the magistrate's house you see on the Bucks side. Above the bridge, exactly opposite the Swan, called Saunders's Head, is 6ft. of water, and good for all sorts of fish. The gudgeons, sir, are queer creatures, they be; last year they was large, and this year they be small, and next year you see, sir, perhaps—I sharn't be here—(poor old Bush, he was indeed prophetic)—they'll be large again; every other year it is so. I have noticed it for more than twenty years. We haven't many barbel just about here. Perch are in scores. The largest pike last year was only 14lb.—no, it's not like it used to was! Opposite the Swan is an ait, and behind this is the Lock Pool, and from this to Cleve is 9ft. or 10ft. of water, all excellent the whole quarter of a mile. There is a back or rather mill stream at Cleve, but it is much netted by John Pitman, the farmer and proprietor, who kills the jack and other coarse fish, and preserves the trout. The water that supplies this mill falls into the head some two hundred yards above. From Cleve to Wallingford Road the water is generally wide and very deep. At Dunsford noted pitches from the bank for carp, perch, and barbel, the latter being often taken of 13lb. and 14lb. weight. What I know and tell you, sir, mind, I help to catch. The perch I have taken run from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 3lb. Here is a back water of about two acres, most famous for jack. No boats can get in, 'cept by members; a gate's slap across the entrance with a lock on it. No part of it can be got at by bank. The American weed has a'most spoilt this place. From Dunsford to Wallingford Road bridge it is from 8ft. to 10ft. of water, first-rate for jack, perch, and roach. No gudgeons up there except a little place by

the railway arch. The average size of roach is $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., cannot get one 2 lb. Mr. Broadway, of Pangbourne, has offered a sovereign for one at 2 lb., and we often think we've got it, but it won't turn the scale. The way for roach is to bait a quiet eddy with lobs after a flood. Just through the railway bridge amongst the aits there is good fishing. John Whiteman nets and trimmers at Wallingford Lock. What do they do with the fish? Why, sir, raffles 'em at the beerhouses, and sometimes when they are full of spawn, too. We has no swans, they couldn't live here."

Streatley may be fitly termed the artist angler's home, so full is it and its surroundings of all which constitute the picturesque. The Swan Inn, upon the margin of the Thames, is the *beau ideal* of a rustic fishing public-house, in which the apparent litter to some eyes, of boats, bucks, bottles and all sorts of oddments, would appear untidy, but to the lover of the carelessly graphic it conveys an indescribable charm. The thatched summer-house, quaint in shape and character, its clumsy windows once in some domestic walls; tipsy weather-cock and benten vane; the church-tower peeping over the inn as if to reprove an excess of ale; the flag-staff upon the much-worn lawn; its artistic landing stage and camp-shed and straw out-houses, fences and piggeries, all combine to afford in a small space the many coveted attributes which should accompany trellis panes, old punts, rushes, withes, and the silent stream. Add to these a background of high hills and hanging woods, and the easel will scarcely cry for mills, locks, buck weirs, long stretching bridges, and charming groups of waggons and rustic figures to make up many most delightful *tableaux* of landscape art. They are, however, all here. The Swan Inn is generally fully occupied. No less than seven anglers sought a bed there the first day I was down, and had to look elsewhere. But the angler need not go far or fare worse. The Bull Inn appropriately protects the inland and agricultural end of the "street," as does the Swan the river and piscatorial entrance. The Bull Inn is approached by a gradual ascent of some third of a mile, and is well situated above the mists of the Thames. Here Mrs. Gardener will greet the weary, and, in the words of a lady who has resided there for some while during the summer, "you will find her dairy the pink of cleanliness, her cream beautiful, and her butter lovely, as she keeps cows in rich and luxuriant meadows." This description is, however, perhaps eclipsed by an angler's recommendation. "You only tell Mrs. Gardener to send a hot lunch or dinner down

to the punt, that's all!—kidney pudding, roast duck, cherry tart, everything reeking hot too, with the gravy kept deliciously warm in a jug, surrounded with napkins. Oh it's very jolly!" Then there are invalids who speak with grateful feelings of the rum-and-milk they have imbibed, and, indeed, praises fall from all I have met who have known the house. To Mrs. Gardener's, therefore, I went, and found her a very nice tight little body, extremely obliging without any fussiness. She makes up seven beds, and if they are all like the one I had, I do not wonder at the satisfaction the Bull Inn has invariably given. The rod and line suspending hooks upon both sides of the ceiling-beam in the parlour, show that the house sets itself out for the gentle craft; and there are quoit grounds and other games for those who care for them. The charges were moderate, and the fare was excellent. The chalk downs, sprinkled with yews and junipers, rise abruptly at the back on the south. From Green Hill there is an exquisite panorama. Unwell Wood, on a spur of the hills, is celebrated for its orchises, as the down is for its excellent coursing matches. In these woods, also, is found the *Convallaria multiflora*, or Solomon's seal, growing wild. It may not be generally known, that the root of this plant, scraped and placed between two pieces of linen, will, if applied at once, stop discoloration generally consequent upon a blow on the eye. The bridge was built in lieu of a ferry, and the right of carriage across the Thames extends up and down for some distance. A good story is told of the tollgate-keeper, a woman of great nerve and determination, whose house is placed on the bridge, half-way from either end. Some bathers were observed by her from her elevated perch, crossing and recrossing the stream, and carefully counting the number of times they did this, she dropped quietly round upon them as they were going to renew their clothes, and demanded as many pence as they had made aquatic excursions to and fro, between the counties of Oxon and Berks. Nor would she allow the nude trespassers upon her rights the use of their habiliments until they had performed another dive—this time into the pockets of their small clothes to ransom themselves from so novel a bondage. The scene would make a fine subject for an historical painter. I fancy I must induce young Tolladay to undertake it. It is but fair to state that the good woman denies this soft impeachment of female bravery. Bait, if gudgeon of any size should be required, should be taken from London. I saw two or three heavy chub, say 3lb. to 3½lb., off Goring Bridge, and some handsome ones were taken

with the fly during my stay. The mills at Streatley are in the possession of Mr. J. C. Strange, a most obliging and worthy fellow, who sets an excellent example of courtesy to his men, which they follow in a manner most praiseworthy.

On Goring, about 100yds. up the village is the "Miller of Mansfield," which has beds. A melancholy accident occurred in 1674, when sixty persons were drowned in the lock in returning from Goring Feast. The accident is described in a rare tract called "Sad and Deplorable News from Oxfordsheir and Barksheir," The Lock-house at Cleve makes up a bed and sitting-room, and the dame is cleanly, civil, and obliging. The Leather Bottle or Spring-House Ferry is just above Mr. Weeden's and under the chalk cliff at Moultsford, on the Bucks side. The Beetle and Wedge is above this at Moultsford, kept by Donald Clarke. The accommodation is good, but I can only speak as far as bread and cheese, butter and ale are concerned. Many pic-nic parties borrow a room here, and bread, cheese, butter, plates, knives and forks, &c., are provided at the moderate charge of 6d. a head. The house is cleanly, the landlord a bit of a character, and all are civil, while the surroundings are picturesque.

Streatley was once a convent of the Dominican Order in this village. It is situated on the Roman road called Ickleton Street, or Ickleton Way, "which, coming from Bedfordshire, crosses the Thames by a ford." Another ancient road, called the Ridge Way, supposed to be Roman, enters the county from Wiltshire and passes near Uffington, Wantage, East Hendred, Upton, and Blewberry, to Streatley.

WALLINGFORD ROAD (now named MOULSFORD).

Station Master, Mr. ALLCOCK.

Distance from London, 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

FARES:—First-class 8s. 5d., Second 6s. 4d.; Return—First-class 14s. 6d., Second 11s.

THE Railway Inn at the Wallingford Road is the best hostlery for the angler in the district of Wallingford Lock. The group of aits just above the railway bridge gives harbour to many jack, and is a

very pretty spot ; perch are likewise seen of goodly size in the holes. At the spur of the upper island, on the right, there is a swim for roach, chub, and gudgeons. In this reach, to the lock, the water is at times very low, but it does not follow that there should not be fish in it, as they probably work up from the deeps below Moulsoford, &c. It bears, however, the worst of angling reputations. There were few or no fish to be observed, and little evidence of their existence ; but I was assured when I arrived at Wallingford, by credible persons, that two anglers the week before—fishing opposite Dr. Arnold's, not far from Little Stoke Ferry, with John Whiteman, the puntsman at the lock—caught twenty-three dozen, twenty-one dozen, and seventeen dozen of roach in three consecutive days, the place having been previously well baited. The fish weighed from $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to 1lb. each ; yet of this I ought to have heard from Whiteman himself, as I ginger-beered at his cottage and inquired about the fishing, and his reply, and that of his son was, "Only a few jacks, a few roaches, a few perches, a few chubses, and such like." It may have been that, as it was feeding time with the family, and all their mouths were full of bacon and greens, the three days take was of too large a character to get a place among the jaws full of edibles. The lock here is not used, and the up and down water is flush. From this to Wallingford Bridge there is an apparently good run for pike, and plenty of cover, with rush beds and aits, but it is horribly, disgustingly foul. From the pound which runs parallel with the river and carries deep water, perhaps a few perch and roach may be taken. I did not observe the large net which generally flaunts here. Should Whiteman be engaged, Toby Gunston, fisherman and stonemason, would prove an apt puntsman. He is to be heard of at the Town Arms, close to the bridge, on the Wallingford side. The Town Arms is as clean as careful housekeeping can make it, with plenty of cheap and good accommodation for anglers. I was pleased to find Seymour, who all anglers will recal as the obliging landlord of the George, at Pangbourne, installed here. From hence to Bensington, the river does not appear to improve one jot, and it fully bears out the unfavourable description given of it by Francis Francis, in his "Angler's Register." Having passed Benson Lock-end and its public, there was little to observe until I reached Shillingford Bridge, where we pulled up at the Swan Inn, on the Berks side, and read a half obliterated notice on its walls, that the "water here is preserved." This water, I am told, has not been netted

for years. There is one place—the Barbel Hole—just beyond the second bend above Shillingford village, which is about 25ft. in depth. The bends are very fine and bold the whole way up, with here and there a “flam,” as the coverts for pike are termed in this country; banks steep, with water close up. The preserved water extends a mile above and a mile below Shillingford Bridge. In a hole just above the ferry, on the right hand side, close to the first gate, in an eddy of 13ft of water, we could see some dozens of perch of from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 1lb. in weight. Very deep bank fishing now under hand for a long way. After passing a clump of four elm trees, “so close together and yet so lonely,” and a white gate on the high road, there is a ditch, and opposite this an excellent gudgeon swim. This swim can be reached from the meadow. Then, opposite the first gate, on the tow-path, on Hog Common is a famous hole for perch; here I found Tom Wells, of Brightwell, Bucks. with a little boy, having incredible sport. He “ground baits with the vegetable contents of a slaughtered bullock, mixed with meal, bran, clay, &c., and worms punctiliously scoured for a month or so, and fishes with a small bulleted float with the line full a yard upon the bottom.” We now pass the entrance to the Thames, opposite Wittenham Wood, which river runs up on the right to Dorchester, and appears a lovely piece of water for jack and chub. Carp and tench are plentiful here. Gudgeon swims under pollards to the left for more than a quarter of a mile, and then after a long reach of heavy, piscatorially rich water, a sharp angle to the right carries us under the tower of the church and orchards of Little Wittenham. This is termed Day’s Lock. It has two weirs and pools of a very attractive character, but their fame for fish is not very great, excepting for perch, which are taken at times in numbers both above and below. There is likewise a back water which places the very pretty lock-house and its grounds on an island. The scenery around is exquisite in the extreme, and being so far out of the reach of rail or coach, is as sequestered as a hermit angler could wish. There is a very fine piece of the old Thames between Clifton Lock and Appleford railway bridge. Long Wittenham, from several peculiarities of interest, including the angling attractions of “Clifton Pool,” demands especial mention, it possessing a weir of a goodly depth of water, sharp bends and deep elbows, and a swift stream here and there. It is likewise picturesque in its character, and not being accessible to the general traffic, or even to a private boat without some difficulty, super-

adds to the angler, or the artist, the charm of privacy and exclusiveness. The Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, one of the new conservators who takes a sincere and active interest in the welfare of the Thames, resides at Long Wittenham. I went ashore to look at the accommodation afforded by the very cleanly Vine Cottage Inn, where the angler will find excellent although modest fare. I am told that Mr. Hayward, the farmer, is the proprietor of the water. It certainly looks most admirably adapted for the breeding of fish, and I should think that some portions of it would be inaccessible to almost any attempt of the poacher. It is noted for its large barbel and heavy perch.

The netting here is but slight, if any. A person of the name of Hayward will willingly attend upon an angler or two. He is a good puntsman, knows the best pitches, and may be depended upon to bait a hole or so for a night or more previous to angling. He is generally to be found at one of 'Tames', the blacksmith's, shops. Near the new bridge built by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, and which superseded the ferry, is a public-house, the "Three Horse Shoes," the landlord of which would likewise undertake an especial commission in the same way if a letter was previously sent to him. This house is respectable, and is frequented by many of the best anglers from Oxford.

Padsey Brook, upon which there are two or three mills, but almost dry in drougthy summers, falls into the Thames at Wallingford.

Wallingford is of great antiquity. Lysons and other antiquarians suppose that there was a town here in the time of the Romans, the name of which is lost; and they ascribe the origin of the present name either to an ancient British word *guallen* or the Latin *vallum*, each signifying a fortified position and the ford over the river; thus making Guallen Ford or Vallum Ford. The town was destroyed by the Danes in 1006, but it appears to have been rebuilt in 1013. Leland, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, describes it as "sore yn ruine." Camden, who wrote somewhat later, says that "Its size and magnificence used to amaze me when I came hither from Oxford." In 1652 orders were issued for the demolition of the castle, the inhabitants of the county having also petitioned for this object. Think of the inhabitants of the county of Berks petitioning in 1867 for the demolition of Windsor Castle! It appears from a document quoted by Lysons in the "History of Berkshire," that in the thirteenth century a native of Wallingford, guilty of any offence

which rendered him liable to capital punishment, might have the option, either of having his eyes put out, or being otherwise mutilated in his person, instead of being put to death. The present bridge at Wallingford was built in 1809. The former bridge was considered the oldest on the Thames, and consisted of nineteen arches and four drawbridges, the whole 300yds. in length; but the structure was so much injured by a great flood that it was obliged to be taken down. Wallingford contains three churches: St. Mary's, a handsome edifice with an embattled tower and pinnacles, on the top of which is an armed knight on horseback, said to represent King Stephen; St. Leonards, a very ancient edifice; and St. Peter's.

The Lamb is the best inn here. The landlord (Taplin) will be recognised as an accomplished whip, having driven in the "good old times." The landlady follows suit, and if not so great in the whip, is well up in caps of ye period of George I., ample and matronly. The cooking is special, the eye of the hostess being seldom off the grate; but as for the meat teas—they are an institution! One wrinkle is all that is requisite—leave everything to the landlady, and you will find that she has anticipated your wishes. There ought to be something good at Wallingford for the fishing is anything but recommendable.

CULHAM and ABINGDON.

Station Master at Culham, Mr. J. H. BLYTHE.

Distance from London, 56½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 9s. 10d., Second 7s. 5d. Return:—First-class 17s. 6d., Second 13s.

Station Master at Abingdon, Mr. O. EVANS.

Distance from London, 59½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 10s. 10d., Second 8s. 2d. Return:—First-class, 17s. 6d., Second 13s. 9d.

CULHAM station (Abingdon Branch) is above Abingdon, although the village of Culham, in relation to the river, is below that town. Just below Culham Lock is one of the deepest holes in the Thames. There is said to be, or was said to be some years since,

a pike of fabulous proportions in this "bottomless pool." Boats are to be let.

From Sutton Bridge, Culham Cut (three quarters of a mile long) and Culham Lock, right away to Abingdon Bridge, more particularly in the Wilsom Reach, there is a good deal of deep water, the characteristics of which are those previously attached to Henley. Near Culham Lock there is a private piece of water the ownership of which is attributed to Captain Peachell.

At Culham Lock a pretty little stream enters, which runs—or, rather, does so when water is plentiful—almost parallel with the tow-path, and shows some likely holes for pike and chub. There are three of these streams fed, when the river is high, by tumbling bays crossing the horse-road. They should all be industriously searched, if approachable, in the winter. After the last of these bye-streams is passed, a meadow affords, for about 100yds. on the right, a concave bend of magnificent swims of considerable depth, a clear bottom, and in which, if the observer be quiet, perch, roach, and very large chub may be seen. These swims would be under the tip of even a 12ft. rod from the bank. They are certainly the finest localities for roach-fishing, if appearances may be relied upon, which I have yet examined. Opposite, on the left bank of the Thames, a ditch of 8ft. and 10ft. deep runs for a long distance, and when free from weeds cannot fail to arrest the troller's attention. Again on the left, under the alder bushes and near the poplars this side the horse-ferry, are three noted holes for monster chub. The fish were again swarming, and although the heat was intense, as that which very nearly fried the brains of Sancho Panza, the perch, jack, and chub, were dashing amongst the devoted fry in hot pursuit. Just above this is a nice scour for dace, where an angler was picking them out with a black gnat, armed with a gentle, at every four or five throws in an exceedingly skilful and elegant manner. I went ashore at this spot to look at the head of one of the three streams before alluded to, and only again recur to the subject to give the pedestrian warning against trusting to the foot-bridges or their rails, as they are in the most scandalous stage of rottenness. One of them very nearly cost me a ducking, and is certainly a worthy assistant to cross a *tumbling-bay*. The surroundings of the last stream-head are, however, in excellent condition; the entrance to it is very pikey, but the dozens of hoop-nets hanging to dry in the withes is "a caution." The scenery on both sides continues

flat, but all the way up to Newnham Railway Bridge the roots of the bushes which margin the meadows and river's edge exhibit extraordinary depths of water under banks much washed away. The stunted trees, moreover, offer capital hiding quarters for the fisher, who, with a minnow or lob-worm would doubtless meet with many an electric elbow shock. A small lagoon, just before the railway bridge on our right, is a well-known cover for pike.

Ambrose Kates, fisherman and fiddler, claims to be the oldest puntsman at Abingdon and its neighbourhood, and lives in West-street, Helen-street. Kates always "locks up his punts, because the boys terrify 'em so." He says, likewise, that for 7s. a day he will find punt, ground-bait, worms, boiled wheat and malt, wherewith to take the largest roach, but will "not answer for gentles, as they are scarce at times, and he must have something to eat and drink extra." There are two other fishermen of experience, one James Short, commonly known as "Splash," and Sam Taylor. A back water on the left feeds the Abbey Mill-stream, belonging to Mr. T. Sharps, passing under one of the Abingdon stone bridges, and joins the main river above. It appears full of fish of most sorts. The main river exhibits immense shoals of roach, far too many indeed for the welfare of so thick a community, and were half of them taken, with a rod and line of course, I should soon be able to give a better account of their weight, which seldom reaches more than a pound. The perch are prolific, running from 1lb. to 1½lb. Chub and pike plentiful, and trout scarce, but Kates has known trout taken in hoop nets at night "of enormous weight." There are two small drains from the town, where vast numbers of coarse fish may be seen, and where it is not unusual to take a bushel, at night, by a single throw of the cast net. At Abingdon Lock, or Blake's Pool, as some term it, there is excellent fly fishing for chub and bottom fishing for barbel. In fact, the latter fish abounds in this district, and of a great size. The roach appear firm in scale when in season, and do not show that limpness I have before remarked upon elsewhere. An angler told me he had seen several pike taken out of this water of 18lb., and that pike of from 4lb. to 5lb. are legion about here. Indeed, the bank fishing appears to be remarkably good at Abingdon. There is now a railway station at Abingdon. The best resort for fishermen is at the Anchor (Phipps's), where beds may be had, but there are many good commercial inns close by in the town. The scours for dace

are many, and that fish, here, is of a handsome shape and weight.

The bottom is marly above, and the roach are countless everywhere—on shallows, amongst weeds, and in holes. Off a summer-house surmounting a crumbling stone wall, the movements of the boat disturbed a shoal which positively tired the eye, being 6ft. or 7ft. deep and were some minutes in passing. Saw several small jack and perch on the feed. There is a splendid scour just above an *al fresco* bathing-place by the bank used by the Abingdon boys, which reaches up to Blake's Pool, with well-washed sandy bottom, covered with gudgeons, but not of a large size. The pool is about 20ft. deep, with a pretty run. The grounds are private, and belong to Squire Phillips, at Culham.

Passing beneath the railway bridge the hanging woods of Newnham Park (Mr. Harcourt's) burst most unexpectedly upon the delighted vision. The water was alive with fish, and chub were eagerly darting about after the insects falling from the fine oaks which extend "their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs" some distance over the stream. We disturbed moor-hens at every stroke of the oar; a good evidence of the general seclusion and repose of this exquisitely enchanting stretch of water.

Here is Newnham Bridge, the cottages and grounds; to the latter admission is granted to pic-nicians on Tuesdays and Fridays. Newnham is undoubtedly the finest gem in the diadem of

Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons,

and needs little excuse for dwelling, for a while, upon our oars to gather a scrap or two from our own notes and the admiring remarks of others. The park is a noble domain, containing twelve hundred acres, and is finely varied with wood and forest scenery. The home park is broken into waving lawns, entwined by single rows of trees, and occasional groups of them of various size and figure. Thick woods form the general boundary, and where they offer an opening, prospects appear which have the contrasted charms of distance, grandeur, and beauty. On the eastern side the view, is broken into two by the hills of Wittenham, at the distance of about five miles, to the right of which the country opens to the extreme parts of Berkshire, which border on Hampshire. On the left there is a broad expanse of cultivated country, terminated by the hills that form the hithermost boundary of the

county of Buckingham. To the south the horizon is varied by the long range of hills, which rise above the vale of the White Horse. To the west the park falls in thick wood or open groves towards the Thames; and, on the north, it is bounded by the village of Newnham Courtney. The garden may be considered the pride of Newnham. It contains forty acres; its command of country is very comprehensive, and the inlets of park scenery give an artificial extent to its beauties. The foreground from the house is a small lawn, or rather large knoll of a triangular form, which, however, softens off into the glades on either side, so as to be totally devoid of formality. To the right it sinks to rise again, after an easy bend, to another knoll of corresponding acclivity, but different form, and crowned with thicker shade. It falls more gently to the left, and continues in a succession of various undulating surface, to the rising woodlands of the park. From the centre of this spot, a very extensive and delightful prospect presents itself which is broken into two separate pictures by a group of fine elms on the projecting point of the lawn. On the right, the eye forced onwards by a grove to the north, glances over a charming glade, and is first caught by a long reach of the Thames, somewhat interrupted by trees, which flows at the distance of about a quarter of a mile through the meadows in the bottom. It then passes over several gleamy snatches of the river as it meanders on in various directions towards Oxford, whose towers, domes, and spires, compose a very superb object. The more elevated part of Blenheim is seen beyond it, and the eye, returning over the dark mass of the distant woods in Berkshire, and the fertile intervening country, completes its view of the right-hand picture. Its companion on the left comprehends a larger foreground, from whence the view, after passing a broad, indented sweep of lawn, slightly broken by a clump of birches, rises to the verdant prominence that supports the venerable pile of Carfax, with the majestic oaks in which it is embosomed, and then stretches on to the park wood, beneath whose impending shade the Thames takes its course towards Abingdon, and after one lingering meander is seen no more. The nearer part of the wood bounds one side of the prospect; but the extreme line of it, inclining gradually to the Thames, lets in the blue hills of Berkshire, which, ranging on to join those of Wiltshire, above the White Horse Vale, are at length lost in the azure of a very distant horizon. Faringdon Hill, with the tuft of trees that crowns it, is distinctly seen at the distance of eighteen

miles, and the enraptured gaze returning over the rich intermediate level, is relieved from its luxuriant sameness by the airy spire of Abingdon. Such are the two distinct pictures which are divided by the central group of elms, in the front of which they are both united. The greater prominence of this spot not only embraces more of the northern meadows, glades, and woods of Newnham, but brings a variety of new objects into the view. The village of Heddington, situate on a range of high ground, at the distance of five miles, forms a pleasing boundary to the north which falls gradually down to Oxford. Here, also, Ifley Church Tower, on its high bank of the river, more sensibly unites with the towers of the city, and thus, by lengthening its form, aggrandises its character. The objects of the prospects are here more in determined contrast; the variety is increased, and the Thames is seen in all the molten silver-like beauty with which it flows from Oxford, in its fine long reaches as it passes before these grounds, and in the grand and noble sweep beneath the park wood, when it takes its leave of them.

But it is quite impossible to give anything like a just description of the many charming views with which the visitor to Newnham finds himself surrounded. From a verdant prominence where an urn is erected to the memory of William Whitehead, Poet Laureat, the prospect, screened by the plantation immediately to the right, likewise pushes on through a broad savanna to Oxford. Before it is Radley, once the seat of Admiral Bowyer, on the Berkshire side of the river, rising from its groves, with the woods beyond it, and the intervening valley watered by the Thames. Towards Abingdon, the spire of whose church is alone visible, the prospect is broken by a foreground of scattered trees, hanging down the lawn. To the left the ground falls abruptly into a glen in the park, but immediately rises into an irregular extensive brow, covered with oaks; which are so thick as to form a waving mass of foliage, in the distant view of them, and yet so distinct as, on a near approach, to disclose the verdure which they shade, and the individual beauty they possess.

"The character of the spot," says a graphic writer, "around Whitehead's urn, considered in an insulated state, is pensive elegance; while its sober charms are elevated by the grand expanse of prospect before it, the solemn, sylvan beauty of the grove beside it, and the venerable form of Carfax, on a projecting swell above it." This grove is beyond the boundary of the garden, and it is of too much importance in the general scenery

not to attempt to give some account of the interesting circumstances connected with it. Grandeur belongs to a wood, beauty is the characteristic of a grove, and this spot possesses both. It contains a large assemblage of the finest oaks, covering a deep, indented, and extensive brow, sinking into glens, or rising into knolls, in which every individual tree retains much of its own peculiar beauty, and transfers whatever it loses from itself, to the superior character of the whole. Old Carfax, on a bold prominence, at the extent of it, aids the awful character of the place, and appears to surpass in age the venerable trees that shade it. This curious building bears the record of its own history, in the following inscription :

This building, called Carfax, erected for a conduit at Oxford, by Otho Nicholson, in the year of our Lord 1590, and taken down in the year 1787 to enlarge the High-street, was presented by the University to George Simon, Earl of Harcourt, who caused it to be placed here.

The general character of Newnham is elegant grandeur. Its predominant feature is variety of surface. It contains that charming arrangement of pleasing parts which constitutes beauty, with a splendid inlet of country and a bold display of its own scenes which may be said to compose grandeur. The ample space is divided in a number of successive parts, everywhere various—everywhere consistent, and no where licentious. Object succeeds to object, naturally and pleasingly, or, which is the same thing, there are seen different views of the same object. The several beauties appear in natural succession, and the succession is never lost in the divisions. The vast expanse of open country is frequently divided into separate pictures, but never subdivided into diminutive parts. The uniformity of the grand prospect is occasionally diversified, but the diversification never diminishes its greatness. The forms of the swells, slopes and valleys are everywhere graceful, and the groves on the declivities are rich and elegant. The correspondence of the parts does not produce sameness, and in their contrast there is neither abruptness nor singularity. The woods are extensive; beautiful in themselves, and are ennobled by the Thames, which flows beneath them. The meadows refreshed by the glinting stream are here and there enlivened by single trees, or groups of them, just sufficient to break the long level of coarser verdure, and to make them harmonise with the highly embellished ground above them. The whole is a place of the first order. Nature gave the outline,

and taste has completed the picture. The poet Mason assisted Lord Harcourt in the arrangement of this unrivalled spot.

After we pass the little bridge and cottage, a piece of water succeeds to the left, all bends, like a dying earth-worm in its writhing agony, and about half way up this the river runs with great weight against a camp-shed just past the first tow-gate, where barbel of formidable size are taken. At the head of Newnham Ait there is a quiet shallow, upon which chub and dace were rising in a way I have scarcely ever seen. From this past Newnham House the river is nearly straight, and presents few salient features of interest to the angler beyond its general uniform depth, of about 12ft. to 14ft., and therefore doubtless excellent throughout, both for trolling and spinning, and the swims that may probably be made by perseveringly ground baiting. In the wane of summer it is, however, generally choked with coarse vegetation, and foul at the bottom, the slowness of the stream when water is scarce not being sufficient to carry off its natural accumulations. An old and solitary tree, with a rail by the side of it on Newnham's banks, and almost opposite the tow-path bridge, holds a large number of perch, roach, and chub; and well under the roots we saw the movement of the fins and tails of several heavy barbel. A back water under the tow-bridge mentioned, contains small jack, and a lagoon, from which we started two large pike, is exactly opposite the homestead at the upper end of the park. Now a swifter stream follows, and the canal-like banks of the river are dull, but jacky. Then the water gets low and rush-fringed for a couple of miles, passing Radley-common. It is said, by the most experienced anglers of this neighbourhood, that after a "flash" or freshet of water, there is not a better reach for sport in the district, more particularly if a punt be used, and the weeds searched, here and there. If this be the case, the water, if left alone by the net, would be of the most surprising description, for it is a notorious fact that it has been, if not that it still is, most cruelly skinned by the Beasleys, the well known Oxford otters, who are said to go halves with the farmer and present lessee, who holds the power to net it. I can well recal the time when this reach was famous for its enormous pike, but now, despite the opinions to the contrary, I do not think there are many above 4lb., if that, which have escaped the destructive engines so constantly at work, to the wholesale detriment of a water which appears to be made on purpose for the generation and increase of fish.

We now approach Sandford Mill, the tail of which, when free from the influence of the poisonous bleach, is good for most fish. At Sandford Lock is the King's Arms Inn and the Royal Oak. There are some private waters here upon our left.

Kennington Island is a sweetly pretty spot with its neat and trim little inn, the Swan. But the evening, both of the day and of our work, is closing, and we scull by it with a glance at its well-arranged pleasure grounds, rustic bridges, and curtained gondola-like boats, catching on our way a view of a bridge of some importance, lately thrown over from the island to Heyford Hill, the residence of Captain Fane, the adjutant of the 2nd Oxon. Another canal-shaped portion of the river follows, and the Thame Branch of the Great Western Railway, with a long, low, and diagonal wooden bridge passing at an angle beneath it, leads up a back water to the well-known "weirs," which, besides being a resort for pigeon-matchers, &c., is the head-quarters of an angling society, commanding about two miles of water.

Again more canally water and the picturesque mill at Ifley, with the tall nodding poplars mottling its grey sides and quaint gables with frittering shadows; the well-wooded banks of Ifley village, and then the locks and mill belonging to Mr. J. Walker. Above this is a pool rank and muddy, by the spot where once the bathing-place stood.

The Isis tavern should not be passed without a taste of its malt in the pewter, nor should, in its turn, the inn kept by one of the Salters, the boatbuilders, which is on our left.

The Salters have always boats in readiness for excursions down the river, at the following charges, including cartage back to Oxford, and care of boat if left at their boathouse, the Feathers' Tavern, Wandsworth, viz., eight-oar 5*l.* 10*s.*; four-oar 3*l.* 10*s.*; pair 2*l.*; pair-oared gig 2*l.* 10*s.*; sculling ditto, or funny for one person, 30*s.*; an extra charge if taken below Wandsworth.

And now we are on the far-famed aquatic Oxford race-course, the which is said to harbour fish galore beneath its depths, and to fill large baskets, especially from the "Kidneys" to the Cherwell river, when the bustle of the rowing season is over, and winter's frosts have levelled the vegetable hiding-places of the piscatory genus.

Abingdon is situated on the Berkshire side of the Thames. It can boast a very remote antiquity. Camden conjectures that synods were held here as early as the year 742; and an anonymous

writer observes, "that it was in ancient times a famous city, goodly to behold, full of riches, encompassed with very fruitful fields, green meadows, spacious pastures and flocks of cattle abounding with milk. Here the king kept his court, and hither the people resorted while consultations were depending about the greatest and most weighty affairs in the kingdom. Ciss, a king of the West Saxons, built a spacious abbey here about the year 675, when the place assumed the name of Abandun, or Abbey's Town. This religious house, however, was soon destroyed by the Danes ; but by the liberality of King Edgar, and the activity of the Norman abbots, it recovered its magnificence, and rivalled in wealth and grandeur the first abbeys in the kingdom. William the Conqueror resided here for some time, and in this abbey his son Henry received his education. The abbey was the principal support of the town till the reign of Henry V., by whom a bridge was constructed over the Thames at Culham, and another at Burford, across the river Ouse. From that time Abingdon acquired so much additional traffic as to rank among the first towns in the county. The building of these bridges, in 1416, was evidently under the immediate order of the king, as appears from the following Latin distich, formerly inscribed on a window in the Church of St. Helen, within the place :—

Henricus Quintus, quarto fundaverat anno,
Rex, pontem Burford super undas atque Culhamford.

A tolerably extensive wharf at the extremity of the town communicates with the Thames, and the New Cut, which, forming a small curve, joins the main river a little below Culham Bridge. There is a handsome town hall and two parish churches : one of them possesses a lofty spire, which is a kind of landmark to a very extended distance of circumjacent country.

The Ock stream falls into the Thames a little below Abingdon. It rises near Faringdon, touches Hatford, Stanford-in-the-Vale, Charney Basset, Lyford, Garford, and Noah's Ark. A branch comes from Wantage and Vale of White Horse. It possesses pike of a large size, perch, gudgeon, roach, dace, chub, and cray fish, and it ought to boast of fine trout, and would, if properly looked after.

UXBRIDGE.

Station Master, Mr. BONNER.

Distance from London, 15½ miles.

FARES: — First-class 2s. 10d, Second 1s. 11d.; Return—First-class 4s. 3d.,
Second 3s. 6d.

THIS station is on a short branch of the railway from West Drayton, and may be said to follow the river Colne up stream. The Colne itself, although most familiar to me, is difficult to describe, from its splitting so often into different streams, and rejoining again, added to which the Grand Junction Canal, which has hitherto gone due west for some distance, now turns almost due north, and runs close to the river through Harefield and Denham to Rickmansworth. The fishing in the canal proper is open to the angler by courtesy, excepting where it passes through private grounds. The river itself, both up and down from Uxbridge, is strictly looked after, although not as strictly preserved, the paper-mills committing sad destruction upon the fish, and most vexatious inroads upon the temper of the angler-subscribers to the waters, who are doomed to see the trout float by them in shoals, dead or dying, the only remedy for which is law—slow, expensive, protracted and uncertain.

RICKMANSWORTH.

As the branch line through Uxbridge from West Drayton will be shortly open to this place, and by which the Colne runs, it may be well to say that the Rickmansworth Trout Fishery, once the glory of the whole country, and numbering amongst its members some of the most refined fly-fishermen in England, or even in the sister kingdoms, is now ruined, not having had a trout in it for nearly three years. These fish were very numerous, fine, active, and full of excellent flavour, but they have all succumbed to the refuse of Mr. M'Murray's paper mill. It is useless at present to make any effort to restock the stream until an injunction now pending (May 1867) in the Court of Chancery, is decided in favour of the applicant, Mr. Baxindale. Mr. Baxindale felt compelled to apply to the law, as the water which

runs by his drawing-room windows was poisoned by the filth in the river. His cows could not drink it, nor could the family use it for culinary purposes. Mr. M'Murray has continued polluting the river ever since Dr. Peter Hood brought an action against him. He appears to be fully aware that he is acting unlawfully, and is said to boast that he lays by some 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* per annum for legal expenses. I am informed that should the time arrive that this stream can be replenished with trout, it is the determination of the committee scrupulously to avoid the introduction of lake trout, as, although they grow most rapidly, they drive all the more delicate and valuable trout out of the water, and that they will rise only during the May-fly season, thus considerably curtailing the period of sport devoted to fly fishing. They are, however, good for ponds or isolated waters, but destructive beyond description to a genuine trout stream. There are large quantities of the coarser fish still to be found in various parts of the river, and the roach do not appear to have suffered much. Gudgeons have almost entirely disappeared.

MORTIMER and BASINGSTOKE (Reading Branch).

Station Master at Mortimer, Mr. W. PAUL.

Distance from London, 43½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 7*s.* 7*d.*, Second 5*s.* 8*d.*; Return—First-class 13*s.*,
Second 10*s.*

Station Master at Basingstoke, Mr. B. MCKENZIE.

Distance from London, 51½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 9*s.* 2*d.*, Second 6*s.* 10*d.*; Return—First-class 16*s.*,
Second 11*s.* 8*d.*

THE Reading and Basingstoke Railway has an intermediate station only at Mortimer (a capital inn near the station), from whence the Loddon is about four miles, the river-lake of Strathfieldsaye—the Duke of Wellington's—being the nearest point. Reading is 3½ miles from Loddon Bridge, where there is a station, that of Early, on both the South-Western and South-Eastern lines of railway, and a first-class fishing-house. At Basingstoke, above which the Loddon rises, there are several

good jack-ponds connected with the stream, more particularly at Old Basing. The Loddon, after quitting Basingstoke, works Penton's Mill, and, flowing past Old Basing, supplies Basing Mill (Mr. G. Barton), where it divides into two arms, which unite again at Wild Moor, through which the river threads for some three miles, turning the wheel of Dong Mill; a little below the latter it joins another river rising to the westward—almost as important as itself—coming down West Heath, Pamber, Beaurepaire House and Mill; then the Loddon rolls on to Lilly Mill by Stratfield Turgess, and enters the park of Strathfieldsaye, near to the lodge of which, five miles from Mortimer, is a most comfortable inn, The Wellington Arms (Mrs. Sarah Carter). In the park of Strathfieldsaye, the river widens out into a series of lakes, for about a mile and a half in extent, here and there brought to narrow dimensions, by falls and bridges. At the lower end of the park, the river makes a division, one arm of which keeps a very handsome piece of water supplied which has no other outlet. Leaving the park it passes under New Bridge, by New Bridge Mill and Standford End, by King's Bridge and Swallowfield-place to Arborfield Bridge (Pie and Parrot public), thence by Arborfield Hall, now the seat of Captain Thomas Hargreaves, by Smesham Mill (Mr. John Simmonds), then off to Loddon Bridge, where at Early the *beau ideal* of a fishing hostelry exists, and of which and its waters I shall speak in detail in its proper place, and Sandford Mill. At the corner of Whistley Park it divides itself to the left, and passes Woodley Mill, which branch is a good deal netted by a butcher of Reading, who holds it of B. Palmer, Esq., of Sonning. The right hand branch is, however, tolerably well preserved by Leveson Gower, Esq. (inn, the Elephant and Castle, Whistley), and after skirting the park falls over a disused mill, both branches passing under the Great Western Railway and on to Twyford, the one branch working the Twyford Mill (Mr. W. H. Davis), and then off for The Thames opposite Shiplake, by the hamlet of Burrow. As Drayton has it—

Contributing her store,
As still we see the much runs over to the more.

The Loddon contains pike, roach of inferior size, chub that grow somewhat heavy, a few dace, enormous eels, and a trout or so at the head. It is for the greater part a sluggish stream running over marl and mud after it leaves Pamber, and most uncertain in its sport, as it colours considerably after but little rain.

APPENDIX.

DISTANCES BY WATER FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER.

THE following list of places mentioned in the present work shows the relative distances by water from one to another, and the altitude of the fall at each lock, not of course including the declension of the river's flow between the specified places. To find the distance from any place to London Bridge, the 44 miles by water to Windsor should be added. Thus it is 115 miles 4 furlongs from London Bridge to Oxford, and 71 miles 4 furlongs from thence to Windsor Bridge.

From Windsor.		From Oxford.		NAME OF PLACE.
Miles.	Furlgs.	Miles.	Furlgs.	
—	—	71	4	Windsor Bridge.
—	3	71	7	Windsor Railway Bridge.
2	3	69	1	Boveney Lock; fall 3ft. 6in.
3	1	68	3	Surly Hall.
4	4	67	—	Water Oakley.
5	—	66	4	Monkey Island.
5	4	66	—	Bray Lock; fall 1ft. 9in.
5	6	65	6	Bray.
6	4	65	—	Maidenhead Railway Bridge.
6	6	64	6	Maidenhead Bridge.
7	5	63	7	Boulter's Lock; fall 6ft.
10	5	60	7	Cookham Lock; fall 4ft.
11	2	60	2	Cookham Bridge.
12	2	59	2	Marlow Road Railway Bridge.
14	5	56	7	Marlow Lock; fall 5ft. 6in.
14	6	56	6	Marlow Suspension Bridge.
16	2	55	2	Temple Lock; fall 4ft.
16	6	54	6	Hurley Lock; fall 3ft. 4in.
18	2	53	2	Medmenham.
20	—	51	4	Hambledon Lock; fall 4ft. 8in.
22	6	48	6	Henley Bridge.
23	4	48	—	Marsh Lock; fall 4ft. 6in.
26	1	45	3	Wargrave Ferry.
26	2	45	2	Wargrave Railway Bridge.
26	4	45	—	Shiplake Lock; fall 3ft. 6in.
29	—	42	4	Sonning Bridge.
29	3	42	2	Sonning Lock; fall 4ft.
32	2	39	2	Caversham Lock; fall 4ft. 6in.

From Windsor.		From Oxford.		NAME OF PLACE.
Miles.	Furlgs.	Miles.	Furlgs.	
32	7	38	5	Caversham Bridge.
37	—	34	4	Maple-Durham Lock ; fall 5ft.
39	3	32	1	Pangbourne Bridge.
39	4	32	—	Whitchurch Lock ; fall 3ft.
41	7	29	5	Great Hampton Railway Bridge.
43	1	28	3	Goring and Streatley Bridge.
43	2	28	2	Goring Lock ; fall 5ft.
44	—	27	4	Cleeve Lock ; fall 3ft. 4in.
45	3	26	1	Moulsford Ferry.
46	1	25	3	Moulsford Railway Bridge.
46	5	24	7	Little Stoke Ferry.
48	2	23	2	Wallingford Lock ; fall 1ft. 6in.
48	6	22	6	Wallingford Bridge Stone.
50	1	21	3	Preston Crowmarsh Ferry.
50	2	21	2	Benson's Lock ; fall 4ft. 6in.
51	6	19	6	Shillingford Bridge.
52	7	18	5	Dorchester Swing Bridge.
53	—	18	4	Day's Lock ; fall 5ft.
54	4	17	—	Burcot.
56	—	15	4	Clifton Bridge.
56	3	15	1	Clifton Lock ; fall 3ft.
58	1	13	3	Appleford Railway Bridge.
59	5	11	7	Sutton Bridge.
59	6	11	6	Culham Lock ; fall 7ft.
60	1	11	3	Plank Bridge.
62	6	8	6	Abingdon Bridge.
63	2	8	2	Abingdon Lock ; fall 6ft.
65	—	6	4	Newnham Railway Bridge.
68	2	3	2	Sandford Lock ; fall 6ft.
69	2	2	2	Rose Island, Kennington.
70	2	1	2	Iffley Lock ; fall 3ft. 4in.
71	4	—	—	Oxford Bridge.

LIST OF FISHING-TACKLE MAKERS.

[For the convenience of the tourist-angler, and in order to, make the "Rail and the Rod" as useful as possible, we give a list of the fishing-tackle makers and sellers resident in the metropolis.]

- Aldred, Thomas, 126, Oxford-street, W.
 Alfred, W. H. and Son, 54, Moorgate-street, E.C.
 Allport, Mrs. Mary A., 41, Bethnal-green-road, N.E.
 Barnett, Timothy, 3, Goswell-terrace, Goswell-road, E.C.
 Bernard, J. and Son, 4, Church-place, Piccadilly, S.W.
 Billington, John, 93 and 94, Chalton-street, N.W.
 Blacker, Mrs. Sarah, 54, Dean-street, Soho, W.
 Bowness, G., and Son, 12, Bell-yard, Temple-bar, W.C.
 Bowness, Edward, 230, Strand, W.C.
 Brocas, Mrs. Letitia, 25, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.
 Carter, Alfred, 124, St. John-street-road, E.C.
 Carvell, Charles, 44, King's-road, St. Pancras, N.W.
 Chevalier, Bowness, and Son, 12, Bell-yard, W.C.
 Clark, Joseph, 11, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, E.C.
 Crofts, William, 47, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, E.C.
 Cureton, Mrs. E., 114, Snow's-fields, Bermondsey, S.E.
 Davis, Edmund, 21, King William-street, Strand, W.C.
 Dawson and Bowness, 33, Bell-yard, Temple-bar, W.C.
 Dicks, Mrs. E., 112, St. John's-road, Hoxton, N.
 Eaton and Deller, 6 and 7, Crooked-lane, E.C.
 Edmonds, William, 15, East-road, City-road, N.
 Farlow, Charles, 191, Strand, W.C.
 Fernandes, Marco, 2, Devonshire-square, N.E.
 Foster, John, 10, St. John's-road, Portland-road, W.
 Gee, W., 19, Little St. Andrew-street, W.C.
 Gillett, John, 115, Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, E.C.
 Gould, Alfred, 268a, Oxford-street, W.
 Gowland and Co., 3 and 4, Crooked-lane, E.C.
 Hollamby, Benjamin, 24, Francis-street, Tottenham-court-road, W.C.

- Holroyd, John Spear, 59, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
Jones, James and Co., 111, Jermyn-street, S.W.
Joy, Henry Griffith, 6, Opera-arcade, Pall-mall, S.W.
Kenning, George, 4, Little Britain, E.C.
Kewell, Charles, 98, St. John-street-road, E.C.
Kitchingham, Alfred, 37, Somerset-place, Hoxton, N.
Little, Giles, 15, Fetter-lane, Holborn, E.C.
Macgowan, John, 7, Bruton-street, New Bond-street, W.
M'Kiernan, James, 15, St. John's-lane, E.C., and 7, Albion-place,
Clerkenwell, E.C.
Martin, John, 4, Belvedere, Cambridge-road, N.E.
Polden, Mrs., 29, Castle-street, Leicester-square, W.C.
Quarrier, Mrs. Elizabeth, 17, Little Gray's-inn-lane, E.C.
Reynolds and Johnson, 69, High Holborn, W.C.
Roblow Thos. H., 30, Upper Marylebone-street, W.
Sowerbutts, T. H., 3, Blossom-terrace, Commercial-street, N.E.
Strachan, James, 22, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, W.
Tennant, William M., 6, Holywell-lane, E.C..
Vieweg, Francis, 249, Old Kent Road, S.E.
Williams, Frederick, 13, Broad-court, Bow-street, W.C.
Williams, T., 26A, Upper York-street, Bryanston-square, W.
Wright, Charles, 376, Strand, W.C.
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LIST OF LONDON ANGLING SOCIETIES.

Name of Society.	Place of Meeting.	Nights of Meeting.
Alliance Angling Society	Red Lion, 5, Great Warner-street, Clerkenwell	Friday and Sunday
Amicable Society of Anglers	Cherry Tree, 85, Upper White-cross-street, St. Luke's	Saturday and Sunday
Amicable Waltonians	George the Fourth, 156, Goswell-street	Friday and Sunday
Brothers Well Met	Berkeley Castle, Rahere-street, Goswell-road	Sunday and Monday
Cavendish	King's Head, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square	Not known
City of London	The Anglers, Union-street, Bishopsgate	Thursday and Sunday
Finsbury Society of Anglers	Bald Face Stag, Worship-sq., Finsbury	Wednesday and Sunday
Friendly Anglers	Jacob's Well, 25, New Inn Broadway, Shoreditch	Wednesday and Sunday
Friendly Anglers	Hope Arms, 51, Duke-street, Oxford-street	Wednesday
Golden Tench	Victoria, Charlotte-st., Euston-road	Saturday and Sunday
Piscatorial Silver Trout	Star and Garter, 44, Pall Mall Freemasons' Arms, 81, Long Acre	Monday Sunday
True Waltonians	Crown, 12, Pentonville-road	Tuesday
United Society of Anglers	Wellington, 222, Shoreditch	Wednesday and Sunday
Walton and Cotton	Crown and Woolpack, 75, St. John-street-road	Monday, Wednesday and Sunday
Walton Society of Anglers	The Ship, 14, Berkeley-street, Clerkenwell	Sunday
Waltonians	King's Head, 34, Great Portland-street	Not known
Titles of Societies not known	White Horse, 105, Long-acre	} Not known
	Seymour Arms, 9, Seymour-street, Bryanston-square	
	Rose and Crown, 62, Tottenham-court-road	
	Knave of Clubs, 23, Club-row, Bethnal Green	
	Fitzroy Arms, 21, Clipston-street, Dorset-square	
	Fish & Bell, 9, Charles-st., Soho	
	Camden Arms, 1, Great Randolph-street, Camden-town	

THE RAIL AND THE ROD;

OR,

TOURIST-ANGLER'S GUIDE

TO

WATERS AND QUARTERS AROUND LONDON.

No. III.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

By GREVILLE F. (BARNES),

FISCATORIAL CORRESPONDENT TO THE "FIELD" JOURNAL.

LONDON:

HOBACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

1867.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HORACE COX, 846, STRAND, W.C.

PREFACE.

IN making my third appearance in the "Rail and the Rod," I cannot divest myself of the notion that I resemble, in some degree, those favoured vocalists, who, albeit of a comic order, are called again and again to the footlights by stentorian *encores*, and comply with the wishes of their audience by singing another song. In giving utterance, however, to this new version, I cannot help expressing satisfaction at finding I have engaged the attention of so many readers beyond those for whom my works were specially designed, and that amongst them are many who, confessedly knowing nothing of fishing, have cheerfully followed the footsteps of the angler with pleasure and profit, in his wanderings. This is as it should be; and although I never flattered myself that it would be my lot thus to stir the apathetic into enthusiasm, there exists a parallel in other arts where the non-professional falls into raptures with the contemplation of some happy composition, whether in painting, music, or sculpture. But if the power that has been used be analysed, the writer himself will be shorn of no inconsiderable amount of credit, and the actual reasons of the enormous success of the two first parts of the "Rail and the Rod" become manifest. It is simply that these works contain just a sufficient spice of the

roving, rambling—not to say “vagabondising”—spirit so innate in and so loved by Englishmen. They remind the boy of what he has done, and what he would like to do again; and they recal passages in the life, and places to the memory of the man endeared to him by early associations, divested of all the little troubles and anxieties of his youth. To read of rivers is, moreover, next to following their sinuous and lovely course, and, above all, that sport which they afford is free from a taint of any of those social leprosies which almost every other human pursuit appears in turn to be fated to endure, and—may God keep it so!

TO
J. ALFRED LOCKWOOD, Esq.,

A
TRUE LOVER
OF
THE THAMES,
AND
AN AMIABLE COMPANION
BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD,

THIS WORK
IS EARNESTLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TABLE OF PLACES ALLUDED TO,

EMBRACING THE STATIONS, DISTANCES, FARES, &c.*

PLACE.	PAGE.	MILES FROM LONDON.	SINGLE JOURNEY TICKETS.		RETURN TICKETS.	
			First.	Second.	First.	Second.
			s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Wandsworth (to Putney).....	14	4½	0 8	0 6	1 0	0 9
Putney (to Barnes)	15	6	0 9	0 7	1 0	0 10
Barnes (to Mortlake).....	19	7	0 9	0 7	1 0	0 10
Mortlake (to Kew).....	23	8½	1 0	0 10	1 6	1 3
Kew (to Brentford and Isleworth) ...	27	9½	1 0	0 9	1 6	1 0
Brentford	29	10½	1 0	0 9	1 6	1 0
Isleworth (to Richmond).....	29	12½	1 3	1 0	2 0	1 6
Richmond (to Twickenham)	32	9½	1 3	1 0	2 0	1 6
Twickenham (to Teddington)	36	11½	1 6	1 2	2 4	1 10
Bushey Park (to Kingston).....	38	14½	2 0	1 6	2 6	2 0
Hampton Wick (to New Kingston) ...	41	14½	2 0	1 6	2 6	2 0
New Kingston (to Thames Ditton) ...	41	15	2 0	1 6	2 6	2 0
Thames Ditton (to Hampton Court ...	44	14	2 0	1 6	2 6	2 0
Hampton Court (to Sunbury).....	47	15	2 0	1 6	2 9	2 0
Sunbury (to Walton)	51	16½	2 6	2 0	3 0	2 6
Walton (to Weybridge)	53	17	3 0	2 0	4 0	3 0
Weybridge (to Shepperton)	53	19	3 6	2 6	5 0	3 6
Shepperton (to Chertsey)	57	18½	3 0	2 4	4 0	3 0
Chertsey (to Staines)	59	22½	4 0	3 0	5 6	4 0
Staines (to Wraysbury)	64	19	3 2	2 2	5 0	3 6
Wraysbury (to Datchet)	65	21½	3 9	2 4	5 6	3 9
Datchet (to Windsor)	74	23½	3 9	2 6	5 6	3 9
Windsor	76	25½	3 9	2 10	5 6	4 3

* The Third Class fare may be calculated by the distances given at one penny per mile.

THE RAIL AND THE ROD.

No. III.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

GENERAL REMARKS.

It is but natural to recal, while standing upon Waterloo Bridge with our rod and sketch-book, before commencing our present ramble, the words of quaint old Roger Griffiths, the writer water-bailiff, who wrote upwards of a century and a half ago, that "when we consider the rise, course, extent and navigation, product, and the vast number of people it wholly maintains, the Thames is the most wonderful river of the British Isles, if not of the whole world." But what would this "model of his craft" have said now, regarding the Thames embankment, but that the grandeur of its conception, the solidity of its construction, and the suggestive nature of its mission, render it the finest work which has fallen to the share of London since the "Great Fire"—a measure of national importance which cannot do other than extend itself far above our splendid river, and render its margin similar and uniform for miles into the country. The new Conservancy, in conjunction with the Board of Works, mean nothing less than to give a homogeneous character to the banks of the river; not, of course, by expensive masonry, but by raising and widening the towing-path, where necessary, to remove it from the effects of floods, and thus make one grand promenade and equestrian ride, if not a carriage way, from London to Richmond. There is no great difficulty in this, man and Nature having already done

much, it is only here and there that connecting links are necessary to be repaired, portions of the Thames taken in, and a few swamps filled up, to accomplish what at the first blush might be considered a labour of a lifetime.

If ever angling in the immediate vicinity of London should revive as of old—which is rendered so problematical from the introduction of steam—I am inclined to believe it will never be practised again from punt or wherry to the east, at least, of Chelsea Bridge. Indeed, it would be futile to expect to see a return of that period when angler-watermen were met with at almost any stairs between Somerset House and London Bridge—when their usual fare for rowing and attending upon anglers, whether one or three, was threepence per hour, besides what they had for the ground-bait, for which an agreement was made beforehand to avoid being imposed upon. We may hope, however, for more home pitches on *terra firma*, taking the wall of the Thames embankment as our stand-point, than our forefathers enjoyed in 1736, for a writer then said:—"I know but one place where a man may stand on shore and angle, which is under the wall that fronts Fishmonger's Hall, near London Bridge." "The best places for pitching a boat to angle in the Thames" were then "about 150 yards from York Stairs, the Savoy, Somerset Garden Wall, Dorset Stairs, Blackfriars Stairs, the Dung Wharf (near Water-lane), Trig Stairs, and Essex Stairs. On Surrey side the Falcon Stairs, Barge Houses, Cuper's (vulgarly called Cupid's) Stairs, the Windmill, and Lambeth. Some, with very good success, pick out a stand upon the shore among the chalk stones at the banks of the Isle of Dogs, near Limehouse, under the windmills, and fish there from dead-ebb till within an hour or more of high-water, retiring backwards as the tide comes in."

But this is of the past; it is with the present and future we have to deal. To do this to the satisfaction of the angler-tourist it is intended to be as practical as it is possible in all the details of the angling on our route, and to allude only to what we know from actual experience, or derive from the most reliable sources of information. The fish with which we shall have to do will be samlets artificially bred, and "skeggers," the sickly produce of the same, which are detained from reaching the salt waters (for that adult salmon in any numbers will ever again visit the Thames while sewage and steam are supreme, I regret to say I have not the remotest expectation), the trout, the smelt, the grayling, the pike or jack, the perch, the roach, the dace, the

chub, the carp, the tench, the barbel, the bream, the eel, the bleak, the gudgeon, the flounder, &c., together with the places most frequented by them.

The South-Western Railway is essentially a "fishing line," and it requires but little foresight to pronounce upon the excellence and attractions of its future. There is no line, indeed, out of London, which is so bisected, and in many cases accompanied, by excellent streams. The legislative protection of salmon will add materially to its attractions, and I am continuing to receive the most favourable reports in connection with the operations of this really national movement, literally multiplying the golden harvest of our waters. The latest writers all agree that the Devon and Wiltshire rivers chosen by this splendid fish as its occasional home and nursery are or can be vastly improved. So that at one of the ends of the South-Western line—as well as midway in its course, the noblest of rod fishing is within reach of a few hours' journey from town, while there exists not a portion of its extent but from which angling of one kind or another is reachable within a mile or two. The officials throughout the whole of the line are very obliging to the angler, who will find, by whatever class he travels—whether alone or with a gamekeeper—the sight of the rod is enough to command respect, and to obtain for him fresh water for his gasping live bait if he carries them with him. In summer this company generally have excursions to Bideford, Barnstaple, Exeter, Salisbury, &c., at exceedingly reasonable fares, giving a whole week's leave of absence, and the advantages of a special train. Should the weather at those periods be propitious, I would suggest to my brother anglers who are curious respecting waters which differ from their home streams in so many respects, that they should take advantage of this liberality, and, if they do not put their rods together, I will promise them such a treat of aqueous scenery that does not often fall to the lot even of a continental tourist, and such living—solid and fibre-making—as can scarcely be obtained elsewhere.

The best persons of whom to inquire respecting "the waters and the quarters" are the railway agents; and the best mode to judge of the nature of the rivers, short of walking, is to sit by the window of the carriage, and watch the silver bands of Nature's livery, coquetting with your eye like childhood's first acquaintance; now rushing joyously into light, now bashfully hiding for a while behind some luxuriously wooded knoll, then bursting suddenly under the embankment, as if to court an excla-

mation of surprise, then, to change the simile, off like an arrow, with flashing barb, darting into the darkness of yonder wood as if sent from a well-strung bow on the mission of *deer* life. Under such circumstances, the artificial flies in your pocket appear to be endowed with a knowledge of their destiny, and to flutter for release, as the surface of the again nearing waters is geometrized into concentric circles by the disturbance of the fish as the locomotive dashes by. Indeed, the extreme South-Western line is a double panorama of glorious nature, and the rivers—for there are three or four—are never out of sight for more than a few minutes, while the woods and hills, even in the midst of winter, present a continuous banquet to the vision, insuring, by a whirl through these valleys, as delightful a solace to the wearied senses as a tourist could desire, or the most poetic mind anticipate. And all for less, if we may descend to prose, than that expended in two or three visits to a doctor, who affects to know more about you, a stranger to him, than he does about himself. If, however, the angler cares not to go so far as the north of Devon, there is Honiton, with its miles of Otter, and the various streams above Salisbury, not forgetting below that “spirey town,” Fordingbridge and Ringwood; and yet nearer home, Winchester with its Itchen, and Stockbridge with its Test; or, upon the Weymouth line, the many streams which intersect the New Forest, where there are “spots” open here and there, well known to the innkeepers of the district, if the visitor be not fortunate enough to have an introduction to the owner of the more exclusive waters. I could name very many more places and reasons for the strongest recommendation of the South-Western Railway to the consideration of my brother anglers, which would fully show that it is one of the best for sport, and of great variety.

My present pleasing task is, however, to deal with this railway, and one or two of its branches, within thirty miles of London; and it may be necessary to premise to the reader that, as we start together up stream, each station will terminate at the commencement of the next; thus Putney commences at Fulham Bridge and its district ends at Barnes (Hammersmith) Bridge. Then Barnes, commencing at the Bridge, terminates at Mortlake, and so on to Windsor. This arrangement, it will be seen, prevents that confusion which would arise in giving details *all round* a locality, both up and down; and therefore the previous text, when referred to, will at once supply a presumed want.

The style of angling in the Thames has undergone several changes of late years, which have emanated entirely from an increased ambition on the part of the scientific angler to keep pace with the more wary character of the fish, doubtless induced by the multiplication of rods and the less sequestered nature of the river. The primitive style of angling pursued two hundred years ago by the puntmen of the Thames is still religiously adhered to in many places, more, I fancy, from an indolent reverence for what "father always did," than a conviction of its comparative utility. And, indeed, any change which appears to have taken place amongst these pollards of the stream, has clearly arisen, not so much from example, as the gift of improved tackle from gentlemen anglers; and even with this gratuitous aid it is only upon state occasions, or for well-known customers, that the cart whip rods, the thick and much-used lines, and the rusty barbless hooks, are left in the back yard, and the more choice and delicate tackle preferred. The Nottingham style has done much for the Thames angler, and he should be grateful for its introduction to Nottingham George, Bailey and others; but few Thames anglers can as yet work the wooden reel with that skill and nicety which gives the *modus operandi* of this finished manner of fishing, all its grace and effect. The returns of takes for years past in my diary convince me of the immense superiority of single hair over gut, but I am inclined to believe that this material would be too tender for the long strike necessary to the Nottingham swim. If this could be accomplished, a second benefit would result—the one being, unquestionably, the advantage of letting the bait go to the fish, the other would then be the additional fineness of the connecting link above the bait. I know I am almost alone in this partiality for single hair in Thames angling, but if there were no other reason for its use than that the killing a fish with it requires more delicacy and adroitness, I should consider these qualifications sufficient; as *sport* with me has always been the primary consideration, and the capture of the fish alone looked upon as a reward for superior art and dexterity. As to baits in the Thames they still remain almost conventional—lob-worms, red worms, gentles, paste, and greaves being the principal. Bullocks' brains scattered as an attraction, and the pith (spinal marrow) of the ox skilfully prepared by boiling, cheese-paste and bloodworm have an occasional and ephemeral ascendancy; but, although of wondrous power over chub, roach, and gudgeon, somehow they do not keep their own, and

fall back—mayhap from difficulties of procuring them, and of their application to the hook—into almost piscatorial oblivion. Pearl barley and wheat, both scalded, still continue favourite baits for roach, and where two hooks are used baited with both—a practice not pursued by the refined sportsman—a brace of fish, generally a dace on the higher hook and a roach on the lower, have been taken in many instances at the same time. The perch have been caught principally by a light ledger, the punt being allowed to drift gradually down stream, now and then checked by the pole, or, what is better, a half hundredweight attached to a rope, and the lead of the ledger being raised ever and anon from the bottom and the stream permitted to carry the bait down a foot or so at each movement.

The rake has come again into fashion for roach, dace, and chub-angling, and it has very considerably contributed to the success of the punt fisher. The method of using the rake upon these occasions differs from that pursued for gudgeons, which, for the latter, is made to pass over the gravel before the punt, and to disturb the exact spot fished. Not so in the present case. Here the puntsman takes his stand on the up side of the punt, and, agitating the bottom above, sends down and under the punt the deposit, which allures the fish within reach of the bait. It is curious that this process should not have been pursued before in the Thames, and it can alone be accounted for by reason of the great objection some of the fishermen have to any manual exertion which exceeds the power necessary to impart the merest impulse to the passage of the punt over the water's surface. This is a good sign of returning energy amongst a class of men who require a little exercise short of Bantingism: the fact is the observant angler knew full well that with the quantity of animalculæ and other natural food in the deposit of the river it was next to useless ground-baiting, and he thus devised and insisted on a plan which surprised the phlegmatic as well as the lazy.

Moreover, the triturating effect on the river's *débris*, in a sanitary sense, is to send these deposits downward to the sea, and get rid of much that is unhealthy to the neighbourhood, and injurious, by its encouragement of the rankest vegetation, to the stream. I know of several instances upon the river's banks, where private individuals have kept swims, reachable by the rod from their lawns, thus free from impurities. In these swims fish are almost always to be found; and shoals of roach, which no amount of ground-bait would have tempted to remain beyond

feeding time, have made them their permanent abodes. The facts are simple, but these simple facts get ignored or overlooked, and make just the difference between the piscatorial resources at the end of one garden or near another. All anglers are not observant alike, but few can have failed to notice that where there is a passage for traffic across a stream, there the gravel or sand is forced by the agitation of wheels or the feet of horses to give forth its earthy particles. There, upon what is but a clean scour, fish will be always found in genial seasons. And, again, in deeper waters, where the pail, by ladling, prevents the growth of weeds or fungoid excrescences at the bottom, large roach, perch, chub, gudgeons, and dace may be seen by those who approach warily to inspect their depths. With the prospect of the arrest, as far as can be, of the sewage from above entering the river, this task of keeping certain places as pebbly bright as a trout stream must prove more and more facile.

When chub are on the feed in the Thames, the angler could not do better than fish for them with small frogs, if this bait is procurable. There is nothing a chub prefers to this tit-bit. It appears to be irresistible. Try him with lob-worms, gentles, bullocks' pith, greaves, and paste—he will have none of them. But a baby frog—a tender hopper that has but now lost its tail, apparently broken its back, altered the colour of its eyes, widened its mouth, and changed the hue of its skin from black to grey while forcing its legs through its stomach; in fact, a frog a day or so old (as a frog) that has just escaped from its animated frying-pan form, and renounced once and for ever the tadpole shape and the latter's wriggling conventionalities—this will allure, fascinate, and make captive the largest and most wily old wide-mouthed chub. In placing our little friend upon the hook there is even no occasion to go the length of old Izaak, who, while telling us to "treat it as though we loved it," dwells upon the best place wherein to thrust the barbed steel. Let the hook be placed flat upon the back, and by encircling the belly of the frog with a piece of silk or an elastic band, giving a half-hitch round the gut a little above the hook, both hook and frog may be attached without taking the pluck out of your unwilling confederate. Strike immediately you feel the fish. You may safely do this, as the instant the chub takes *Master Froggy* that moment the latter is bolted. There is no mastication in this case. It is snapped up—gone! An epicure would as soon compress his teeth through a native oyster as a chub

commit so gastronomic a blunder as to destroy the slightest vitality in this delightful morsel. It may be that the indolent ease with which a small frog is swallowed by a chub possesses a charm to the largest and laziest *Leuciscus cephalus*. He has but to open his capacious jaws opposite to the head of his tiny stomachic guest, and the new comer does all the rest of the agreeable operation. A skip and a jump, and our little interesting friend is in chubby's larder. It is possible there is something agreeable in the tickling excitement consequent upon its descent to the piscatorial epigastrium, and, mayhap, a sensation not altogether unpleasant at the pit of the stomach, before the gastric-juice has seized the tiny bit of entombed vitality and made it its own. I have a lively recollection of boys at my school who evidently derived no little gratification from swallowing small frogs. A boy would put one on his protruded tongue, and the little victim, seeing a dark hole before him, would take the fatal leap down "red-lane," like a Curtius on all fours—certainly for the benefit of the country he was visiting; if I may judge from the hale and hearty constitutions of the juvenile frog-eaters in question, who have since provided the physical material for some of our most eminent men.

It will be expected that something should be said here respecting illegal netting in the Thames, and, what is yet more to be denounced, the capture and killing of under-sized fish by angling. Now although the river is staked from Twickenham Ait to the Countess of Waldegrave's boathouse, as well as the whole of the Horse Reach between Petersham Ait and Twickenham, there is a spot opposite Petersham-lane on the Middlesex side, and another near Ham, on the Surrey side, which have obtained appropriate names amongst the poachers for the facilities they afford to the draught of the net. The netting again at Hampton is too bare-faced to dare denial, and the district between Teddington and Kingston is systematically screened. These facts are known to residents, and should be equally patent to all who have an interest in knowing the truth. The men—when I and others have seen them at work—make no secret of it; they neither pull with muffled oars, or speak in bated breath. Of course they know that they are doing what is unlawful, but they treat the whole affair as one to which use has made them accustomed, and to which the trifling *souçon* of risk adds an additional zest. Add to this, if they have a guarantee against loss in their pockets from the wealthy Jews

to whose religious observances they contribute, the wreck of their tackle may prove a positive gain to them, besides the pride arising from being complimented by their betters if they succeed by a good haul of dace to supply the oleagenous frying-pan of Moses. Depend upon it, if netting ceases for a while, it is either that the fish are not in demand, or that they have not attained a size to be stopped by the mesh.* As to the taking of under-sized fish by angling, I have constantly urged that the bailiffs of the Thames Angling Preservation Society should show their earnestness by every lawful and courteous means. My words have been:— Let the bailiffs persevere—make no distinction—search the punts of gentlemen subscribers, and professional puntsmen alike. The committeeman's well at Sunbury, Halliford, or Shepperton, equally with the vacancies of the wherries between floor-boards and keels, should be peered into. Favour and rank are out of the question in such a case. If the raid is to be effective it must be impartial. Let the bailiffs bear this in mind: there may be men amongst the committee who will purposely place a few score of small fish in their wells to try the general character of the keeper's operations. Woe be to the man, then, who flinches from a duty so clear, defined, and at length deemed imperative! Nor should bank fishers escape a test so important and useful to the whole community of anglers. Baskets and bags should open cheerfully at the approach of the bailiff. The banks in the neighbourhood should be looked to, long grass overhauled, old pollards ransacked; indeed, every effort should be made to spread a wholesome terror amongst those men who, next to the acknowledged poachers, are as bad as two-legged otters can be. Indeed, it is possible in one sense, they are worse, for the poacher does admit his calling, and defies you. The murderer of small fry does the work by stealth, fully knowing the nature of the illegal and destructive acts he is committing. If a distinction is to be made at all amongst anglers, the greater penalty should visit the bank fisher, although I am ready to admit he is generally the poorer man in comparison with those that occupy punts, inasmuch as the former by necessity is compelled to let the fish die, and there an end; while the latter, by letting them repose in the well and their natural element, gives the poor little piscatorial brats (how near the word is to sprats!) a chance. I am inclined to believe that the com-

* Although, from the diminutive size of the mesh often used, the net is now called "muslin."

pliance with this measure is almost the last that has been sought at the hands of the Thames Angling Protection Society—a concession which has followed the many, however tardily granted, which have derived their impetus and vitality from the columns of the *Field*. Yes, by the by, there are one or two more yet to be granted: the permission for fishermen to lay their lines in the deeps, debarring them from doing so in the shallows; an annual election of the members of the committee, by which new blood and fresh zeal might be infused into that body, and the opening of voluntary subscription lists for small sums at the various public resorts of anglers upon the banks, in augmentation of the society's funds. In this way I feel assured a large sum might be annually secured if—that little if!—the society would show that they really have the welfare of the Thames sincerely at heart.

In a work of this special nature some observations upon the artificial breeding of salmon, trout, and grayling will be naturally looked for, but as I have, while scientifically assisting the system to my utmost, always held a doubtful view of the subject, I approach it with no little diffidence, as my conviction is so opposed to many men of great zeal and sincerity. It would take up more space than I can afford for the reasons of my conclusions, but it will tend materially to their terseness and comprehension if I state that the results of careful watchfulness and comparison between the naturally bred fish and those artificially reared, has led me to think that the latter, to a certain extent, are almost invariably mal-formed, and that this is shown more conspicuously than elsewhere between the vent and the tail.* If this be the case, and the paddle-power of the fish is thus deprived in part of its physical functions, the question as to what becomes of many of them after their release into the river is readily answered, as they have neither the means of that competitive velocity requisite to escape from their enemies,

* Since writing the above, I have made inquiries of several gentlemen and others who have taken a most praiseworthy part in the stocking of our rivers and lakes by artificial propagation, and although the majority, either positively or negatively differ in the above notion, there are those who tell me that the fact has been known to them for a long period of time. As these men are fishermen working for their living—men entrusted with the watching of the ova and fry, and men holding official positions on the river, I can no longer have a doubt but that at least there is something in an hypothesis I had previously hesitated to propound.

or to pursue their food, nor have they the qualifications in full to overleap impediments to their progress up stream, where, for the future, their best spawning beds will have to be found. This applies generally to all descriptions of artificially reared fish; but, with salmon in particular, the impression amongst the oldest and most experienced fishermen is, that the delicate smolt can never pass the ordeal of the sewer water, whether it be met at Yantlet Creek or near the mouth of the Thames, at Maplin Sands, unless such sewage is anticipated and absorbed before it reaches their native element. But long ere this is effected—if it should ever be so—the smolts already released and that might have escaped to sea, would have been compelled to find and adopt other homes, as on their return they would give a very wide berth to salt water in the slightest degree impregnated with offensive matters.

The question of the effect of sewage upon fish is apparently a complicated one, because most persons will not consent to separate "fine" fish from the coarser kinds. This done, the solution of a supposed contradiction is simple enough. Sewage in any quantity, however small, will more or less affect the welfare of salmon and trout. Increase the proportion of sewage, and gudgeon begin to disappear from the waters, the grayling or umbra passes like a shadow from the stream, and dace soon follow. The fact is these fish require a clean pebbly bed for the various operations of their nature—take that away from under them, and they seek more appropriate quarters or die in the attempt. Not so roach, carp, tench, &c., although in a gastronomic point of view they are all the better for clean water. Roach actually thrive in a certain amount of pollution, and increase in bulk and flesh by the weeds and animaculæ it engenders, as do carp and tench. But let us go on enlarging the proportion of sewage, and then we find the flesh of these fish becoming flaccid, their scales yawning, and blood exuding from their sides, brought on by repletion and coarseness of diet. Such fish will not keep fresh a night, and will stink ere morning. Experiments which have been made with a decoction or essence of *esparto* grass, show that water may be very largely charged with this extract without any appreciable effect upon fish of the finest or coarsest nature. Thus no fear for the safety of the fish need arise where the washings alone of *esparto* escape into rivers. But if the chemicals afterwards applied in bleaching and maceration are permitted to enter the water, the conse-

quences are immediate and fatal; and few more heart-rending sights to an angler can be witnessed, than the scene of piscatory death which ensues: the poor fish being first deprived of sight by the burning caustic, and then rushing in their agony ashore, to die half in and half out of their natural element, their chalky orbits glaring lifelessly as if in reproach for so wanton an act—for all is wanton which can be obviated.

One word for the fishermen. I feel convinced that these men never would have signed away their birthright—for the use of the net above Richmond Bridge may be so understood—if they had not believed that the implied permission to lay night lines for eels in the deeps would be accorded to them. It is a great mistake to suppose that if a fisherman lay his lines in the deeps he will take fish out of season and not eels. The fact is just the reverse; the fish out of season are caught upon the shallows, and eels in deep water. It ought not to be forgotten that eels are most destructive creatures, and that they not only feed upon the spawn of all other fish, but even seize the tiny fry.

A few extracts from the Bye-laws of the Thames, it being a work of some little difficulty to obtain, may be quoted here:—

Salmon are not to be taken with a net of less than 6in. in the mesh, and no salmon of less than 6lb. may be killed. No salmon from the Thames or Medway to be sold between 10th September and 25th January—penalty, 5*l*.

For pike, jack, perch, roach, chub, and barbel, with a flue or stream net of not less than 6in. in the mesh throughout, with a facing of 7in., and not more than 16 fathoms long—a fathom being 6ft.

For flounders, with a net with not less than 2½in. in the mesh, and not more than 16 fathoms long, and no flounder less than 7in. from eye to tail to be taken. Flounders may be taken all the year, except between Hall Haven and Fishness, from the 21st December to the 21st February.

For dace, with a single blay-net, not less than 2in. in the mesh, and not more than 13 fathoms long, to be worked by fleeting (that is, without being fixed to any post, pole, stone, &c., in the water), with a boat and a buoy.

No one may fish for gudgeons westward of Richmond, except by angling or by wheels, under a penalty of 5*l*.

For smelts, with a net of not less than 1½in. in the mesh, and of not greater length than 16 fathoms, to be worked by fleeting only with a boat and a buoy, under the penalty of 5*l*. for every offence. Smelts shall only be taken eastward of Purfleet from 25th March to 1st November, and westward of Purfleet from the 25th March to the 1st May. [Showing that they are out of season below, and in season above, when in spawn or spawning.]

Pike, jack, perch, roach, dace, chub, barbel, and gudgeon shall only be taken between the 1st July and the 1st March, except such as shall be taken in the month of June by angling.

For eels, leaps (that is, lines baited with worms and a cork at each end) and rods. Withys stuck into the sand or mud with a line shall be baited only for eels from 21st April to 30th October. Lampreys shall only be taken from 24th August to 13th March.

The use of eel spears is forbidden under the penalty of "imprisonment and fine."

No notice whatever is taken of bream in the bye-laws. It appeared to me anomalous that smelt fishing with a 1½ in. mesh should be permitted during the fence months, but this privilege it would appear is only accorded to a few, and then over a very small space of ground, which is from the Ship at Mortlake, to Barker's Rails, the corner by the new railway bridge, at Strand-on-the-Green. But there remains "the floundering question," which I admit put me figuratively on my back, for by the examination of the bye-laws—a scarce book indeed—I find that a "rug" net of 2½ in. may be worked all through the river, above Richmond Bridge excepted.

The following are the sizes of fish below which anglers are not permitted to kill under a penalty of 5*l.* for each offence:—Trout not less than 11*lb.*; pike, jack, or barbel, not less than 12 in.; chub not less than 9 in.; perch and roach, not less than 8 in.; flounders not less than 7 in.; dace or smelts, not less than 6 in., and gudgeons not less than 5 in. In each case measuring from the eye to the end of the tail. The fence months are from the 10th September to the 25th January for trout, and for jack, roach, dace, chub, barbel, and gudgeon, the months of March, April, and May.

All netting is illegal between Richmond Bridge and the City Stone, except a cast net for bait only, not to exceed 13 ft. in circumference, and an angler's landing net, under a penalty of 5*l.* for every offence. The river keepers are empowered to enter the vessel of any person taking fish, and to search for and seize all spawn, fry, brood of fish, and unsizeable, unwholesome, or unseasonable fish, and also all unlawful nets and engines, and to seize on the store or stores adjoining to the river all unlawful nets, spawn, fry, brood, &c.

With these somewhat lengthy prefatory and general remarks it is scarcely necessary to remind the angler-tourist that, in his rambles, he will ever find that much of the angularity of strange associations will be rapidly rubbed off by concealing, if not altogether smothering, prejudices; or, what is better, leaving them at home and taking things as they come with grace and thankfulness. A bag of comfits for the children, a few coppers or

three-penny bits for the halt, the old and the blind, a "Brumma-gem" ring, or brooch or so for the girls, tobacco for the men; and gentlemanly purpose and kindly sentiment to all, will get a man over the ground and through difficulties, which to the rude and unbending are most annoying, if not unsurmountable.

WANDSWORTH (to PUTNEY).

Station Master, Mr. TEWSELEY.

Distance from London, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

FARES:—First-class 8d., Second 6d.; Return—First-class 1s., Second 9d.

THERE is a likely place for roach and dace near Battersea New Bridge, and if the river continues to improve it will doubtless be excellent, as it has been remarked that the fish harbour more and more about this spot. Wandsworth, or as it appears in Domesday Book, Wandlesworth, is so called from the Wandle river and "Sworth," signifying shore. It is six miles and three furlongs from London-bridge by water. Beside the old church resided the well-known Jane Shore. The Feathers public-house, kept by one of the Salters, at the entrance to the Wandle on the right, was resorted to by oarsmen whenever, as it is termed, they had a "greenhorn to sell." This was done by taking a companion here to drink "a yard of ale," which was offered to him in a glass tube of that length, with a bulb so disposed that, if the drinker did not hold the apparatus sufficiently steady to let air in to the bulb to supply the ale as it was displaced, the whole of the liquid that remained would escape with violence over the luckless wight, to the delight of the hoaxers.

Watney's Lawn in front of the house and mill used, years ago, to be a first-rate spot for roach at particular times of tide, and will, in all probability, be so again. I have a memorandum of an old Chelsea pensioner I used to meet fishing here, which records the fact that this man took, in February of the year 1827, 47lb. of roach, flounders, and perch, during a snow-storm which lasted all day. Chub, dace, or bream, were seldom caught about this, nor do I find sufficient records of barbel to make the place of note for the capture of that fish.

The river Wandle, which is not navigable, serves the uses of numerous extensive mills and factories. It is said to turn a

greater number than any river of like size in England. The trout of this river (the "*Vandalis*" of Pope) were formerly abundant and of great richness of flavour. Our dear old Izaak delighted in its fishful qualities, and it is said that the great Lord Nelson, who had residences at Merton and Carshalton, enjoyed much of his leisure in fishing in the Wandle. It reflects great discredit upon those residing near it, that, in these days of sanitary improvement and of cultivated taste, its waters are not only suffered to be completely poisoned, but offensive odours and disgusting appearances have now, for many years, marked its course as it approaches towards the Thames. I have taken many a handsome bag of roach and dace from the public path at the Mill-head, but now I should have to travel inland as far as the estate recently occupied by Samuel Gurney, Esq., or get to Butter's Mills, or mayhap to George Bidder, Esq., before I saw more than half a dozen dace. These gentlemen, however, are doing all they can to keep up a stock of trout, but it is only at the expense of great watchfulness, and an occasional vexatious lawsuit, that they can protect the waters from the fatal contamination with which they are beset from manufactories and other causes. It is said that the May-fly is never seen upon the Wandle. The artificial trout flies used are very small, and the finest gut is necessary with the exercise of great caution and consummate skill, to get half a dozen brace of Wandle trout. The first tram-road formed in England was between Wandsworth and Merstham. George Howard and Jack Buff are the fishermen at Wandsworth.

PUTNEY (to BARNES).

Station Master, Mr. THORNE.

Distance from London, 6 miles.

FARES:—First-class 9d., Second 7d.; Return—First-class 1s., Second 10d.

PUTNEY—anciently Putelei—is seven miles two furlongs from London Bridge by water. The Thames is about the third of a mile from this station. Lewis Gibson is the best man here to apply to for information respecting the river, and is likewise useful in providing bait for anglers going down the line, as he can readily get a few dozen of dace, and meet his customer at the station with them alive. He is an intelligent, civil fellow,

and much patronised by gentlemen, who take him considerable distances into the country fishing, as his resources piscatorial are great, and his tact and experience in his peculiar craft of a high order. Old Lewis Gibson, this man's father, figured in portraiture as often, if not more so, on the Royal Academy's walls, than royalty itself, for whereas the Georges and Williams were as but one picture at that annual pictorial gathering, old Lue was there, mending his nets upon this canvas, laying his eel-pots upon that, and doing something honest but fishy in almost every department of the gallery. I believe young Lewis sits to artists, but he has not yet become sufficiently weather-beaten and deeply seared with wrinkles to make him extremely popular at the Life Academies, but time may create a demand for the presence of the man in his nor'-wester, pea-jacket, and hip boots. But, perhaps, in gaining the requisite age for one art, he may lose in that of another, for his angling trips with gentlemen are now much enlivened by his vocal abilities, and to hear him sing "The Fisherman's Daughter," with a depth of pathos, is to listen to the song in both perfection of voice and character. The fishermen say, that the two churches of Putney and Fulham were built by a pair of angels, who, having but one mallet between them, threw it backward and forwards to each other across the river, and when it arrived, they either cried out "Put-nigh," or "Full-home," and hence the names of the places. There are plenty of roach round and about Putney Bridge, thirty yards west to twenty east of the bridge, in all fifty yards, is preserved from the net. The spot is the middle arch when the tides are not high, say, then, three hours before flood until flood, otherwise the Washing Grain; the next wide arch or lock from the centre on the Surrey side, is the best. John Phelp, the fisherman, has been seen angling here of late. The moat round the Bishop of London's residence, at Fulham, on the opposite side, was, in my recollection, well supplied with jack, roach, carp, eels, &c., but it is now a putrid ditch, all the sewage of Fulham emptying into it. Its appearance, as it issues from the conduit into the Thames, is simply villainous. It is a curious fact that water, as it becomes bad breeds leeches, and its absence of purity might be almost arrived at by the number of these blood-suckers found in a pail full of water dipped from any given place. The Thames is not exempt from this plague, and has been known to be infested by it, more or less, as high as Fulham, when the pool water has flowed up in a bad condition.

It is said that a fishery was established at Putney prior to the Norman Conquest. Sturgeon, if caught here, is the property of the Lord of the Manor, and is usually presented by him either to the Sovereign, or to the Lord Mayor of London. This part of the river Thames possesses an attraction for the thousands of spectators of all ranks, and for the many who are variously concerned in the great university and other boat races which annually take place. The wooden bridge at Putney is ugly to some, dangerous to others, but endeared to many an artist. It is one of the oldest of the Thames bridges. A writer in 1742, says, "It is a handsome wooden fabric, and as convenient, by its many angular indentings, for foot passengers as for horses and coaches. A toll is paid for every one that passes it, let it be ever so often in a day, and the rate pretty much the same as the ferry used to be. And as the proprietors are said to divide 10*l.* or 12*l.* per cent. from the profits of it, 'tis pity, methinks, that foot passengers, who cannot wear the bridge, should pay at all." The last sturgeon caught here was by Lewis Gibson in May, 1867, and weighed 66*lb.*

In Putney there is a free school, founded by Thomas Martyn, a London merchant, who was rescued from drowning by a Putney waterman.

The Bells Tavern, formerly Avis's, has lost its fame in a remarkable manner. The best water-side house is undoubtedly the Star and Garter, kept by Mrs. Baker, and all that is sold there is good and reasonable.

Barn Elms, on the Surrey side, consisted of two houses built by Queen Elizabeth, the one used by herself as a dairy, and the other given by her to her favourite minister Sir Francis Walsingham, who frequently entertained his royal mistress in great state. The celebrated Dr. Dee, the astrologer, visited Queen Elizabeth, at Barn Elms, and was doubtless entrusted by her at times with peculiar and delicate business of a secret nature as a spy or informer. Cowley, the poet; Handel, the composer; Henry Fielding, the novelist; Heydigger, the master of the revels, in the time of the early Georges, and other celebrities, were among the occupiers of Barn Elms during the eighteenth century. Heydigger entertained George II. here, the king coming from Richmond by water. Jacob Tonson, the publisher, when secretary of the Kit Kat Club, resided at Queen Elizabeth's dairy, which is now Elms Farm-house, occupied by Mr. Francis Trowell. In my memory Barn Elms has been the

residence of several families. Here Vice-Chancellor Shadwell lived, who was so fond of bathing that he had the ice broken for him in the depth of winter, and of whom it is related that upon one occasion an injunction being urgently needed, the applicants took a boat, and, rowing out upon the Thames to the Chancellor, he desired them to proceed with their argument, which he heard while floating upon his back, and having thus considered the case he granted the injunction, with the consent to which the astonished lawyer and his clients returned to London. Since that time it has passed through various hands, and is now in the possession of Mr. Garcia, a foreigner. The pleasure grounds of Barn Elms are not extensive for the size of the estate, but they are very pretty, and there is a certain wildness and solitude which renders them interesting. The lake is, or was, full of pike, but the constant succession of proprietors, and their absence from time to time, afforded tempting opportunities of spoliation, which has been carried on here in a most wholesale manner. The pond is fed from a small rivulet, which rises at the back of Wimbledon Common, near Combe Wood, crosses Kingston Bottom, enters Richmond-park, passes through private grounds and market gardens over Barnes Common, and enters the Thames by a creek at Barn Elms.

Between Putney and Hammersmith the dace will be found at dead or neap tides, at which times they may be seen, more particularly off Crabtree Shelf, when, if at night a stone is cast amongst them the silence is disturbed by their rushing into the deeps. Near and about Craven Cottage is a great locality for eel-potting.

Off the jetty of Cowan's Soap Manufactory—Surrey side—there is a tolerably good swim for roach and dace, and doubtless for barbel, as several may be seen of a morning priming just above this spot. Immense quantities of fry collect round the course made by the hot water waste-pipe from Haig's distillery, Middlesex side, and as many as sixty to eighty swans may be counted at a time off this in the winter, whether attracted by the fish or any refuse from the distillery I have not been able to ascertain, but both causes may induce so large a number of these birds to collect here.

BARNES (to MORTLAKE).*Station Master, Mr. RYDER.**Distance from London, 7 miles.***FARES:**—First-class 9d., Second 7d.; Return—First-class 1s., Second 10d.

JUST above the Suspension Bridge, which is nine miles by water from London-bridge, on the Middlesex side, is a shallow which at low water runs into mid-channel, extending, with a break here and there, along the Mall, past Biffin's, the boat-builders, and the Red Lion up to a spot nearly opposite Clarke's lead mills, where dace may be observed during their spawning time and scouring themselves afterwards, in considerable numbers, more particularly at three-quarter ebb tide when, about the first week in May, they rise very freely at the fly. Indeed, capital practice, after the first of June, might be had here with a light fly-rod and black gnat, or by whipping with the gentle, either added to the fly or alone. There are likewise plenty of bleak, which is far from a despicable fish for the table, and prized by some epicures beyond gudgeons. This used to be known as Corney Reach.

The warm water that runs out from the engine-house of the oil mills of Pinchin and Johnson, attracts vast quantities of fry which appear to delight in the warmer temperature.

Opposite Chiswick church is a once noted place for punt fishing, and is still known by its old name "Slut's Hole." With the great improvement which the Thames is undergoing, this spot will doubtless come again into favour; Jack Johnson and "Chuckum" Gibbs are the fishermen at Hammersmith.

At Chiswick lived the well-known fishermen, old Wakeman, Bill Seekings, and Jem Brown, and it still boasts of some smart fellows who know how to handle that curse of the upper Thames—the net, as well as any men in England. They are all good scullers, amongst whom the best are Pope, Brown, and "Chuckum" Gibbs, the latter is moreover an excellent pilot and trainer for eight-oared outriggers.

The eel pots used by the fishermen hereabout, are 2ft. 6in long by 6in or more across the mouth. The bait is mostly worms threadled on a wire stuck into the stopper, which is made, as usual, with bass. Gibbs tells me of a curious exception to this bait. "On one occasion," says he, "Jack Stubbs was a-getting as many eels agin as any on us, and we

could'nt make it out; so we goes on the sly and looks into his pots, and I'm blowed if he warn't a-baiting with the flower of them large water buttercups, and as then the river was very bad and thick they wouldn't take the worm, but they sees summat inside as was a-shining, and so I 'spose they goes in to see what ere it was." This flower has since become a favourite bait when the water is clouded.

The upper reservoir of the waterworks at Barnes contains vast quantities of roach, many perch and large eels. Permission to fish it is very charily given, but although the replies to inquiries, as I am assured, are almost invariably that no tickets whatever are granted, I can personally bear witness to the fact that it is angled by many persons who are duly authorised, or the bailiff who resides on the spot, a steady, honest, and trustworthy fellow, would never permit the intrusion of a strange foot upon the banks. It is nearly six years since this fine piece of still water was last netted, and it was done then, as much as anything else, to rid the direction of the applications to fish, which had increased so as to become a positive nuisance. Jem Gibson, better known as Gunner, he being the man employed to let off the cannon at the Regatta and prize matches, was selected for this task in 1861, and the yield of roach, eels, and perch was very great. A brace of the latter were weighed on the bank, and turned the scale at 5lb. In throwing one of this pair back into the punt, it struck the gunwale, and fell again into the reservoir. As this, by some, was supposed to have been done on purpose, the nets were plied many times to recover it, but all efforts were useless. This circumstance, trivial in itself, is often related by the users of nets as an argument that a pond or lake may be severely and persistently dragged, and yet permit fish to avoid the mesh. I do not hold with this, excepting in the case of carp and tench who are wondrously cunning in fencing the mesh, now diving under, now springing over, and now rushing by the sides, but I fancy in the instance in question, the perch from the blow it received by the side of the punt, or from the time it had been kept out of the water, had become unconscious, and had sunk at once to the bottom, and there the net passed over and over it as it would pass over any other substance without picking it up. Rely upon it, if a net is perfect and the men used to it, nothing larger than the mesh escapes its screening properties, and it is only the difficulty of getting a *wet* net home again that prevents the few ponds now left unmolested from

being annually visited, and as regularly skinned. These men make no secret of this fact, neither do they make any boast, but the majority of them consider it no greater crime to empty a well-stocked lake, than they would to apply their mouths to a leaking rum-cask. "Sometimes," observed one well versed in these doings,—“Sometimes the fish are all round the edges of the ponds, and sometimes in the middle, but we can always lead the net, light or heavy, to convenience them.”

The quiet ditches which run some way inland, and intersect the osier beds opposite Barnes Terrace, both above and below the railway bridge, have, at three-quarter tide, generally a shoal or two of dace therein. There is a strong prevailing notion amongst the Thames fishermen, both above and below London Bridge, that dace spawn twice a year. Some of these men likewise assert that there are two distinct kinds of dace. If the latter are correct, it may be that the former are in error, and that the two species spawn at different times. The jutting towing-path causeway, running under the railway bridge on the Surrey side, often affords average barbel-fishing. Two gentlemen who lived at Roehampton used, in the autumns of 1865-6, to fish it before seven in the morning when the tide suited, and I have been shown two, and upon one occasion nearly three, dozen of barbel, taken with the two rods by ledgering, from three or four o'clock to this hour, but the fish seldom exceeded 1lb. or 1½lb. each in weight. It is partly a clay bottom, which barbel much like.

Barnes Station is on the common, and is about a mile and a quarter from the Suspension Bridge, passing the Red Lion, a very good house with pretty tea-grounds, and the Boileau Arms, where one of the best racket grounds in England is kept in admirable order. Many duels took place on Barnes Common, and perhaps of all that history relates concerning them, no story of profligacy can be found equal to that which resulted in the triple fight that occurred here exactly 200 years ago, when the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, held the rein of her paramour's horse whilst he was engaged in slaying her husband. It was in accordance with the manners of the period that the earl should engage in personal combat with the notorious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who had dishonoured him, even on behalf of so worthless a spouse.

After passing the waterworks on the tow-path side, we come to the boundary stones of the parish of Putney and Barnes, and from these marks for full five hundred yards up to the Barnes'

Railway Bridge, there is a pretty shallow for dace, with a gravelly bottom, one of the best spots of which is opposite to the magnificent evergreen oak in Lord Lonsdale's garden, near the summer house over the moat. Three-quarter ebb is likewise best for the fly here, as it is at most places in the tidal water. Passing the upper part of Barnes Terrace, the houses of which sewer by olfactory outlets through an otherwise clean stone-faced shore, the well-known White Hart, kept by Mr. Wilcox, touches the river side—an excellent house deserving the fame it has acquired wherever oarsmen are in the ascendant. The river stretches boldly now to the right, and from Wilcox's until we get to the landing-stage of Stratton's coal-wharf, the bottom is of a clear gravelly nature, and shoals of dace may be seen rising at times. But before we reach Stratton's is the Queen's Head—an old-fashioned, quaint public-house, with ancient, wide wooden-sashed windows and an entrance court from the water-side up stone steps that are worn under the pressure of many a foot of "low and high degree." The house, which is now in a neglected stage of dilapidation, and appears crying through its broken panes for a sympathising owner, is flanked by two wings, the one to the right being higher than the other, which makes the house look in the distance like a wounded duck, and on the leaden roofs of these wings are tables and benches from which the river may be optically spanned, the matches seen to advantage, and shandy-gaff incontinently imbibed. But this terse description of the artistic attractions of the house would be incomplete if the elm tree—which grows at the top of the first flight of steps, and stands with its three trunks like a triple-armed and obsequious attendant, holding a *parapluie* over the head of the visitor, completely covering the area by the assistance of supports, and thus affording a cool retreat from the sun, if not from a descending shower—were omitted, as it is almost unique in its characteristic irregularity. I believe boats are let here.

MORTLAKE (to KEW).*Station Master, Mr. WHITE.**Distance from London, 8½ miles.*

FARES:—First-class 1s, Second 10d.; Return—First-class 1s. 6d.,
Second 1s. 3d.

THIS railway station is here close to the Thames, and Mortlake is eleven miles four furlongs from London Bridge by water. From Phillips and Wigan's lower malt-house there is a fine gravelly shallow which ought, by and by, to be good for gudgeons, as the water-carts and horses are constantly in and out, and creating that commotion at the bottom so attractive to these fish. This reach, particularly in the evening, is very tranquil and lovely, and the number of tilt-boats generally lying here, or eel-potting, add to the sylvan character of the picture. This is a favourite spawning bed of the smelt, which visits the Thames twice a year, that is in March and August. In the earlier period the smelt very often advances up the river as high as Richmond, but rarely get beyond Blackwall or Greenwich in the latter month. They are a splendid bait, when first caught, for spinning for jack and trout, as they are stiff and wear well upon the flight of hooks, when fresh; but a day is sufficient to render them limp and flaccid, and they become wholly useless except for the gorge bait, and even then no little trouble is involved in tying them on to the lead. But nothing can surpass them for their wondrous power of emitting a flashing silvery light when but a few hours old and drawn rapidly through the water by a master hand. An old fisherman, one Tony Hart, in Dorset, used to say that "the pike liked the smelt best when it had the flavour of violets, next when it gave out the odour of cucumber, and not at all when it stunk like a green fig." He was pretty correct in this notion, and it would seem that the smelt in its change from extreme freshness to that of putrescence, evolves the fragrance of the violet, the scent of the cucumber skin, and the objectionable—to some—odour of the green fig, which may serve to reconcile the seemingly conflicting opinions of their smelling to different persons of one only of these essences. This season (1867) the smelt came up earlier than usual, and were almost gone again before the 25th March to the 1st May, the time when the smelt net is permitted to be used. The fishermen have often had a grant of fourteen days earlier by petition to the conservators, but this concession was not permitted this year.

The appearance of the smelt from year to year has been annually quoted by some as an evidence of the increasing purity of the river. The advent of this fish, however, has little to do with the subject, for instead, as it is urged, of the smelt being a delicate fish in its choice of waters, like the salmon, the trout, and the gudgeon, it is the very reverse, and when we anglers desire to catch this fish we generally find them congregating most at the mouths of the drains and sewers. The smelt is only a "delicate" fish in the sense that ducks or pigs are delicate, not from what they grovel and feed upon, but the flavour of their flesh, which is produced from this filth and offal by the marvellous chemical conversionable power of Nature.

The improvement in the purity of the river becomes now yet more manifest. The mud banks have diminished considerably. Flounder fry have again shown themselves as high as Twickenham, and tyros with stick and string catch the tiny fish from the banks as they were wont to do in the days of our boyhood. The fishermen, who have by apprenticeship a prescriptive right of netting, are again to be seen hauling in a remunerative freight of white fish ; and indeed there are indications throughout the tidal way about this of a return to the good old times when "Father Thames" was a clean and respected individual. Amongst these indications there are few more substantial than those afforded by residences upon the banks. Fine old mansions, inhabited by well-to-do citizens, which had fallen with the river's degradation to the rentals of cottages, are again eagerly sought for. Their broken urns and statues and decayed walls are gradually giving place to new sculpture and masonry, and, by the extension of outlay upon their demesnes, evidence the return of that class of tenantry who were driven away solely by the contaminations which floated endlessly to and fro beneath their windows. At Mortlake this freshening up of properties is particularly noticeable, Messrs. Phillips and Wigan, the brewers, having led the way by sweeping reforms both of river embankment and village alterations. The dangerous turning at the end of High-street, Mortlake, has just undergone a marked change, and rendered the journey from Richmond to London far less perilous. A fine approach from the centre of the High-street to the river's bank has also been made, affording greater facilities to the public using the towing-path. Shaky, rotten rookeries have been pulled down, and altogether the example bids fair to mark an era which shall entitle the place to any other name than

that of the "Death Pool of the Plague," which it at present bears.

This portion of the river, as is well known, is the goal of the Oxford and Cambridge contest. The *élite* of society and the beauty of our aristocracy grace the locality by their presence, only to be rewarded, at the moment of victory, with a drenching by the wash from the passing steamers. Messrs. Phillips and Wigan have very handsomely, and, at their own expense or conjointly with the Conservators, raised the embankment both above and below their brewery, so as to render it, at least as regards this portion of the racecourse, free from so aggravating a source of discomfort. This done, it is rumoured that the money ready to be voted by the various water companies will be in part appropriated to the raising and widening of the river's banks. It will thus be seen that, length by length, a promenade, as alluded to in my "General Remarks," if not a carriage drive, will eventually adorn the river from London to Richmond, as at Kew it would join an embankment skirting the gardens the whole of the way to Richmond, which is kept in the best possible condition, dry and hard in the worst of seasons, bordered with fine elms, and dotted with seats, for the comfort of those who wander along this charming portion of the Thames.

Gibbs tells me that six years ago—say in the summer of 1861 and about that period—the fishermen could go amongst the rushes at Mortlake and take 200 gudgeon in an hour with the net, besides eels and other fish. For the gudgeons, they got 4s. a hundred from the tackle shops.

The Ship Inn, close to the Thames, is memorable as being the residence of the celebrated Coombes, the sculler. It is now landlorded by W. Gray, a civil, decent man. Here the tow-path rises on to a fine broad terrace, high out of reach of the tide, and from which there is a pretty view along the bank, past some gentlemen's well-built cots and villas. From the terrace parapet fishing is to be had at high water. At the end of this terrace, two footways branch off, the one the tow-path, the other across the fields leading to the Richmond end of Kew-green. The latter is exceedingly rustic and picturesque in parts.

The botanist will notice that the banks hereabout begin to exhibit a greater variety of flowers, than for some years past, and that the river is fringed with the common rush. A notion of what the poisonous sewage has deprived us. may be gleaned by the fact that, in a letter kindly sent me by Mr. Boswell Syme,

that gentleman enumerates from memory no less than ninety-eight plants which were more or less common on the banks of the Thames, from Battersea to Teddington, within reach of the tidal flow, scarcely eight years ago. Any student who may take an interest in watching the gradual return of the individual objects of this once exquisite natural *parterre*, may find many of these plants locally-mentioned in "Brewer's Flora of Surrey," Van Voorst, 1863; or, if desired, I would cheerfully send him the list so courteously forwarded to me by Mr. Syme. My friend, Mr. George B. Wright, of Barnes, made allusion to this exquisite aquatic decoration, when, in one of his gifted volumes, he sang :

By the river gently flowing—
 Flow'rets wild with rushes growing
 Deck the banks—and now a glowing
 Sinks the sun with golden light,
 Bidding all a sweet good night.

The bottom of the river is still gravelly, but the banks shelve at once into deep water. Some of the pollard willows have attained an enormous girth without having split. The first creek here appears to have been formed for the sole purpose of entrapping dead dogs, which, after floating into this harbour, lie hidden amongst the rank and luxurious vegetation of a bog; the latter, it is to be hoped, devoted ere long to profitable cultivation like some of its succeeding fellows, which, by embankments, have recently been rendered sufficiently dry for ordinary market gardening. While standing on the second creek and tow-path bridge on Thursday, 16th May, 1867, I noticed a small shoal of good-sized dace at the mouth of the creek, darting out of the water, and immediately afterwards saw a jack of about 6lb. pursue them up the gully, but catching my eye he turned tail and disappeared. Directly the jack had done this the dace made for open water, but again returned in obvious perturbation, when a pair of perch, a male and female, of 1½lb. each, with fins and back erect, came up in full sail and looked eagerly about, but apparently finding nothing small enough or sufficiently toothsome for them, they quietly backed into deep water and disappeared. There are bushes on the opposite side of the river, between which fishing used to be much practised by bank anglers in times past, and mayhap will be so again. Most of the creeks along this tow-path to Kew, have a hole more or less deep in the inner side, and herein are plenty of eels to be taken by bobbing. Between the third and fourth bridge there are two gravel spurs, which run

out into the river to some distance, and form hills and scours for dace; and another creek, up which there is a good deal of old wood piling, just before the new railway bridge is reached, is good for small perch when the tide is coming in, but they seldom exceed the standard measure. The railway bridge will have four piers, and, both on the Surrey and Middlesex side, there will be a "set-out," to allow persons to pass under; and, as these "set-outs" will project into deep water, a swim or two may be anticipated for the bank fisher. There is fly-fishing all round the ait of Strand-on-the-Green. If the disused landing stage for the Kew boats above the bridge should be left, a very good place for barbel might be got. The new landing stage is at the covered dock where the "Maria Wood" city barge used to lie. It is a commodious structure, and very convenient of access to the passenger, but as it is not seen from either up or down the river, it is far from being so well placed to advertise itself as the former one.

KEW (to BRENTFORD and ISLEWORTH).

Station Master, Mr. GILLO.

Distance from London, 9½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s., Second 9d.; Return—First-class 1s. 6d.,
Second 1s.

Kew Bridge is thirteen miles by water from London Bridge. The moat between Kew and Richmond, which bounds the river towing-path and the gardens, has many jack in it, which get through the iron pipes from the river, although the fish are not seen by the unobservant; and it possesses some carp, plenty of tench and roach as heavy at times as 11b. each. The eels are likewise plentiful here. Flounders may be met with in the main river. The brood of this fish is now enormous, and if the bad water from below does not visit the upper districts the fishing for them with the angle will again come into vogue. The licensed fishermen are likewise on the *qui vive*, and have for the first time for many years provided themselves with rug-nets. It may not be generally known that these fish are the portion of the flounder brood that was deposited at Penton Hook, in 1865, at the expense of the fishermen, the bad water having

destroyed every flounder in the Thames up to that period. There were large quantities killed last season that had worked down from the Hook and met their death in the fouler districts. The few left were fit to take in this summer (1867), and the first brood of these parent fish will be ready in the autumn. There exists a great peculiarity in the flounder; the slightest cold weather makes them "squat," that is, they work themselves into the mud for warmth. They are said to prefer mud for spawning, but where the rivers are free from this deposit, they penetrate into the sand for this purpose. In cold weather the flounder in its sunken hiding-place becomes so torpid that they are often brought up in the dredger's "spoon;" that is, the iron hoop and net used by these men in getting ballast out of the river by the winlass. The best bait for them is a shrimp, but they will take worms. When they are of a full size they are a plucky fish, and curling their flat sides against the water offer so much resistance to the angle, that many a boy has fallen backwards when the fish has left its element, from the unchecked force used to pull it out.

J. G. Wise (a Queen's waterman), lets out boats on the Surrey side of Kew Bridge. Next is the King's Arms Gardens (W. Pring), then G. Williams solicits our patronage with his skiffs, wherries, and funnies, and next are the tea gardens attached to the Rose and Crown, with its large and smooth bowling-green and handsome red May tree.

On the Middlesex side of Kew, opposite the railway station, we have the Star and Garter Hotel (T. Hartley), much improved and plenty of room for it, since the late landlord left it. The Poplars Tavern, just above the bridge, called likewise "the Hall by the River," has been enlarged, and is a clean, reasonable and respectable hostelry. "Ham and beef tea, 9d., hot water, 2d.," and it has a good well-kept stone landing stage. Close to this is W. Barker, who lets out boats.

There are three aits near to Old Brentford, the one which is commonly called Brentford Ait, is, says old Roger Griffiths, the water bailiff, 1746,—who makes but two aits—"a very pleasant spot, on which is a publick house, inhabited by a fisherman, who of late years has greatly improved the spot by making therein several fishponds and other ornaments, for the more agreeable reception of those who shall make use of his house; the other, which near adjoins to this, is planted with osiers and situated on the Middlesex side of the river, notwithstanding they are in the parish

of Kingston (!) in the county of Surrey." If this be the middle ait alluded to, not a trace is left of the house or ponds, and curious enough, at the present moment no one seems to know to whom to attribute the ownership.

BRENTFORD.

Station Master, Mr. ELLIOTT.

Distance from London, 10½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s., Second 9d.; Return—First-class 1s. 6d.,
Second 1s.

ISLEWORTH (to RICHMOND).

Station Master, Mr. CHAPMAN

Distance from London, 12½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s. 3d., Second 1s.; Return—First-class 2s.,
Second 1s. 6d.

BRENTFORD Ferry is thirteen miles and a half by water from London Bridge, and Isleworth Church fourteen and three-quarters from the same structure.

Brentford dock is the property of the Great Western Railway Company. It holds large quantities of roach of about 1lb., bream of 3lb., chub of 2lb., perch of ½lb., and jack are taken constantly of from 3lb. to 4lb., and have been killed as heavy as 8lb. Bleak abound in this water, and seven to eight dozen can be caught in a few hours with a line baited with three or four small hooks, and the skins of the gentle. The docks are about 16ft. deep at high water, and are principally used for the conveyance of lime and coal. A good deal of the dust of the latter falls overboard, and gradually accumulates into a mud deposit. The lime being of greater value is happily economised, or the consequence to the fish would be serious. It is not easy to get an order to fish, as the number of rails which run into it render it imprudent to admit strangers. The anglers in the neighbourhood generally angle in the open creek of the Brent, and the Brent itself, which is influenced by the tide, which the docks are not. Live shrimps are the best bait for perch in the docks. There is a fine deep off these docks in the river, which leads well up to Zion House, say

a distance of half a mile, and averages 12ft. at low water, which is considered a great depth here. Indeed, from Isleworth to Richmond the demand for ballast for building purposes has been so great of late years that the whole of the bed of the river has undergone an alteration, and the Sampson steam dredgers have worked all up stream until no more gravel was to be met with. One Mr. Schooley, a contractor, paid 200*l.* a year to the conservators for this licence, but he was debarred from going near to a bridge by so many hundred yards, and a like prohibition protected the shore. This very wholesome regulation, it is to be hoped, will be carried out in the upper Thames, in which dredgers have been working where they like to the great injury at times of the river. To show the severity with which these laws are carried out, two years ago this contractor made a hole too close to Chiswick Ait, and not agreeing with the terms of his undertaking, the conservators made him fill it up again at a cost of 200*l.* This gentleman being somewhat surprised at the much greater quantity of ballast it required to repair the damage, over that which had been removed, discovered that the "crabmen" who work with a spoon and windlass in a barge, were helping themselves, and he had to pay extra expenses to watch the spot until the hole was filled in.

The London Apprentice public (Walker) at Isleworth, formerly Thistleworth, is an old fashioned long established house, well known to boating men. You may sit at the window at high water on a summer day, and see shoals of dace and great numbers of bleak. The house was once noted for its handbells and bell-ringing societies. There are also the Bell, and Northumberland Arms.

There was an exciting seal hunt here some few years since, in which "Chuckum" Gibbs, who was the first to detect the nature of the animal, took an active part, firing and hitting it with ball more than once as it rose to the surface to blow. It would appear that it had been observed in several places on its way up the river, but at most it had attracted no more attention than that of a dog swimming with the stream. It was, however, hotly pursued at Isleworth, and its manœuvres to escape by diving from one side of the river to the other, and creeping stealthily in shallow water under any overhanging bush, showed a remarkably high order of instinct. At length, exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood from one of its eyes that had been pierced by a shot, the poor creature became powerless, and before Gibbs could get

up to seize the prize to which he was entitled, young Styles went off in a boat, and, catching the seal by the flipper, made him captive. It was shown for a consideration for a while in Styles's boathouse, when Miss Farnell became possessed of it. It measured 5ft. 6in. in length.

These "crabmen" do not altogether depend upon dredging for their living; they are generally watermen and fishermen, and are, strange to say, bits of archæologists and antiquarians, and have come by experience to look as closely at the turning out of the spoons of the *débris* of the Thames into the barge as a washer at Ballarat watching the scouring of the *detritus* of the river for golden results. In this way but lately a Roman shield, which sold for 40*l.*, was found, and spear-heads and coins of value; but the great prize now sought after is a horse-shoe, which, curiously enough, has not yet been cast up, although at some of the fords many have been met with. At Chiswick Hill a number of battle-axes were discovered, and stags' horns of a large size.

At the lifting of the sluice in the creek of the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chiswick, great quantities of tench escape into the Thames, and they would feed back next tide, and if possible regain their old quarters, but when these flood-gates are open there are generally one or more boats and their fishermen ready to make a clean sweep of the truant fish.

There was a sturgeon taken as high up as Brentford in the year 1863.

The tail of the Isleworth Mills and the water at the back of Orange-tree Yard are at times full of dace, and Mr. Henry Crystall, with his two brothers, caught twenty-three dozen there during one tide, in the winter of 1864.

Another capital swim in winter is nearly opposite the centre of the Isleworth ait. Here the same piscator took in the warmer months 10*lb.* of fine chub in a north-east wind, fishing with gentles; but the angler must be careful, as the barbel sometimes comes suddenly on the feed, and the safety of fine tackle is rendered precarious.

The moat of which I have already spoken, when it reaches the termination of the pleasure grounds of the Royal Gardens at Kew, ceases to be confined by a brick fosse-wall, and is bounded by the portion of Kew Park not open to the public. Here it assumes a more natural aspect, becomes deeper and deeper until we get opposite Isleworth, where we have full six feet, if not more, of

water, while the splendid horse chesnut trees that shadow it, and in many places arch over its entire breadth, laving their branches in its waters, give it a really river-like aspect. It must be observed, however, that this is strictly private, and may not be fished without permission from the authorities, and should the angler obtain a permission-card he cannot do better than commence at the first conduit from Richmond, where eight feet of water is under his hand, and jack are waiting for him of a weight which may surprise those who angle there for the first year or two after this disclosure is made public. For further particulars ask Platt the fisherman, at Richmond, who will likewise put the would-be angler of the Pen Ponds, Richmond Park—tickets of which are to be obtained of Colonel Liddell, the deputy ranger—up to the best mode of securing the pike which are otherwise difficult to bring to hook.

RICHMOND (to TWICKENHAM).

Station Master, Mr. COOPER.

Distance from London, 9½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s. 3d., Second 1s.; Return—First-class 2s.,
Second 1s. 6d.

RICHMOND Railway Bridge is fifteen miles five furlongs by water from London Bridge, and Richmond Bridge two furlongs farther. The best time to fish Richmond may be gathered from the tidal tables. Thus, when the tide is at its highest, say at 10 a.m., the angler can fish until dark, while every other week there is good morning and evening angling. To prevent disappointment, however, I should advise the posting a note of inquiry to Mr. George Howard, fisherman. I find the usual charge for puntsman and baits is 7s. 6d. a-day without refreshment, but this “depends upon the party.” In the winter it is 4s. for a punt alone, and 6s. with a man.

The sewer at the Railway Bridge, near the towing-path, is literally infested with anglers in the season, and as the swim can be reached from the bank with a long rod and waded to by an immersion up to the knees, every humble description of person connected with fresh-water fish-catching appears to assemble

there in turn, or it may be altogether, excepting the bailiffs, who seem to think it *infra dig.* to interfere for the salvation of the tiny fry so remorselessly sacrificed at this odorous outfall. There is occasionally a first-rate angler to be found here begirt in Fagg's hip-boots, and up nearly to their tops in the river, who takes the largest quantity of fish known to be captured at this sweet spot. He has an official appointment both at Astley's and Cremorne, and has been christened by his friends after the latter resort. He is both a skilful and an honourable angler, and nothing appears to induce him to bag a fish, the legal size of which is doubtful.

There is an excellent swim for barbel under the middle arch of the public stone bridge, and another beneath the second arch from the Middlesex side, from both of which a good many barbel are taken: on one occasion eighteen were captured within the hour by one rod. There are no swims between this and the sewer. The depth of water about the bridge varies, as of course does the whole of the river to Teddington, according to the tides, but the average in the Richmond district during spring tides is 4ft. feet at low water, and 10ft. at high water, and neap tides average from 8ft. to 10ft. at high water. Should it, however, blow a gale below, the wind will either keep the water back, or drive it yet higher up, according to the point of the compass from which it rages.

The deeps or preserves, as commonly so called—although all the river as far as the City stone at Staines is presumed to be protected from the net—are 700yds. reaching westward from Richmond Bridge to the Duke of Buccleugh's. The first good pitch holds 5ft. of water at low tide, and is opposite Mr. Painter's house. The next is opposite the summer-house of this gentleman, and is of the same depth. Another swim is indicated by the entrance to a brewery, known as the Waterworks Pitch; this is 3ft. to 4ft. at low, and 10ft. to 12ft. at high water. A swim succeeds called The Ditch, opposite the Marquis of Lansdowne's; holding about the same water as the last. A very favourite pitch faces the Duke of Buccleugh's old boathouse; this is 5ft., and 10ft. to 12ft. at high water, according to the tide.

Formerly this was one of the best roach pitches in the river. It has, however, much filled in of late years. If it were ballasted out, and a few similar holes made just out of the barge-way, to hold the big fish, Richmond deeps would be immensely improved.

The fish caught in these deeps are roach, dace, barbel, perch,

and indeed fresh-water fish of almost all kinds, trout being a great rarity, but when taken are generally large.

Just above the last swim, and pointed at by a willow on the Duke's lawn, is another good pitch, and it likewise serves, by taking a line somewhat to the Middlesex shore to "spot" a most excellent place called "The Roach Hole." The depth is, say, 3ft., 4ft. and 7ft. at low, and 8ft. and 10ft. at high water.

Of late years many fine carp have made their appearance in Richmond deeps, and are often caught by roach fishers. They are supposed to have escaped from private waters, probably from the canal at Sion House, or worked down from the flooding of some pond above.

A few yards above the Roach Hole, and near the end of the Buccleugh property, many fine dace are taken when on the "hill" with fly, gentle, or red worm. The Buccleugh lawn and house are very pretty from the water, but to the bargemen, who possess no soul for beauty, the place is simply detestable, owing to the fact that the towing-path is stopped by it, and horses and men have to go round the back of the domain, and then make fast the towing-rope from the other end of the grounds. Perhaps, indeed, the whole of the rest of the Thames does not hear so many curses, not only loud but deep, that fall around this spot. This is the only instance on the Thames, I believe, where private grounds interfere with the public towing-path, and it is without doubt a public nuisance, for which, it is said, we are indebted to that "merrie monarch," Charles II. Here ends the "old preserve." Leaving this, we find a large hole opposite Petersham Island, 8ft. at low water by the plumb-line. This is remarkable as having been a shallow until lately; but ballasting has altered the character of the scours, and formed a resort for large roach, driving the dace from their old haunts to seek a more appropriate home. This shallow is mentioned by old Roger Griffiths, the author water bailiff, who in his work upon the Thames, dated 1746, says that "Petersham Roots was a noted place for roach, dace and other small fish, coming in spawning time to Hill, as it was called, laying their spawn there in great quantities, being a shallow gravelly place, with a swift current."

At the top of this island, on the Surrey side, is a beautiful barbel swim, 8ft. or 9ft. deep at high, and about 7ft. at low water.

There is a spot much sought after opposite Little Marble Hall, and all the way up just outside at the edge of the weeds in the

channel, are likely places for perch, &c. Perhaps for this bold biter the angler could not do better than try near General Peel's. Between this and Eel-pie Island there are two capital pitches for dace and barbel.

There is another ballast hole opposite Ham House, which yields well. There is about 4ft. of water in it. Ham Hill is noted for its dace scours, where the angler will find good whipping water from bank or punt.

The fish go up and down to a great extent with the tide, and as the water falls they may be seen making their way in shoals to the lower deeps. This is more particularly the case in the spring tides, which is the worst time, for that reason, for the fly.

The exquisite poem of "the Elm Tree," by the late Thomas Hood, is said to have been suggested by the avenue of Ham House, from which the following is an extract :

With wary eyes, and ears alert,
As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path
Of mingled light and shade.
How sweetly gleamed that arch of blue
Beyond the green arcade !
How cheerly shone the glimpse of heaven
Beyond that verdant isle !
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
That quench'd the light the while,
As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some old cathedral pile.

George Howard, the late water bailiff, Harry Howard, jun., Christopher Brown, and W. Platt, are the fishermen at Richmond.

The inns frequented by anglers are — the old Ship, Mr. Redding, landlord, opposite George Street; the Cricketers (J. N. Barrett), on the Green; the Marquis of Granby, a modest hostelry, kept by one Dapple, an "old brother bob;" the Queen's Head (F. Wallace), is another cricketing house, to which anglers likewise resort; the King's Head (Cirby's) (beds), close to the bridge where omnibus stops, and whose landlady exhibits great tact, kindness, and thoughtfulness to all her customers alike; the Greyhound, a first-rate comfortable house; Jolly Anglers, Water-lane, humble, clean, and reasonable; Three Pigeons (James Chitty), near the Duke of Buccleugh's; the White Cross, on towing-path, to the east of Richmond Bridge; and several other excellent houses. The Thames

Angling Preservation Society publish every year an annual report, and attached to this *brochure* are the names of seven inns only, from Richmond to Egham, where good accommodation can be found by the angler. In the large town of Richmond we have but one house selected, although Richmond must contain at least twenty eligible hostelries peculiarly adapted to the modest wishes, early habits, and cleanly wants of the disciples of old Izaak. But when it is stated that the grand palatial hotel known as the Star and Garter, at the top of the hill, is the one chosen by the society as an appropriate retreat for those who would pursue the sport of killing roach and dace hereabout, it reads more like a poor joke by Theodore Hook, than a serious desire to guide and assist the aquatic wayfarer. In "Paved Court," near the Green, E. Taylor, a hairdresser, sells tackle, and another tackle shop is near the bridge.

TWICKENHAM (to TEDDINGTON).

Station Master, Mr. COURT.

Distance from London, 11½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 1s. 6d., Second 1s. 2d.; Return — First-class, 2s. 4d., Second 1s. 10d.

TWICKENHAM Ait is seventeen miles two furlongs from London Bridge by water.

It has been said, that, from General Peel's to the Eel Pie Island, there are two excellent pitches for dace and barbel. The best is opposite the second flower vase from the east on the Duke d'Aumale's garden wall. It is one of the most approved of the summer swims in the Twickenham waters, and is scarcely ever, during that period, without a punt and its party. It used to be fished much by Mr. David Newbold, a noted roach angler, who has often taken there 30lb. of roach and upwards, all running large, at a single sitting. He used to go to work by placing his punt athwart the stream, and ground-baiting with the paste with which he angled. This he did: having carried on board some few hundred of small round pebbles, and covering these with a coat of dough, he would drop two or three at a time close to the punt, letting the stream break up the bait. He fished with a much

longer rod than customary for a punt, holding it with both hands, single hair line, and no running tackle; and, taking the very top of the swim, when a bite occurred, he *hit upwards*—not a strike as usually understood, but much after the fashion that a nurse throws up a baby—and he seldom lost a fish.

There is likewise a large hole just below the ferry under a willow, kept clean by a veteran Waltonian of Twickenham, who fishes here from a private lawn. Let me impress upon my brother anglers the courtesy of leaving this swim to the uses of this worthy piscator—that is, of course, should he so desire it—as he can command it from the seat raised on the bank, and he has well earned his right to this preference by the pains he has taken to render the spot fishable.

The river side of the Eel Pie Island affords a good deal of average bank fishing, and from a boat several holes may be reached, more particularly between the poplars and before we get to the landing-stage of the hotel kept by the widow Mayo.

I have known a surprising quantity of dace to be taken fairly, and by the most simple means, on the shallows in the stream on the Middlesex side of the island in July, August, and September, by three men in a humble position of life. The most successful of the three is a farrier at Brentford; but they all fish much after the same fashion, with a withy wand, a tight line of about fifteen feet of Indian twist or common thread, gut, and hook baited with a gentle or house-fly. Thus they whip the waters knee-deep in the scours, and often seven and eight dozen of dace have fallen to the lot of one wand. I saw upon one occasion as many as eighteen dace taken in about seventy casts. These casts are made with great rapidity. No apparent skill is exercised, no letting the lure float down the stream; it is no sooner on the surface of the water than it is jerked off again, as if to chance a bite, and the fish itself is jerked out of its element and into the hand of the angler with singular dexterity. Upon my expressing surprise at this primitive mode of angling bearing such results, a looker-on who was accustomed to the sight observed, "O, that's nothing; I have seen him pick twelve dace out running, and his arm go as fast as a pump-handle."

Now we stretch away from the Island, and find all shallow except in the extreme channel; and those who are fond of wading may do so in front of the large double-flanked and green-verandahed house, formerly Lord Drummond's, with every right to feel assured that, if dace they care for, there are myriads of

them of average size disporting all around the little mound at the end of the Swan Ait.

Here follow the celebrated Twickenham deeps, which are generally dotted with punts. There are many first-rate pitches, one opposite Pope's villa, and on the Surrey side a splendid shallow for dace and small chub. Indeed, at the top of the tide this is a capital spot. There is a notable pitch at the corner of the island, just below the late Mr. Chillingworth's, on the Middlesex side. As bleak are very abundant in the Thames, it may be well for the punt-angler to have a few handfuls of dry bran with him, and when these fish are troublesome, he has only to throw in a pinch or two, which will spread over the water, and as the stream carries it away the bleak will follow. The same applies in catching bleak from the bank, in which case the angler should follow the bran and fish about a foot below the surface with very light tackle and small hook. Bleak are a splendid spinning bait for trout, jack, and perch.

The fishermen here are old John Coxen, and his son "Doree" Coxen.

The inns are—the Swan, at Twickenham, near the Ferry, where the stuff sold is far from palatable; the Eight Bells in Thames-lane, a small house, but excellent malt; the Coach and Horses, at the corner of Thames-lane, in the main thoroughfare (beds); the George Inn, kept by the goodly and courteous Dame Gilham, where the omnibus stops; and the Railway Hotel (beds), near the station. Flies and broughams may be had next door to the latter house, from the much-respected Mr. Baily, once well known as a worthy landlord both at Windsor and Twickenham.

BUSHEY PARK, for TEDDINGTON (to KINGSTON).

Station Master, Mr. T. ROSAMOND.

Distance from London, 14½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d.; Return—First-class 2s. 6d., Second 2s.

THE end of the "Cross Deeps" below, may be said to be the boundary of the Teddington (formerly tide-ending town) district. These deeps extend up to Mr. Chillingworth's house, and offer

many piscatorial attractions, amongst which are more swims than I care to enumerate; and if I did so, their numbers would tend but to confuse. There is, however, one opposite Lady Waldegrave's boathouse, and another at the bottom of the "hill," opposite "The Bachelors," so called from a select coterie of gentlemen residing there for many years in single blessedness, until a member being suspected of having got married on the sly, he was put upon his trial by the rest, and in his defence made out so good a case, that most of his companions followed the delinquent example, and thus this *celibated* band was broken up, and the ladies of Teddington became jubilant. There is a third swim that I ought not to omit, near the first summer and boat-house on the lawns,—recollecting we are going up stream. The next pitch of consequence is opposite Mr. Strachan's house; and then succeed shallows until we get near the locks at Teddington, excepting always in the channel at the edge of the weed. Mr. Ericker, of the High-street, is well acquainted with the river about Teddington, and although not a professional fisherman, will cheerfully afford any information to a brother-angler.

As we approach the locks we get again into deeper water, which continues to the weir, in which there is capital fishing, at times certainly equal to any other place on the Thames. There are thousands of dace; ten dozen a day is a common take for one rod. About fifty yards below the weir is Kemp's Hole, well known for the great quantity of barbel taken there, and which hole used to be considered the private property by long use and investiture of the Kemp family, who are said to have slept over it for many a night, to keep it warm for themselves and their customers. Teddington lock is famous for its lamperns, which yield a large income. They are nearly all sent over to Holland as bait for turbot, &c., and generally fetch a shilling a pound. There is said to be an apparition of a buck-net occasionally at this weir, which, however ghostly in its character, from its sudden appearance and disappearance, contains at times a corporal weight of fish.

We pass through the locks, which are free to the pleasure-boat, and, after an inspection of Doust the lock-keeper's picture-gallery, glide over a long stretch of deep and superb water; but the weeds of the summer and autumn are a great obstruction to angling, although they afford excellent harbour to the fish and bother the net. That little opening on the right is the end of a

sweetly pretty piece of back water, known as "The Trollocks." It abounds in large-sized roach and chub, and there are a few jack in its miniature lagoons. It can be fished from the ait or a punt; the inner bank is private. A friend upon one occasion was pulling me up this piece of water, when he accidentally disturbed a swan sitting upon her nest, and the female uttering its peculiar cry, the male bird close at hand flew out, and, striking the end of one of the sculls with its wing, imparted so severe a shock to the arm of my friend that it dropped as if paralysed, nor did he recover the numbness which succeeded the pain for a long time during that day. These exquisitely graceful and picturesque birds are far too numerous on the Thames, where they destroy the spawn of most fish to an incalculable extent, and, where they trespass, poison the herbage to such a degree that even a donkey will not eat the grass they have trodden over. The ova of the perch are their favourite food, and when they are gobbling this up they cannot be driven from their banquet without considerable difficulty. "The Trollocks" enters above from the main stream opposite the One Tree, near Sir John Broughton's. There is an excellent pitch opposite the One Tree, with quite 8ft. of water, good for roach, chub, and perch, and particularly the latter fish. The whole of the banks of the ait formed by "The Trollocks" abound in large-sized chub, roach, and a few perch, and can be fished from the ait itself, or what is better, from a punt. I have seen the Nottingham style of angling practised here with great success. There are no particular pitches throughout this district, but the whole may be pronounced more than average water, there being from 7ft. to 8ft. of it, with an excellent and even bottom. Then follow several small reedy inlets, which should be tried for jack, and are always well stocked in early autumn, when the weeds are down. It is "first come first served" here, as in many other places of easy access. Near this same ait there are deep, sly-looking places amidst the gnarled roots of trees where chub of heavy weight are known to hide, and occasionally, when the water is slightly coloured and the small frog is in season, fall a prey to the cautious and quiet angler. Just past the walls of Sir John Broughton's, near Stevens the fisherman's cottage, there is a bank on the Surrey side that is deep and tempting.

The fishermen at Teddington are James Kemp, William Kemp, James Baldwin, and James Messenger; and Stevens, as mentioned, who goes out with anglers.

The inns are—Kemp's, close to the weir ; the Grotto Inn, kept by T. Bandy (beds), nearer to London ; the Royal Oak, Gallatly, in the centre of the village of Teddington, which has a welcome look about it to an angler, and makes up five or six beds ; and the Clarence Arms Inn, close to the Teddington and Bushey Park Station, kept by F. Metcalf, which is remarkable for the elegant yet simple style of its architectural and general interior arrangement. The Adelaide Inn has a yet more quiet appearance, and is nearer to the park gates ; it is said to have all the requisites to make a humble angler contented and happy.

HAMPTON WICK—Middlesex side of the Thames.

Station Master, Mr. COPAS.

Distance from London, 14½ miles.

FARES :—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d. ; Return :—First-class 2s. 6d., Second 2s.

NEW KINGSTON—Surrey side of the Thames
(to **THAMES DITTON**).

Distance from London, 15 miles.

FARES :—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d. ; Return—First-class 2s. 6d., Second 2s.

THE railway bridge now comes in sight, and all the water up to it harbours plenty of fish. The whole of this reach is singularly quiet, and is in direct contrast to the often disturbing bustle above Kingston Bridge. The bridge offers some very good fishing for barbel, roach, and chub. If a line be drawn from the middle of the centre arch, and 20yds. measured from the bridge down stream, a hole of reputation, but little known, will be found. This deep extends about 30ft., and was made by the Messrs. Cubitt to remove some especially fine clay from thence for the making of tiles. It gives 20ft. of water even at low tides. One hundred barbel leaps have been counted here in two hours ; but, of course, one fish may have broken water more than once. The spot we are on—below the railway bridge—is the selected fishing ground of Johnson, of Kingston, the punts-

man, who, it is credibly asserted, has taken tons of fish out of it with the rod and line, of course aided by his numerous customers. The ballasting for the new railway bridge has not, it would appear, made any perceptible difference about here; but near the bridge itself some very deep water has been caused by it, into which the barbel have dropped down from their former haunts at the old town bridge.

The old malthouse is now on our right, from which the Kingston "preserve" was dated. Near the Old Swan, and the lower side of Kingston Bridge, there is average punt-fishing, and the bank angler will find the advantages offered off the wharves by no means contemptible. Kingston Bridge by water is twenty miles two furlongs from London Bridge. Exactly in a line with the golden letters "Ind, Coope, and Co.," upon the landing stage of the Sun Hotel, is a deep hole, with roach, chub, and a few jack, but no barbel. This is Mr. Smith the barge-master's (the energetic committee-man of the Thames Angling Preservation Society) favourite pitch, and he is mostly well rewarded for his choice. The Griffin Hotel, at the entrance to the Hog Mill-stream, has a garden front, from which an angler may while away an hour or so with float or fly. We now sight the Jolly Anglers, where Bill Clarke, the fisherman, may be met with, and every information obtained anent the river in this neighbourhood, as he is both intelligent and truthful.

About 100 to 250 yards above the Anglers, on the Surrey side, close in shore, is the celebrated Kingston preserve for bream. It is in a direct line with the two solitary cottages built on the skirt of the Hampton Home Park, on the Middlesex side. This place used to be systematically poached with nets, until Bill Clarke sunk a couple of old hogsheads covered with tenter-hooks, and then the netters and their nets got despoiled in their turn; and the bream are now as plentiful and safe in and around their Diogenesian fastnesses as the heart of the most greedy of anglers could desire.

Bill Clarke tells me that the largest barbel upon record here was 19lb. 6oz. The heaviest that Clarke ever took was when he was eleven years of age, some twenty-five years ago, while fishing with a Mr. Dean, a boot and shoe maker to her Majesty, of Old Bond-street; its weight was 15lb.

A small ait just before we get to Messenger's makes a scour on the Surrey side, where I have used a fly with Mr. Tredegar, of Surbiton, in early morning and in dry autumns, with singular

success. The sewer opposite Messenger's boathouse has disappeared, and with it the knot of anglers who used to elbow each other to get at this coveted place for coarse fish. All along the nicely-kept promenade—much improved of late by the formation of landing-steps—is good, and the bank fisher may fill a tolerably sized bag, if he be there between three and six p.m. in July, or by break of day in August.* As we pass the promenade and get under the walls of the waterworks, the river becomes very deep, and heavy perch are often caught. The bank angler cannot do better than try between the bushes which hang from the towing-path, beneath which the water is likewise deep, and perch and chub are to be met with, more particularly at the lower part of the bend opposite where the Fox and Hounds formerly stood. When the angler passes the sites of the old Three Pigeons ferry and the Crown and Anchor (the roadside front of which was one of George Morland's favourite studies)—now removed for the extension of the waterworks—he will find the bush cleared away, and good casts may be made into excellent water from the shore for trout and jack; the former that are taken hereabout are large. Several fine trees have been cut down on the tow-path side by order of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods and Forests, and the beauty of the landscape much interfered with. The inequalities of the ground are, however, being filled up, and this may be accepted as some equivalent, this portion of the handsome walk having been long in a disgracefully marshy condition.

While upon the subject of the extension of the Thames water companies, it may be remarked, that one of the best meadows above Hampton—dear to the bank fisher—is threatened by the aggrandising strides of these companies, and that the stakes have already entered another fine mead, near Sunbury, for a like purpose. These proceedings may be inexorable; but, while depriving the angler, who has had a vested standing upon the margin of the river for time out of mind, of his cherished privileges, could not the water companies make some concession in exchange by emptying the fish generated in such vast numbers in the upper reservoirs back into the stream—say once in five years? Here is

* Angling from this bank is not now allowed, the "rough" element having become an intolerable nuisance to the neighbourhood. If the Conservators of the Thames were to issue licences at a trifling cost, such an infliction, here and elsewhere, could be held in check, by the forfeiture of the grant in case of misconduct.

another hint of usefulness for the Thames Angling Preservation Society—or, what would perhaps be better, to a few independent Thames anglers, who might, with no loss of dignity, and probably with every advantage to the river, memorialise the board of the water company. The “upper reservoirs” at Hammersmith, Kingston, and Hampton abound in fish, and all above the restricted size might be “rendered to Cæsar,” and the rest kept for growth and another acceptable donation.

THAMES DITTON (to HAMPTON COURT).

Station Master, Mr. LEGH.

Distance from London, 14 miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d.; Return—First-class 2s. 6d.,
Second 2s.

THAMES Ditton Ferry is by water twenty-two miles five furlongs from London Bridge.

The Swan Hotel at Ditton, so famous in the history of the Thames, and so intertwined with the reminiscences of the latter part of the last and beginning of the present century, has undergone during the past twenty years many fluctuations. It is now, however, all that can be desired. The host is commendable, the hostess equally so. The fare is good, and the cook a *chef* in petticoats. The village and its quaint church will afford an agreeable stroll for an appetite before dinner, and the views from the windows after it will blend pleasantly with the dessert. Indeed, no Thames angler could desire a more suitable retreat, after his early morning's pursuits, and before the eventide delights of the rod which await him. Old Billy Tagg, the waterman to Her Majesty, has gone to fraternise with Charon; but he has left many a curious anecdote behind of the piscatorial habits and manners of Theodore Hook, Edmund Kean, Vansittart, and even of Royalty itself, who, when out in a punt with him, appeared to think the gay dress he wore on state occasions, and the office he held, entitled him to hob and nob it with the nobility of birth and genius. But, racy as they are, they have a strength of character which will not admit of their spirit being reduced to the duty standard of the present generation. I am half inclined to believe, however, that old Tagg was “gassing” when he assured us that

some of the foreign visitors to the Court with whom he was ordered to go out fishing "used to take a paper of salt with them, to flavour the gentles which they ate by handfuls." After that, if it be true, some of our English venison feasts fall back into the shade.

But to a yet more gentle subject. The following verses written by Hook are still reverently recited in the village:

When sultry suns and dusty streets
Proclaim town's *winter* season,
And rural scenes and cool retreats
Sound something like high treason ;
I steal away to shades serene,
Which yet no bard has hit on,
And change the bustling heartless scene
For quietude and *Ditton*.

Here lawyers, free from legal toils,
And peers released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smile of beauty ;
Beauty with talent brightly graced,
Whose name must not be written,
The idol of the fane, is placed
Within the shades of *Ditton*.

Let lofty mansions great men keep—
I have no wish to rob 'em—
Not courtly Claremont, Esher's steep,
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
A large red house at Whitton ;
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,
Nor Whitton class with *Ditton*.

I'd rather live, like General Moore,
In one of the pavilions*
Which stand upon the other shore,
Than be the king of millions ;
For though no subject might arise
To exercise my wit on,
From morn 'till night I'd feast my eyes
By gazing at sweet *Ditton*.

The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore
In gold and purple floated,
But happier I when near this shore,
Although more humbly boated.
Give me a punt, a rod, a line,
A snug arm-chair to sit on,
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,
And let me fish at *Ditton*.

* Alas, one of the great *charms* of Hampton Court is fled; it is no longer a sanctuary from the sheriff's officer!

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords,
 As table e'er was put on,
 And worthier quite of loftier boards
 Its poultry, fish, and mutton;
 And while sound wine mine host supplies,
 With beer of Meux or Tritton,
 Mine hostess with her bright blue eyes
 Invites to stay at *Ditton*.

Here, in a placid waking dream,
 I'm free from worldly troubles,
 Calm as the rippling silver stream
 That in the sunshine bubbles:
 And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers
 Some abler bard has writ on,
 Despairing to transcend his powers,
 I'll ditto say for *Ditton*.

After leaving the Swan, a swift piece of shallow water which runs into the Surrey side at the head of the second ait should be fished with the fly or the beetle for chub, or properly searched for a trout. There is always one or more on this pretty scour. The pitches from this to the water gallery of Hampton Court are many, but they have not been named by the fishermen. In the Lea, the Loddon, &c., every corner and every hole has its nomenclature, and renders the topography of the localities simple in the extreme. Why cannot the bends and corners of the Thames be thus "christened?" surely there is water enough for that.

Theodore Hook used to say that these spots were called "pitches" because when once found the anglers *stick* to them with poles.

The two next aits may be passed without remark, and then we come to the "far-famed, fabulous, and fathomless water-gallery hole," close under the rails on the towing-path side. It is a safe refuge for good trout; and on any fine summer evening two or more whoppers may be seen in and about it, dashing upon the baits like policemen after a pickpocket in a crowd. It is caused by the waters of the Mole, which here discharge through a branch into the Thames almost at a right angle—the floods which often come down very heavily having hollowed and eddied it out; but after heavy rains it is thicker than the rest of the Thames, from the like cause. The greatest depth I could find with the plumb-line was 15ft.; but it is said to be 20ft., and of course it is so when the floods render the Thames some 5ft. higher than at present. It can be easily fished from the bank, and still permit of the angler getting well away from the extreme margin of the

campshed and out of sight of the fish. There is likewise a good eddy off this on the Middlesex side for perch with the paternoster. A great many of 1lb. to 2lb. are taken every season.

Lord St. Leonards seems to have a horror of anglers. If a man commences fishing in boat or punt opposite his lawn, he sends a footman forth to pelt the surrounding water with stones; but a friend of mine touching the calf of Jeames with a soft piece of clay from a blow-pipe, made, for the time, the non-plushed minion howl again.

HAMPTON COURT (to SUNBURY).

Station Master, Mr. LEGH.

Distance from London, 15 miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s., Second 1s. 6d.; Return—First-class 2s. 9d.,
Second 2s.

HAMPTON Court Bridge is twenty-three miles one furlong by water from London Bridge.

The new bridge at Hampton Court is a handsome structure as seen from the river, and a great improvement over the old, picturesque, but dangerous wooden one; but when we get upon it we find that it would have been better if the castellated approaches had been kept lower, as they hide the landscape up and down the river. It will be remembered how little fishing there was formerly from the piles of the old bridge, occasioned by the then shallowness of the stream. Deep and efficient ballasting has altered all this, and there are now few better places than those recently made around the new structure. There is, however, no means of angling from the bridge itself, the parapets being too high to work a rod well over them; nor could it be managed with any comfort through the lozenge-shaped openings of the ironwork.

Mullins, the excellent landlord and admirable cook of the Castle, on the Moulsey side of the bridge, has retired from business life to the sea-side, with a well-deserved competence, and the hearty wishes of his friends that he may fully enjoy it. He is succeeded by Mr. Fuller, formerly of the Albion, at Moulsey, of whose capabilities to keep up the name and fame of the Castle report speaks favourably. Another house has been built and

opened close by, called the Caernarvon Castle (F. Thompson); this is far from fair, and as the naming the house could not be compulsory, it looks extremely ugly to an eye accustomed to straight lines in all callings. The Railway Inn is a good house on the right, and the Albion, now B. Gutteridge, is quiet and respectable. T. G. Tagg, once junior, the boat-builder and fisherman to Her Majesty, lives in a pretty cottage opposite the latter, but is mostly to be found amongst the craft at the entrance to the Mole near the railway station bridge. The house, however, which I prefer, is farther up on the left after a dead wall is passed. It is the King's Arms, and is kept by Mr. Thomas Edwards and his sister. The garden goes down to the river Mole, and all is quiet and charming around it. A good swim is kept clean for those who like to angle, and the meads, the mill, and the distant red brick with white facings of Hampton Court Palace, are seen through the trees from the windows of this house as well as from the lawn, and form a most delightful and pleasing picture. The fish to be taken off this are roach, dace, gudgeons, and an occasional jack, and chub or two. I do not, however, recommend the place altogether for the bit of fishing it affords, but from the quiet, cleanly, and cheerful character of all about it, including the host and hostess, who, however, may have a dinner for eighty or one hundred going on when the reader calls; he must therefore take his chance, and accept some other word in lieu of "quiet" as the case may be.

On the other side the bridge, and nearly opposite the palace barrack gates, is the Mitre Hotel, a more pretentious house than any of the others, in which everything is done well, and the charges are fair if the superiority of the accommodation, and the wines are taken into just consideration. I can likewise recommend the Greyhound Hotel, opposite the Wilderness-gate of Hampton Court Gardens; but I cannot conscientiously speak in favour of the King's Arms, although I have year after year given the house a fair trial. Moulsey Weir is an excellent spot, and many is the noble trout that has left its depths to delight the eyes and adorn the table of the angler or the epicure. Some little distance below, and just above what was formerly the garden of the celebrated Toy Hotel, there was once a tremendously deep hole well paved with rubbish. It was a great resort for large fish. It has, however, been much filled up, and consequently deteriorated, of late years. A gentleman used to fish this weir with a punt to which a simple apparatus was attached for

steadying it, which it did even when moored in the roughest part of the pool. The fall of the weir is 5ft. Moulsey lock, says the "Oarsman's Guide," takes some time to get through. It is free. From this point to Seething Wells below, and even lower, the stream is strong, particularly towards the Middlesex side. The height of water in the reach above this lock should be noticed with a view to know when it is possible to get up the back water, and so avoid part of the sharp run in Sunbury Race. The water should be 2in. or more over the camphed of the lock, when the lock is full, in order to do this with a light boat.

Just above the lock is the Angler's Retreat, a humble resort with a tumbling-bay on the Middlesex side, but it is fished to death, and I have never heard of anything particular being taken—now and then a small trout may be got there and a few chub.

The Hog Hole, which connects the back water and the Hampton Deep, is famous for the number of its yield of jack. Hampton Deep, just before we come to the church, still keep up an average reputation, of which the Gulls, opposite Garrick's Villa, is undoubtedly the best portion. The next famous spot is Fishers' Ait, all good angling around 'it for roach, dace, barbel, &c., but no jack. The ferry across to Moulsey Hurst, where the races are now held, and prize fights used to "come off," is close by us. Here the Bell Inn offers capital accommodation, and one of the family of the Benns, the fishermen, will provide punt, tackle, and baits if necessary. There is an hotel—the Red Lion—to the left of this, hidden from our view, and once famous for its tulip beds which were scrupulously kept by its late proprietor, Mr. Lawrence. Passing on, we reach Pecker's Ait, a noted harbour for chub and jack. Near the Vauxhall Grand Junction and West Middlesex Waterworks are some capital swims, and close to the head of them, as well as off the tail, many perch and jack are taken. Above the ait is the Cherry Orchard, and from this point up to the White Pile, is an excellent reach of trout water; many trout may be seen breaking the surface on any fine summer evening, but they are wary fellows. There is a good shallow or two at the head of the ait for the fly. The water before quoted from the "Oarsman's Guide" is about a mile below Sunbury Lock, where there is a turn on the Surrey bank, or a back water meeting the river again; but the course of the river lies to the Middlesex side, and the water runs very sharp. This part of

the river is called Cane Edge, and the stream from this point up is known as Sunbury Race. When the water is tolerably high in this reach, boats can go about two furlongs up the back water, and then pass over a gap through which the stream runs from the main river. By these means the worst part of this piece of hard rowing can be avoided. In order to know when this can be effected, it has been said the height of the water over the campshed at Moulsey Lock should be observed. "It is also possible, *sometimes*," says the "Oarsman's Guide," "to penetrate still farther up, and come out opposite the weir, but this rarely happens in the boating season." This, however, is an obvious error, as this back water terminates directly after it touches the lower part of Sunbury, and the weir is above the town, which consists of a long straggling street.

To go back awhile—the White Pile at Sunbury is the first of a few posts painted white and fixed in the river, and is justly praised as indicating a barbel swim, in which, some years ago, Bill Benn had extraordinary sport, numbering his takes of barbel by the hundredweight. He fished it for several days with the ledger, never leaving it, but even sleeping there in his punt to prevent anyone else from obtaining the coveted pitch. Of course it was fished out at length. Opposite Lord Kilmorey's, just above the White Pile, is the back water alluded to, which holds numbers of small perch and jack, and at particular seasons is alive with dace and diminutive chub. From this to the lock the campshed is a fine resort for fish of most kinds. The stream from Sunbury Weir, to some distance past the church, is a splendid reach for fly-fishing, being shallow and rapid, and many trout of enormous calibre have been taken in it spinning; indeed no better water could be desired, but it requires a hole here and there and some large stones as harbour for the trout. For the want of these it is almost wasted and useless, but good trout are found in the upper and lower waters where the stream deepens. Mr. Edward Lukyn, the eminent dentist, takes several fine and heavy trout here every season. He resides opposite the church in a pretty cottage, the balcony of which overhangs the water, and from which heavy fish may be observed entering and leaving a hole beneath the windows.

There is a nice back water on the Sunbury side of the weir; up this stream fish that want to head can always find their way, and in the rough water where it takes its supply from the stream a good trout often lurks. A takeable jack or two

and many perch may be picked up between the lock and this stream. The fall of Sunbury Weir is four feet. The lock is free. The house which best understands the requirements of the angler is the Flower Pot, where beds, &c., may be had, and whose landlord, being himself an angler, will be found well up in all piscatory lore both ancient and modern. Whittock's Chertsey omnibus, that leaves the Goose and Gridiron at 9.10 a.m., stops at this house, as, indeed, it does at most of the angling resorts along the Middlesex side of the Thames; and as it leaves Chertsey somewhat late, it affords a full afternoon's fishing, even at the end of its drive at Halliford, Shepperton, or Chertsey Bridge. The rail of the Thames Valley likewise takes the angler within a moderate walk of these places, which, if he has not much tackle to carry, and eschews the assistance of a fly, can be easily surmounted. The weir at Sunbury is, as all Thames anglers know, a very fine one, and those who are prepared to wade its scour, and to throw a large palmer, red or black (I prefer the former), should cross to the opposite corner, to that part of the fall that is dry in summer, and gradually cast downwards, close in until they get opposite, or nearly opposite, the church, and then they may take the direction of the scour as far as they detect the ripple and oily water.

The fishermen at Sunbury are Thomas Fulker and E. Clarke, the latter at the ferry.

SUNBURY (to WALTON).

Station Master, Mr. Moss.

Distance from London, 16½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 2s. 6d., Second 2s.; Return—First-class 3s.,
Second 2s. 6d.

SUNBURY Railway Station is on the Thames Valley line of the South-Western Railway, and full a mile from the Thames. A fly or flies are generally in attendance to and from the Flower-pot, the fare for which is 1s.

From Sunbury Weir up to Walton there are many fine pitches for bream and barbel. A noted pitch for bream is very near to

the end of the side stream which leads down to Sunbury Weir. An extraordinary hole likewise for bream is on the Middlesex side, nearly opposite James Rogerson the fisherman's cottage, where literally tons of this fish, averaging 2lb., are taken during a season. This swim is below the wooden bridge which passes over the inner water (Walton Sales), and just opposite the commencement of the first bushes on the Middlesex side in almost mid-stream ; if anything, however, inclined to the meadow bank by 10ft. or 12ft. The bream are caught by ledgering with lob-worms previously well baited with the same. In the season of 1866 two gentlemen, with Hone the fisherman, of Walton, took upwards of a hundredweight of these fish in three days, some of them weighing 3lb.

The following paragraph appears in the Piscatorial Society's Report for 1866 :—“ The society's first prize taken by Mr. Johnson, with 549lb. of fish, entirely from the Thames, and with a trifling exception at Walton, calls forth the committee's heartiest congratulations and commendations. This feat evinces an amount of perseverance and skill worthy of all praise.”

The exact pitch is, however, somewhat difficult to describe, but as it cannot be fished with any comfort from the bank, it may be well to secure it for a day or two previously. Almost the exact spot is shown in the photograph of Walton Bridge published by A. Marion, Son, and Co., Soho Square, in the first series of “ The Thames,” of which too much in praise cannot be said, for it is a work of consummate taste in every particular, and has evidently been inspired by one who possesses an artistic feeling and love of nature in an eminent degree. It should be borne in mind that the engagement of swims upon the Thames is no longer conducted as formerly, and the presence of a rip-hook stuck therein does not insure the pitch. By this law, which is otherwise an excellent one, a hole may be baited for a succession of days and nights, and the angler may have the mortification of finding a party fishing it at the very time he is prepared to take advantage of his own labour and forethought. Amongst the fishermen there is, however, a certain code of honour, and such a circumstance could scarcely occur if these men were alone engaged. I am not prepared to say that if the angler baited his own swim, and managed his own punt, this vexatious proceeding would not take place, or that a stranger would not select and keep so eligible a sitting, still such occasions, excepting in the full season, are few and far between ;

and, indeed, at any time a want of courtesy, not to say justice, amongst true anglers, is very exceptional. Walton Sales, opposite Felix House (the Earl of Tankerville's), is a fine piece of back water, much poached for jack by night lines and "ligger fishing." Many good-sized pike are taken when the weed is down, either by live baiting or the gorge; it is, at the best of times, scarcely free enough for spinning, although a few casts may be made in selected places.

At Sunbury, besides the Flower Pot before mentioned, where Mr. George presides, are the Castle, kept by Mr. Lunn, and the Magpie on the left from town, having the advantage of a garden sloping down to the river, from which the angler can land and keep his punt and tackle under his eye; although this precaution, as far as a prudential step is considered, may be excused, the honest people of Sunbury would be surprised at the suspicion.

In Walton Church is preserved a brank or gossip's bridle. The gifted scholar and magazine writer, Maginn, lies here without a statutory recognition.

WALTON.

Station Master, Mr. PARSONS.

Distance from London, 17 miles.

FARES:—First-class 3s., Second 2s.; Return—First-class 4s., Second 3s.

WEYBRIDGE.

Station Master, Mr. GLOVER.

Distance from London, 19 miles.

FARES:—First-class 3s. 6d., Second 2s. 6d.; Return—First-class 5s., Second 3s. 6d.

Walton Bridge (to Shepperton Lock).

WALTON Station, Surrey side, is about two miles from the Thames; Weybridge Station, Surrey side, is about one mile and a half from the river. At Walton, the Duke's Head and the Crown are the best inns. We prefer the one on the left hand from the river at the opposite corner of the road leading to

London, which, although a house of not much pretension is extensively supported by anglers. At Weybridge, close to the station on the breezy common, is the Hand and Spear, a turreted inn standing high and admirably appointed in its resources for those needs which trench on an extra amount of comfort, and yet do not verge upon luxury. The river Wey runs through the valley at the back of this house, and as its landlord possesses a meadow or two, there is little difficulty in getting permission to fish. There are two other houses in Weybridge, yet closer to the Thames, the Crown and, the King's Arms, both of which have beds, and are well conducted. And another upon the water's edge, the Lincoln Arms, kept by R. and John Harris, assisted by the active spouse of the latter, of which I have often had occasion to speak in terms of praise. They are both fishermen, but the elder seldom goes out with gentlemen now, but leaves it to "Little John," so called from his great bulk, to do all the professional out-of-door part of the business. They are both men of experience. There is a good gudgeon swim opposite the Lincoln Arms.

If, however, my worthy brother is in search of a hostelry for this district of a higher character of cuisine, he should cross over to the Surrey side from Walton to Halliford, where he will find the Ship, better known from the name of its commander "Stone" much enlarged and improved of late years. The Rosewells and Rogersons, families of fishermen, are close by. A little higher up still on the Surrey side, is Shepperton, where the Anchor Hotel stands at the corner near the church. The Anchor leaves little to hope for. Miss Steers, its landlady, known amongst anglers and oarsmen as "the Countess," possesses the happy tact of pleasing her customers, and is fortunate in having around her a staff well up in their various avocations. Indeed, I have never heard of a grumble escaping from anyone who has partaken of the excellent catering of this house. in which, although ever treated as a prince, you are not charged as one. But in speaking of the attractions which beset the angler, and having a fear that those who come to fish may stay to eat and drink, to the detriment of their health and sport, it will be well with, a word of commendation, to introduce an excellent fisherman, J. Perdue, to the notice of my readers. This man is to be found almost directly opposite the church, but boots at the Anchor knows where to pitch upon him at any time when wanted.

But we linger too long from the stream. Walton Bridge is

twenty-seven miles seven furlongs by water from London Bridge. We pass now under the bridge, the bottom about which is very uneven, large stones having been cast in, both above and below, to render the piers more firm and capable of resisting the heavy current that courses at times through these arches. Coway, or Causeway Stakes, is a little above; it is here, it is said, the Romans under Julius Cæsar crossed to invade the kingdom of Casevelaunus. The stakes were put into the river by the Britons to prevent the enemy from crossing, and their site is supposed to be opposite two large oak trees on the Surrey side of the river. Splendid pitches may be found here in water of eight and ten feet of depth—a depth which, if consistent with that of the time of Julius Cæsar, would go far to contravert the notion that the besieging party would adopt this spot for fording, while water so much shallower was to be met with higher up. A little above the Coway, the Halliford deeps begin. On our left, and under Otlands Park, now extensively built upon, is another piece of back water, in which several good jack have been taken, and an occasional perch of a couple of pounds or so. The lake in Otlands Park is private property, and cannot compare in any respect, beyond its privacy, with the free stream of the Thames. Many large perch are caught with ledger and traveller, nearly opposite the cottage of Tom Rosewell, at Halliford, who speaks of it as the best resort of this bold and delicious fish in the Thames. It certainly has always been considered a good harbour for perch, but whether these deeps surpass those of Marlow, Streatley, Culham, and other noted resorts of the perch, it would be difficult to determine, as every fisherman is more or less wedded to his home. In some places under remark the plumb does not bottom at 18ft. There are many good pike all along this, but the water cannot be fished in comfort without a punt. The chub are abundant in a hole about a hundred yards above Stone's Hotel. George Rosewell took one in 1863, weighing 6½lb. At break of day numbers of bream may be seen leaping on the surface of the water in "the preserve" below Stone's.

We pass the lawn of Mr. Lindsay's house, and observe the Old Deep, east of the creek rail, which runs 240yds. There are some good pike, perch, and roach, to be had for the seeking up the creek in the winter time.

The Upper Deep is now alongside of us, and runs about two hundred yards. Here is the famous Chalk Hole of this district, which holds some 20ft. of water, besides barbel, bream,

and average jack. Jelly Cut Island, in the occupation of Old Harris, divides the river here, and should be fished with the fly on the Middlesex side.

There are certain rules it may be well for the angler to observe, and amongst those which will prevent great irritation and disappointment is that of the provision of baits before leaving London. I do not mean live and dead gudgeons, &c., although I include them, so much as worms, gentles, greaves, bran, beetles, and others really difficult to get in a country place, though I do not see why the well-paid fisherman should not always have them "in stock." It is the business of a fisherman to have bait ready for his customers; and with the slightest amount of foresight and management they might easily have plenty always on hand. The fishermen at Teddington and Hampton Court are seldom without bait, and what they can do others can. Yet, on the other parts of the Thames, unless the angler charges himself with a parcel which is a nuisance to his fellow travellers, he will have to fish without bait in most instances. I regret to say that my experience of the fishermen, with one or two, perhaps three, exceptions, is far from favourable. Civil in most cases they are, but indolence is their prevailing characteristic, if the assumption of a knowledge of the stream far beyond their district does not take the precedence. For instance, I have found scarcely a man who did not profess to show me every inch from London to Lechlade, and who, after quitting his home some four or five miles, lost his memory of even the names of the locks, in a most incomprehensible, if not ludicrous, manner.

Shepperton Weir is a very fine fall of water, and in times past yielded enormous trout, which one of my angling acquaintances was wont to allure with salmon-flies and tackle. The bream-fishing here is as good as anywhere in the Thames, expert anglers taking them in the most turbulent portions of the foaming waters, much to the contradiction of ancient writers, who have said that bream never frequent other than quiet havens. I have inquired several times while at this weir after the fate of the grayling turned in some two years since, and I cannot hear of a single fish of that species having been taken as yet. Following the weir down, most promising water will be found, and a hole of immense depth, scoured out by the discharge of the waters of the Wey, ought to, if it does not, contain large fish. The great want on the shallows here is some large stones, as harbours for trout, &c. Their presence could do no harm, as they would be out of the

navigation, and the good that would result would be made rapidly manifest. There are several spots here from whence a coign of vantage for bank-fishing may be met with.

Besides the above railway stations there is likewise one on the Thames Valley line, Middlesex side, about three quarters of a mile from the Anchor Inn, from whence flies ply to and fro, fare 1s. *Vide* Shepperton, for fares, &c.

SHEPPERTON (to CHERTSEY).

Station Master, Mr. TAPLIN.

Distance from London, 18½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 3s., Second 2s. 4d.; Return—First-class 4s., Second 3s.

SHEPPERTON Lock is twenty-two miles and three quarters by water from London Bridge.

Off the Hatches used to be an excellent place for pike. One of 16lb. was taken a few years since, and seven to ten fish of an average of from 8lb. to 10lb. was far from an unusual afternoon or morning's work. But Dimsey Mead, a little higher up, was still better, and the chub there were innumerable. The Chertsey omnibus will put the angler down within the distance of a field from this favourite water, where, moreover, it is all free, and there exists no interruption from landowners. And now we come to another bend, where, upon the left-hand side of the river, there is roach and chub fishing. Again, beyond the same side, there are average roach and chub pitches, and past "the Old Bush," and just beyond the entrance to the willow bed, you cannot fail of a few fins, provided always you fish fine and quietly.

We now approach the best trout-water of this district, which extends about a mile, composed of shallows and scours. Take any entrance to a hole hereabout, and you may calculate upon a fair roach swim, and do not leave off until you sight Chertsey-bridge; and on the Hill the best dace of this water are still to be caught.

Lord Kilmorey has improved the fall of the Bourne, and removed many bushes on the left, but very judiciously without clearing away the stumps, which still afford shelter to the chub and spawning stations for perch. Summer snipes breed here.

The back water upon our left is termed Dockey Ait. There used to be loads of jack up there, and I have taken three and a half brace before breakfast. But such days are gone. Those who fish it must have a care of the posts therein. Near this lives Alfred Todd, a civil and obliging young fellow, who is pursuing the craft of fisherman and puntsman. He has been highly spoken of by experienced anglers, who assure me that his tact and knowledge are far beyond his years.

Some comparatively fine jack are taken from the wharf, on the Surrey side. The palings on our left, which divide the wharf from the meadow, indicate two deep holes reachable from the bank. Immediately over the bridge is the Cricketers, of which Mr. Woolgar is the landlord; perhaps as sterling a fisherman's house as any we have noticed, but it confines its provender to chops and steaks and bread and cheese—so that if you wish for better fare than that, you would do well either to take it down with you or order it a day before. Chertsey is a long straggling place, full of interest to the antiquarian. The best hotel is an old fashioned house suggestive of the coaching times, the Swan. The Crown, where host Lovett rules the roast, is another house of excellent fare and goodly comforts. It is next to the Town Hall, and is the termination of the omnibus route. There are many other houses of minor fame and pretensions known to their respective London friends, and which are doubtless as fully entitled to mention as those already alluded to. We have not intentionally passed any one of them over; and therefore, if they possess clean and ample accommodation for two or more anglers, they may feel assured that by forwarding the particulars to "Greville F." *Field Office*, Strand, their claims to attention shall not be thrown aside. "The Cricketers" was almost the last sad scene of poor dear gifted "Ephemera's" existence.

The little river Waverley, which owes its source to that right royal aqueous basin known as Virginia Water, has long since belied the purity of its parentage, and is fast becoming a candidate for an entrance amongst the list of the ditches and sewers of the county of Surrey. The Waverley, after flowing from the splendid lake spoken of, runs by Trotsworth, skirts St. Ann's-hill, leaves Thorpe on its left, and joining the Ottershaw or Chob, forms a natural boundary to Woburn-park, and falls into the Thames, just above the Wey, at Weybridge. This river was a favourite resort a few years since of the angler for bait. What it is now the visitor who approaches Chertsey town from its present

most frequented railway entrance can best describe. I am happy to say that the Earl Kilmorey, who has recently taken Woburn-park, has cleared out that portion of the Waverley which runs through his estate; and as this nobleman has determined to restore the fish to its precincts, if possible, it is presumed that he will not only assist but encourage the authorities in carrying out this most important matter.

With two hundred acres of mead, belonging, I believe, to the parish, even the least informed upon agricultural affairs ought to make a shrewd guess where the proper destination of this sewage should be. If the authorities do not care for the gradual depreciation in the value of the house property of their town, may they not as farmers, or deriving their material wealth from farmers, be poked into useful activity by the prong of pelf?

The great public good which Lady Holland has effected of late upon her estate at St. Ann's-hill, by the formation of walks, the erection of arbours, and the building of a complete pic-nic house on the very summit of these varied and beautiful grounds, with attendance in summer at the command of visitors, deserves every praise.

CHERTSEY (to STAINES).

Station Master, Mr. LEE.

Distance from London, 22½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 4s., Second 3s.; Return—First-class 5s. 6d., Second 4s.

CHERTSEY Bridge is thirty-two miles one furlong by water from London Bridge.

The weir here is staked, and is reported to be full of small trout, turned in from the artificial breeding troughs which were erected close by.

Above this we find perch, trout, jack, barbel, and splendid chub, the latter more particularly under the ait side. There are plenty of bank swims around this, one in particular, both deep and even, where the remains of a bridge are indicated at the entrance of the Abbey river, in the mill-stream. Mr. Lacost, the proprietor, is very kind and considerate to those anglers who know how to behave themselves. The next deep water is off "the Rocks"

on the Surrey side, on the left just before Lord Lucan's is reached; and again we get a fine pitch at Laleham Burrows. There are no deeps about Laleham, but its shallow opposite the ferry was once first-rate for dace and small trout. It is somewhat coquettish in its nature, as far as vegetation is concerned—now free as a school girl, all tidiness and romp; in another season we find it drab and dirt, Whitechapelish and foul; and perhaps the next year coy, but beautiful as a young widow in her weeds.

On the Middlesex shore there are superb bank swims for chub and perch. The angler should keep well down close to the edge of the water, and if with the Nottingham style of angling so much the more likely of a creel of fish. There are several pitches now very difficult to indicate from the want of landmarks, and at times a large haul of barbel may be secured.

Beyond this it may be well to pass all the water until Penton Hook is reached, of which too much cannot be said.

Should the angler desire a retired, clean, and economical house, let him inquire for the Castle, in the Addlestone-road at Chertsey, where Mr. Matthews, its excellent landlord, will greet him as a fisherman, and contribute to every want he may indulge in consistent with the humble desires of the disciples of old Izaak. From Laleham and down to Penton Hook there is good bank fishing to be had, and if the angler be prepared with long hip boots he may command, from the Surrey side, many spots of advantage, and swims well adapted for roach and chub. At Laleham, the best, and, if we mistake not, the only hostelry worthy mention, is the Horse-Shoes, kept by the widow of one of the Harrises, but whether of Samuel, John, William, or Frederick,—for they are all, or were all, here as fishermen—we know not. Galloway, of Chertsey, is a painstaking fisherman; he can bring plenty of valuable credentials to bear out our recommendation of his fitness to teach the young idea how to catch the finny tribe, and indeed he is capable of adding many a wrinkle to the stores of the elder pursuers of the gentle sport. One of the Keenes is likewise to be found at Chertsey, and is a civil intelligent man.

Between Chertsey and Laleham the water is an open book, in which those that walk along the towing-path can read as they go. About Chertsey, more particularly the Surrey side, there are many places where the fly in due season can be used with good effect, and bottom fishing may be pursued to the profit and

pleasure of the patient angler, the water being mostly deep immediately under the banks, with here and there a sharp run over a gravelly scour.

A whole chapter might be written upon Penton Hook; even then its beauties and attractions to the angler would not be half told. There is not a more lovely or sequestered piece of water on the Thames. Close to London as it is, accessible by the mere crossing of the lock, open at the lower end to boats, it is yet almost a hermit stream, so seldom do you find a soul, much more a punt, within its precincts. Yet it has every charm of nature, each description of a river's beauty, from the quiet to the grand—for the neighbouring hills, which rise in the air as you sit low in your boat, give majesty to the scene, while all the finish and effect of lake scenery is strikingly apparent in many parts of its course; a splendid fall is succeeded by rapid and shallow water—here with glittering silvery streaks of light, dark, deep, and sombre—there, reflecting nothing but a broad expanse of terra-verte-like shadows of the wild, full, luxuriant forest foliage, and the richest undergrowth upon its banks; its streams now glinting into open, dazzling daylight, and anon into corners as dark as Erebus. All this, and volumes more of panoramic ecstasy for the eye, in three quarters of a mile! How fresh and thankful appear the trees as each morning the veils of dew waft aside and impart the notion that a second spring has come; but no! it is August, and renewed life and verdure are daily drawn from the lovely river which laves the knotted and entangled roots. Even the smaller bushes appear to take a diurnal toilet, and put on a new vernal suit; while the scabious, blue chicory, and large white convolvulus, hawkweed, honeysuckle, and the small blue campanula, make the fields around glad with varied colour, and afford glimpses of the sweetest kind through the branches which adorn the banks:

Glide gently thus, for ever glide,
O Thames, that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river, come to me:
O glide, fair stream, for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

One of the most popular authors of the day in thanking me for pointing out several nooks and corners not generally known around

London, writes: "I found Penton Hook, a divergement of the stream from the main river Thames, a most charming piece of water, surrounded with scenery as truly English as the lover of the poetically picturesque can desire. Being free from the traffic of the barges, which are saved this detour by a lock which connects the two ends of this bottled-shaped 'hook,' it is much frequented by those who love solitude and like to fish amidst the music of birds and the soothing murmur of the rippling waters. The banks of Penton Hook are very varied in their character, here high with fringes of foliage and large overhanging trees, there equally shut out—or in—by tall reeds and other rank aquatic plants,—anon, low lands afford a peep of the distant country, and throughout the whole of its reach, the eye is refreshed by the grassy green of the island meadow which it surrounds. At the extreme bend is the opening to the Abbey mill-stream, and a more delicious bit than this spot presents upon most occasions to the artist, can scarcely be found, even on the Thames. The bottom, throughout the whole course, is gravelly, and, for so comparatively a short stretch of water, it is more varied in its depth than perhaps any similar length of the parent river; shallows and depths of a formidable nature alternating throughout."

There is some deep and subtle water at the extreme bend of the Hook, which can be covered by a punt or from the opposite bank. It is here that the old Abbey river, which empties itself at Chertsey, falls in, and the entrance to which, being mostly obscured by trees, often eludes the observation of those to whom the ins-and-outs of this favoured spot are not intimately known. The whole length of the Hook appears redolent with trout, and a more appropriate home for the spotted beauties of the waters can scarcely be conceived.* Indeed, those who might doubt the fitness of some parts of the Thames to produce trout and grayling in perfection, should visit this singularly appropriate horse-shoe, or rather bottle, bend, and should the time ever arrive when water is pressed into piscatorial industry and finnyous profits, here will be found one of the main stations for practical purposes. A fly will reach any part of it from the island its "circumbendibus formes," and if the envied *Ferox* does not reward the angler's skill, chub of a very heavy weight lie here perdu, and may be tempted with

* Yet, strange to add, it has been most disappointing to the angler in this respect, during recent years.

palmer, grub, or beetle, provided always Piscator keeps well out of sight, and brings his utmost tact and patience to bear upon their pursuit; but should Fortune frown with a scaly significance, all around will greet him with smiles, and make up for a heavy basket by the associations of a light heart and contented, because appreciative, mind.

The river from Penton Hook to Staines Bridge, is a steady uniform depth of about 10ft. in the channel, and 4ft. within rod reach of the banks, and some rare pitches are to be found and perch may be taken in respectable numbers from the tow-path side. There are several places where good pitches may be made, and a favourite one is opposite Shoot Over, or Thames Cottage, on the right, and one in particular, about one hundred yards below the cottage, reached easily by a short rod from the bank in 7ft. water, called Crystall's Swim, from an angler of that name taking large quantities of roach there; and a few yards below Shoot Over is "Mortimer's" hole for barbel.

Opposite Mr. Hedge's wharf, in 14ft. water, where the old bridge used to stand, and close to the remains of its piles, is a noted swim for barbel. It was here the great take of old Fletcher occurred some few years since. He tells me he baited this spot for a week previous to his angler coming down, and they took on one day eight brace of remarkably fine perch, and on the next, fishing from ten until four o'clock, 192 barbel, none under 4lb. a-piece. "The gent took a sack full up to London—not to eat, not he, he wasn't one of that sort—but to show his friends." A little tributary of the Colne comes out at the corner of Hedge's wharf, up which a trout generally lies of 5lb. to full 8lb. in weight. Just before we approach the new bridge—which is noticeable as being built of *white* granite—we pass over a deep with three sunken punts therein, which is a great roach swim, and 8ft. in depth. We pass a neat little public-house, the Pack Horse, with a water front and landing-stage, the interior accommodation of which has been a good deal increased of late. It is much frequented by anglers and oarsmen, and is a clean and remarkably reasonable house with good fare. The Swan, higher up and on the opposite bank, is a cheerful house, with many reasonable comforts.

STAINES (to WRAYSBURY).*Station Master, Mr. WILSON.**Distance from London, 19 miles.*

FARES :—First-class 3s. 2d., Second 2s. 2d.; Return—First-class 5s.,
Second 3s. 6d.

STAINES Bridge is thirty-five miles and seven furlongs from London Bridge by water, and the Staines stone, which terminates the jurisdiction of the Conservancy of London, is thirty-six miles and one furlong from the same structure. The division of the counties of Middlesex and Bucks is close here.

Passing Staines Bridge, under which there is excellent barbel fishing, and turning the head immediately to the right, a spot is seen almost close in shore, 14ft. in depth, and which holds heavy fish. All the way up to the London-stone are good roach and gudgeon pitches, and, after November, capital trolling. Church Ait is here, where there is a pretty bit of back water, with plenty of perch. The renowned Bobby Veres lives up this creek. The boat freighted by us belongs to him, he charging 30s. per month for its loan; with eighteenpence a week for its keep, &c.—a moderate charge for so great a necessity, if not a luxury. When a man is hired to pull, 5s. per day extra.

In passing the old gasworks at Egham, I examined the banks closely for any outlet, and looked carefully around for the slightest indication of an escape of gas into the Thames, but am happy to say not the merest evidence of its presence showed itself. Opposite these works there is a piece of back water, in which perch and jack are found in the winter.

There is some fine chub fishing to be had under the boughs opposite Paris's meadow—the Windsor Soap Factory—at Egham. Evening is the best time, with red or black palmer full large, and the white moth later in the night. A piece of the old channel of the Thames follows, where in winter there is more water than at present, and then average trolling may be had.

We now make for Bell's Ait, where a beautiful run for most descriptions of fish presents itself, beneath a high and bare bank, with 4ft. to 5ft. of water close in. From this right away up to Paris's tow-path bridge and creek, is barbel fishing, and off the point of the Ait and the upper opening to the old Thames channel, a pitch may be profitably essayed. There is nothing particular until we get to Bell's Lock, where there are several splendid swims.

WRAYSBURY (to DATCHET).*Station Master, Mr. BUCKLEY.**Distance from London, 21½ miles.*

FARES:—First-class 3s. 9d., Second 2s. 4d.; Return—First-class 5s. 6d.,
Second 3s. 9d.

IMMEDIATELY upon alighting at this station we are close to the Wraysbury subscription water on the Colne, which is full a mile and a half in extent. It commences above the upper mill, the property of W. W. Ladelle, Esq., and ends below at Hythe End Mill, belonging to the same gentleman, its proprietor. The Wraysbury mill-head is an excellent piece of water, well stocked with fish, as it terminates the preserve of Mr. Walker, whose fishery seldom sees a rod. It is from 5ft. to 9ft. in depth, with an even bottom, and yields fine roach and jack.

The Mill pool is not a large one, say about 20yds across, but it contains immense quantities of roach, a few above 2lb., dace ¾lb., chub as large as 6lb., and a few jack and perch. It varies in depth from 4ft. to 8ft. It has a "thorough," which works a mill-board wheel, and three other dashing outlets, which drive the main works of the paper mill. There are three good swims in the mill yard, the best near to the garden gate on our left looking down stream, which is composed of both stream and eddy, with some five feet of water. The next best swim in the Mill pool is exactly opposite this, below the arch, in 7ft. of water, but it is not so easily fished; and the third swim is between the two centre courses, where, between the contending streams, is a somewhat quiet bit of water, but the bottom is very unequal. Here a chub of 8lb. was taken by a visitor while spinning, and was weighed by one of the men who is still at the mill.

Besides the Mill pool, there is a back stream, with lock for regulating the supply to the mill, and a very complete apparatus for arresting the eels in their migratory passage downwards. In the pool of 6ft. in depth, into which the water falls after passing this trap, many barbel have been taken as heavy as 8lb., chub of 6lb.; the dace abound along a fine stretch of gravelly scour which succeeds, of about 1ft. 18in. in depth. This unites with the mill-stream at the end of Mr. Ladelle's private garden, and can only be fished by wading, on account of the trees on either side;

but thus it can be angled without interruption, with Nottingham line or the fly.

The hole, should not, however, be spun, as the bottom is staked. The same observation applies to the scour of the mill-tail, but the latter is some two or more feet deep in places.

There is a trout here and there, and they are of great weight, but arrangements are about to be made which may give access for the trout from the Thames to this most likely water ; besides which, it is the proprietor's intention to turn in a goodly number from time to time.

There are spots around and about the mill of a picturesque character, and the group, as seen from more than one point below, is exceedingly pretty, more particularly with the long stretching white-trellised bridge in the foreground. All around this bridge is shallow, but plenty of fine dace may be seen.

Then follows "the Upper Broad Water," in which there are several holes with jack and perch. Some of these holes are reachable from the banks on either side, and are 6ft. to 8ft. deep, and a recently ballasted hole or two 10ft. deep. Those nearer to the railway bridge abound in large chub, that work up from their cover amongst the piles of this structure.

There are two swims, one on either bank, and both above the railway bridge, which can only be reached by a Nottingham throw ; but these formidable chub are very difficult to kill when hooked, as they rarely take the bait until after it has got a little way beneath the woodwork, and the instant they feel the hook they make for the open and complicated piles, with so sudden and resistless a bolt that it requires the greatest skill to keep them in check.

Single hair lines here are not of the slightest use, and I have seen good drawn gut go like a piece of cotton. This renders the capture of these wary fellows a matter of difficulty, as they will not look at coarse tackle unless the water be slightly coloured, which this most pellucid of rivers seldom is, unless after rain. But when roach only are on the feed the difficulty is not great, as the movements of this fish are not rapid, nor do they seek the shelter of the woodwork until they are nearly exhausted, and then the task of keeping them from mischief is much decreased. I, as well as my son, Mr. Sumner Fennell, have taken from these two swims as handsome shows of roach as from any place throughout the many we have the *entrée* to in England. Both swims are about 5ft. in depth. The rate of the stream may be averaged at

two miles an hour; but when at its greatest flow the several bends and eddies afford ample swims to the bottom-fisher, and light spinning is seldom interrupted by weeds.

After we pass the railway bridge there is excellent water for the fly from both banks. About 40yds. below, on the left side, at the tail of the sedges, is the Old Barbel Hole, close in, kept well raked, of 6ft. in depth, from which heavy baskets of roach are carried. It contains at times a few barbel. Whether it is that they are seldom fished for in this preserve, or that they are shyer and more difficult to catch, I know not, but I have seldom heard of any great quantity being taken.

The river from the Mill up to the Old Barbel Hole has run pretty straight. It now takes a bold turn to the right for a quarter of a mile, forming the segment of a circle. For about 80yds. down this curve is all excellent jack fishing. About two-thirds down it, on our left, are two holes, recently ballasted and reachable from the bank, frequented by perch—a somewhat scarce fish here—with roach, jack, and a few barbel; tench likewise are found in noticeable numbers in this long bend, and dace are everywhere.

We now approach a rail on our right, which bounds the first mead. Here there is a streamlet which runs to Mr. Buckland's farm, fringed with willows. After passing this, a beautiful open fly water—with good solid bank on the right side, a bog on the left—presents itself.

Here terminates for a while the comparatively narrow portion of the preserve, which now suddenly expands into the "Middle Broad," a sheet of shallow water for some 200yds. to 250yds., in the widest part varying according to the quantity of water in the river, from 60yds. to 70yds. across. Singularly large shoals of dace and chub may be observed here, rising in every direction. This scour should be waded, and the fly-rod, with a palmer-red or black, as large as a grilse-fly, should be used. It does not much matter as to the lightness with which the fly comes down upon the water so long as it falls before the line meets the surface; but the cast should be as long as possible after having tried all round with a shorter line.

This shallow completes the large half-circle before alluded to. At the end of this half-circle, on the right, is a bank with willows. Opposite the fifteenth tree, and in a line with another solitary one, standing well back in the meadow, is the end of a long bank of sedges, which skirt the left margin of

the stream. All along this vegetation jack are mostly to be found.

Another bend follows, full of fish all the way down to the spiked post in the centre of the stream, which, if it be under water, will generally be indicated by the weeds arrested by it. The stream is again good for the fly, but is best commanded from the left bank. We quit the willows, and the river makes another *détour* to the right; and about 20yds. down from the stake with the tenter-hooks is Spiked Hole, very close in, with a quiet eddy, in which are very many roach. All pike water hereabout; hilly with holes for 200yds. past five willows planted well back in the mead, and about 40yds. apart. But before we get to the fifth of these trees, a small lagoon opens up, which has been fatal to many a 5lb. or a 6lb. jack. In the meadow we are leaving is a group of Lombardy poplars. The last meadow ends with a fir-pole fence exactly opposite a similar line of demarcation on the opposite meads, and four willows close together succeed the straggling five trees we have left behind. This reach inclines to the left for about 400yds. and averages four feet in depth. It is splendid spinning water, more particularly in a line with a second group of Lombardy poplars, which in this instance are encircled to half their great altitude with handsome horse-chesnuts.

We are now at the first gate, which leads by a labourer's cottage to Hythe End, and have a row of willows close to the water's edge. Through the gate and between the first and second tree is one of the best holes in the fishery, some 10ft deep, with an almost imperceptible curl. The roots of these trees are partly bare and in the river, and, together with the hollow banks, give harbour to monster chub. It is a wondrous place likewise for roach; and, indeed, it is not too much to add that between this and the front of the cottage there are at least twenty good swims, with excellent bottoms, and all presenting the much-desired characteristic of concave runs for fish beneath your feet. Amongst these trees there are two which have fallen prone by the working of the stream beneath them. They both recline exceedingly kindly into the water, and thus have caused two admirable places where the current is made sharp by antagonism; the second of the two is the best and clearest, but both possess those peculiar features so dear to the bottom-angler, and at the same time afford a screen, to a certain extent, from and for observation. Of course, both these swims will be fished below the

trees; the depth of the first 4ft. to 5ft., the second about 5ft. All is deep, varied, and lovely now, until we get to the shallow old fording-place near Hythe End Bridge. This bridge is of one iron arch, of a light construction, with stone buttresses. There is a humble beer-house near this—the Feathers, kept by George Harris, where the malt is respectable.

After this bridge is left in our rear we come upon a most promising expanse of water, divided into two channels by two aits, the one ait succeeding the other. This large piece of the fishery is bounded on every side by withy beds, which render the pursuit of angling a task of no little difficulty and patience; but when the osier rods are cut it is all open, and a more tempting place for jack it is difficult to imagine, it being a mixture of lurking holes and basking shallows. There are several acres of this water terminated by the second mill, the tail of which extends to the Thames.

Josiah Heath, of Longford, whose name is associated with many interesting facts in reference to natural history, has been appointed superintendent of the waters; and as he is perhaps one of the best practical men we have amongst the coarse kinds of fish, as well as trout, he may succeed, by close attention and watchfulness, in keeping this beautiful stretch of the Colne as attractive to the angler as any within the same distance from London; its immediate contiguity to the station at Wraysbury rendering a visit to it scarcely a sacrifice of time involving much consideration. The mill that heads the river is a millboard manufactory, but pits of ample size having been provided for the reception of its bleaching—now no longer a “waste,” but brought up eagerly by neighbouring farmers—there can exist no fear that the river will ever be affected by this once common cause of piscatorial destruction. But one thing is manifest, that with the *esparto* coffee-coloured liquid running into the stream the quantity of fish appears to be enormous, and I am almost afraid to add that after watching from the bridge for nearly an hour the run of this stuff where it enters the main river, it was here, and here alone, the dace and chub were seen to rise, as if a something came down with it to which they had an attachment. The fish, indeed, at this point could be plainly seen darting from and into the well-defined *esparto* water without any apparent knowledge of the difference. Experiments have here been made by the confinement of roach and dace in a solution of *esparto*, and others in perfectly clean

water, and after ten days no apparent difference was manifest between the fish in the two carboys of water. I am fully aware that this does not agree with the experiences of others, but the facts may be reconciled by the difference of the volume of clean water the *esparto* washing meets with in various places. A pint of raw brandy is very good tippie when mixed with a gallon of water, but there are many men it would kill in its potent integrity. The experiments referred to will be, therefore watched with great interest, and the hint here thrown out may, perhaps, induce others to ascertain how far and at what strength *esparto* washings become injurious. There can be little doubt but that its introduction into rivers is far from beneficial in one sense ; that, by depositing the minute fibres, &c., detached from the *esparto* grass, in the bed of the river, it forms a fertiliser for all descriptions of aquatic weeds, which in their turn die, and gradually change the bottom of the stream from a pure gravelly or sandy nature into one of mud. But even this serious consequence has been hitherto provided against at Wraysbury, by the constant dredging in parts, which is exercised as a right by the parish authorities.

The Wraysbury Fishery Rules are :—Angling with one rod and line only allowed. Jack season, 1st August to 1st March, inclusive. Perch, &c., 1st June to 31st March. Size of fish same as Thames Conservancy Rules. Tickets not transferable. Subscribers may bring one friend and any attendants, but no paid attendants to use rod or line. The owner of the fishery reserves the right to cancel all or any subscriber's ticket at any time, on repayment or tender of a proportionate share of the subscription money for the future time during which the ticket would otherwise be available for fishing. The keeper will at all times provide baits, if required, at 1*d.* each. Subscription two guineas a year from date, payable in advance. Day tickets 10*s.* each. Owner and friends' right of fishing reserved.

There is a beer-shop—the Paper-makers' Arms—within a short distance of the Wraysbury station ; and an inn—the Green Man, J. Phillips, has a bed or two to let. Farther on, and in the village, the George, another comfortable house, kept by H. Bunnin, is strongly recommended to me by several friends.

The canal in Ankerwycke Park, the property of Mr. Simon G. Harcourt, now occupied by Mr. Anderson, is connected with the Thames, and well supplied with jack, but in summer and autumn is very foul from the want of a continuous flow of water. Indeed,

the whole of this back water, more particularly in the village, is in a deplorable state from the scum arising from rotten aquatic vegetation, and, if not looked to by the parish authorities, may occasion a more expensive clearance of the remains of Death's doings than the most thoughtful of the guardians can anticipate.

Opposite Bell's ferry, and close to the lock (fall 4ft. 9in.), which is thirty-eight miles and three furlongs by water from London Bridge, is the Angler's Rest—neat, clean, and homely quarters, with charges suited to the pockets of the middle-class fisherman. The landlord (Dickinson) is civil and obliging, and, should the four extra beds he makes up under his own roof be occupied, he can always get a clean chamber for an angler close at hand. J. Keen, the one-armed fisherman, may be met with here, and, although armless, he is known to assist very often in the murder of very heavy bags of barbel, his favourite swim being near the weir on the Wraysbury side. Harry Collins, another civil and experienced puntsman, is likewise within hail, and baits may be found ready at hand.

The most scientific way to fish for barbel is practised here—with roach tackle, by which more sport is obtained, and greater skill required, than by the barge rope and pully-haul system of the ledger.

Having opened the lock with a silver key—the fee being a sixpence—we are away through scenery of exquisite beauty—Cooper's Hill and Englefield Green rising high above us, and backing up a landscape in which the ever-constant river forms the foreground. Roach-fishing and trolling all along this stretch to the Bells at Ouseley. Bough-fishing for perch may be gone into and for ohub, when the reed and weed are not too heavy. Runnymede and its racecourse indicate capital swims, and the Chalk Hole, which holds 14ft. of water, is now under our keel. This hole is opposite the new paraffin works, and should any doubt exist as to its exact whereabouts, the plumb must be used. There is every likelihood of another attractive hole being found nearer the Wraysbury side, as much ballast is being removed from thence for the foundation of the works in question. I went ashore here and minutely inspected the tanks, and am still of opinion that little fear need be entertained respecting its effect upon the river, whatever may be the odours that may arise therefrom. From this the water is of the best the whole of the way up to Ankerwyke and Magna Charta Island. On the right there is capital angling from the banks, but the land

is private, and the residence of Mr. Anderson, a tenant under Mr. Simon Harcourt, who, possessing the privilege of netting, has not, I am told, exercised his right for the last two or three years. The magnificent trees upon the banks will not fail to arrest the attention of the angler, and not less so the sharp and sudden turns the river takes, affording depths and shallows inexpressibly delightful to the fly or bottom fisher.

We are now off "the Roll," an exceedingly deep hole in a corner near the high road. It is called "the Roll," from an upright roller which used to stand there, and against which the tow-rope ran, the better to bring the barges round this acute angle of the river, and from this a reach of surpassing loveliness bursts upon the view, which defies description, the lower foliage of the graceful and lofty trees kissing the water, while the upper branches, apparently jealous of those beneath them, strain with pendulous gracefulness to reach the flood, and mix their leaves in the artistic entanglement of their fellows. Amidst this sylvan banquet we get a peep of the bit of mouldy wall behind which the barons made King John make a sign and press the signet down of liberty. Look out for a clump of firs near the next boathouse, for off there some superb perch have been taken, and near this, where the bank shelves, a few dozen dace may be whipped up with the black gnat or gentle-fly. Here is a fine piece of back water—"Private." This is succeeded by a sharp stream, which eloquently woos the fly. The Wraysbury bucks add their share to the landscape, and the pretty women on the lawn of the picturesque cottage, towards whom we look slyly askance, civilise and refine the semi-wildness of the scene. There are famous perch all along the boughs just beyond this cottage and the old Ferry-house; but the stream is sadly choked with weed in the autumn, which being, however, a cover for fish, yields its harvest of fins to the rod in due season. The back water of which I spoke before as "private," ends just opposite the beginning of a well-clipped long hedge on the towing-path side.

Old Windsor peeps forth, and we have the Bells of Ousley in our eye. A sign we hail. How deep the gloom of the water now!—the tall trees obscuring the sun's rays, and altering the temperature of the air full two degrees.

The old and eccentric landlord of the Bells has gone, and with him the post-office, but the new comers appear to do their best to keep up the reputation of the house.

There is first-rate gudgeon-fishing off the Bells, and their quantity, although small, appears beyond calculation. On the Wraysbury side the perch run large, and comparatively abundant. Near this, on the right bank, a small brook divides the counties of Surrey and Berks. James Perdue, a skilful fisherman, is to be found at the Old Windsor Ferry.

The Fleet—as a portion of the old but not navigable river is termed—is a fine dashing stretch of swift and sparkling water, full of life and vigour. It enters from the barge river or cut some distance up stream, and runs from side to side of its course, creating on its way many capital deeps and scours. From its entrance near the old Windsor pound or lock and all along the left-hand bank until we get to the Aits, first-class fishing of every sort may be pursued from either bank or punt. There is nothing on the Middlesex side until these aits are reached, and then the localities for sport are reversed, and the right-hand side carries the fishing right away up to the weir, there being no swims on the left until the angler gets opposite Anderson's Ditch, and then the two banks may be said to vie with each other in their finny produce. There are several aits, around and about which holes of a depth from five to eleven and twelve feet may be met with, and fishing therefrom is tolerably good. There is likewise a piece of water running off from this, termed the "Buck River," which is trouty and likewise holds some excellent chub and dace. The weir is a very pretty and retired spot, and plumbs 12ft., while a corner of some extent offers a sheet of almost quiet water to those who prefer fishing fine and with a light float. At this weir and around it, a neighbouring inhabitant sank several punts to preserve the river from the net, which was much used in this sequestered place; but the authorities of Eton, from some cause or other, insisting upon their removal, they were raised, and great was the salvage of spinning tackle attached to the tenter-hooks with which the punts were thickly studded. The whole of the Fleet is particularly adapted for trout-spinning, but it has likewise a reputation for "stunning" barbel, perch, and roach of a respectable size. If the boat enters this it will have to be pulled over the weir or return again the same way. There is no fishing in the canal or navigable cut; but when the Fleet is passed and the natural river gained, angling will be met with all along the Home Park; and there are several pitches easily found with the plumb about here; but the plan generally pursued is to drop down with a weight at the stern of the boat, and fish almost

every foot of this reach for barbel, chub, and roach. The Image Swim—so called from a bust on the lawn of the right hospitable Mr. Gordon—is fine for barbel, in 14ft. of water. Albert Bridge, and then Albert Sewer is gained, at the mouth of which large takes of roach are made. Again splendid spinning water is approached, and several pitches of good depth are on and around the spot where the old Datchet Bridge bestrode the stream.

The upper portion of the Fleet is nearer to Datchet than to the Wraybury district.

DATCHET (to WINDSOR).

Station Master, Mr. LAWES.

Distance from London, 23½ miles.

FARES :—First-class 3s. 9d., Second 2s. 6d. ; Return—First-class, 5s. 6d., Second 3s. 9d.

ROUND and about the site of the old Datchet Bridge, forty-one miles and seven furlongs from London by the river, there is 7ft. to 8ft. at low water, and plenty of barbel and perch are therein. The next place that may not be passed is at the entrance of Newman's Ditch, on our right going up, which is shallow, with but 2ft. or so of water, but few better places for jack are to be met with in the winter, when the weeds are down. It may be fished, however, for perch in the autumn or even in the summer, if gaps between the vegetation are left, and most excellent sport with a paternoster has thus been insured. About 300yds. from the site of old Datchet Bridge, on the park side, almost close in, upon a fine shelving bank of gravel, and giving some 7ft. water, is good for barbel and chub. I have angled here with the noted fisher, Mr. King, of Fulham, and Nottingham George, with singular success for chub, letting the punt drift a few yards down stream from time to time as the chub left off biting, or, what is more probable, as we cleared them off. From the Victoria Bridge when the water is perfectly clear, from 100 to 200 barbel may be counted in 5ft. to 6ft. of water. Three hundred yards from this bridge is the celebrated Hog Hole. It is a straight stream without any "boiling" water. Here, where it plumbs 7ft., it is no uncommon lot for two rods to take upwards of 1cwt. of barbel in a day, and one or two trout intent on lob-worms, generally add to

the value of the bag. The next home for fish is Blackpotts—formerly Mr. Batchelor's—100yds. *below* the South-Western Railway bridge. It gives from 10ft. to 12ft. of water, and is good for barbel, trout, roach, &c. Our next station is the Needles, a very old and famous place on the Windsor side, opposite an oak tree in the Eton playing fields. The swim runs on to a rapid sharp stream where it is shallow at the best of times, and the hills are dry in summer. It was here that the 9½lb. trout was killed by George Holland while in company with Mr. King. Mr. Wallace, of Wandsworth, has this handsome fish stuffed. Under the oak-tree before-mentioned is a favourite place of Mr. Woolley's for trout and barbel. New Works House is a deep of 15ft. at dead low water. Out of this hole, Mr. Randall, the well-known singer, took eighty-eight barbel in one day. Still keeping to the old river on our right we come to old Charley Tull's Deep (the Bumsey lock-keeper), where a rapid shallow runs into 12ft. or 13ft. water, then curls close round by Tull's garden, where there is a fall from the cut when the water is high. From Tull's up to the bathing-place is very rapid and shallow, and may be walked across in "Faggs." Capital for the fly and spinning for trout. It is a wonderful sight to see the roach on the gravel in spawning-time in an accumulation of many thousands, glistening in the sun like molten silver. Plenty of chub may be likewise observed of 3lb. and 4lb., and barbel of great size, but it is useless trying for the latter anywhere but in the weir pool. At the weir pool there are carp, tench, jack, trout, and barbel. This weir is in the course of removal some 50yds. lower down. The most experienced fishermen on the Thames say that the barbel here are as large as any in the Thames, but, since the weir has been "blown," the fishing is not so good. The depth is 18ft. at low water. From off the bank at the master's bathing-place (a most perilous place even to the best of swimmers) a good deal of this pool is under command. About the old bridge of Windsor is likewise a splendid swim for barbel, in 10ft. of water.

There is a comfortable inn opposite the South-Western station, and the South-Western Tavern, at the corner of the Datchet Road, has a civil proprietor and good cheer. Beds are to be had at both, as likewise at the George and the Christopher, Eton, but the New Inn (Dick Goddard), in a square on the Eton side, is generally preferred by anglers, the landlord being a right sterling fellow, and withal, sufficient of that "character" which the followers of the gentle craft love so much. The freedom of the

Watermen's Company ends at Windsor, between which and Yantlet Creek no one, not licensed, may ply on the river. Windsor is well provided with boats; Searles', Goodman's and Tollady's being just above the bridge.

WINDSOR.

Station Master, Mr. HILL.

Distance from London, 25½ miles.

FARES:—First-class 3s. 9d., Second 2s. 10d.; Return—First-class, 5s. 6d., Second 4s. 3d.

WINDSOR Lock is forty-three miles five furlongs by water from London Bridge, and Windsor Bridge just three furlongs above the lock.

I would warn the uninitiated angler against the too common and antiquated practice of fishing for roach either at mid-water or a few inches from the bottom. The bait ought, at the end of the swim, to *touch the ground*; and therefore, an even surface, free from weeds and other impediments to the uninterrupted passage of the hook down stream, should be selected. This is done with the plummet, and it is always immeasurably better to select a swim, in which, at the end of the reach of the line, the inclination is slightly upwards—the water shallower than at its commencement—for it is here that the ground-bait is arrested, and the fish have a better chance of securing the choice morsel offered to them upon the hook by its detention when it meets with this shelf. The angler should provide his own tackle; nor trust to the puntsman for so essential a part of the contribution to the success of his sport. The rods of the Windsor puntsmen are, however, generally good, and well adapted to the style of angling pursued; but the rods and lines of others are too often lamentably rotten and clumsy, being generally the cast-offs of gentlemen fishermen of the last season, or portions thrown aside of the present, and afterwards tied together. It is a question whether the immense quantities of ground-bait that are thrown in by these puntsmen are not a preventative rather than an encouragement to sport. We have seen a good sized tub, which contained some 50lb. of bran, bread, and clay, besides a second tub half-filled with soaked greaves, emptied, after

being made into balls, and dropped overboard in a few hours; and yet the take of fish has been almost *nil*—an enormous quantity of bread, &c., to so small a plate of fish! In this way it is not unreasonable to believe the fish are fed to repletion. Literally, tons of ground-bait must be thrown in every season. And what is the effect? To pave the bottom of the river, more particularly in the preserves, which were doubtless selected for the gravelly and sandy bottoms, with clay, a process in which the fish assist by grubbing the admixture in search of their food, and in lodging the portion of clay into the interstices of the stones of the bed of the river. If anyone is disposed to doubt the truth of this statement, let him place himself upon the bank of the Thames, say off Richmond or Teddington, where ten, fifteen, or twenty punts may be seen pitched at the same time, the fishermen of which are vying with each other in storming the river with balls of ground bait. Granted then that the roach like a sandy, gravelly, even bottom, and delight therein, to what is this practice tending, but to give a character to those spots frequented by the roach and dace (*and trout*) to which they have the most decided repugnance? Nottingham George's plan in this respect, possesses no such objection, as he uses but little ground-bait of the kind we allude to, and it would be well if the tyro, and even the old Thames angler, who is wedded to notions of an antiquated school, would get into a punt with this intelligent fisherman, if but for a day. It is really marvellous how men are rooted to prejudices, and there are none more so than the Thames puntsmen, they little recollecting that all things undergo a change. Although fish have the same appetites, instincts, and fears which they had a hundred years ago, they become more wary as they are sought with the lure—more scared after their escape from the barb of a hook; while it is just possible that there may exist other things of which they are fond, beyond the circumscribed diet offered to them year after year by those who consider that to learn anything but what was given to them with their apprentice articles would be an unnecessary trouble.

For a detailed account of the fishing above Windsor Bridge to Oxford, I must refer the reader to "The Rail and the Rod, No. 2, Great Western Railway."

The fishermen at Windsor are George Holland (better known as Nottingham George), George Hall, George Lamb, E. Cannon, and George Plumridge, who, although not a professed fisherman, will man a punt and work the pitches in the absence of anyone

else. Any information in reference to the fishing may be obtained of Mr. Robert Smith, Tackle Maker, Eton Bridge.

The George Inn, at Bray, just above Windsor, is about to be considerably increased for the benefit of anglers. The reputation of this house is great, and the additional accommodation has been solely induced by the deserved patronage bestowed upon it by the gentlemen frequenters of the Thames.

The London and South-Western Railway, Briareus-like, throws its many arms around and about the Thames as far as this, and, indeed, extends one of its branches by Staines and Virginia Water to Reading. Kingston, Walton, and Weybridge may be reached by the main line, and Chertsey by a branch from the latter station, while Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Windsor are approached by a railway thus named. A third branch—that of the Thames Valley—carries the angler to within a short distance of Walton, Halliford, Shepperton, Weybridge, and Chertsey on the Surrey side. There is likewise an omnibus from St. Paul's Churchyard, about nine a.m., coached by an old four-in-hand whip, Tom Whitock—who, if the box-seat is secured, will make a very pleasant journey yet more so by his narratives of past times and chatty allusions to persons and places about Richmond, Twickenham, Hampton, Sunbury, Halliford, Shepperton, and Chertsey, through which he passes. He will, moreover, pull up at any of the well-known anglers' houses on the journey at which the prospects of sport, and information as to punts, fishermen, and baits may be mostly obtained.

APPENDIX.

RIVER DISTANCE TABLE.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO

	Milea.	F.		Milea.	F.
Southwark Bridge	0	2	Stoney Deep	18	0
Blackfriars Bridge	0	6	Teddington Lock	18	4
Waterloo Bridge	1	2	Kingston Bridge	20	2
Hungerford Bridge	1	4	Seeting Wells Ferry	21	4
Westminster Bridge	1	7	Thames Ditton Ferry	22	5
Lambeth Stairs	2	2	Hampton Court Bridge ..	23	1
Vauxhall Bridge	2	7	Moulsey Lock	23	2
Nine Elms Stairs	3	1	Hampton Ferry	24	2
Chelsea Hospital	4	0	Sunbury Lock	26	2
Battersea Bridge	4	7	Walton's Bridge	27	7
Wandsworth	6	3	Halliford	28	6
Putney Bridge	7	2	Shepperton Ferry	29	2
Hammersmith Bridge	9	0	Shepperton Lock	29	6
Chiswick Ait	9	6	Chertsey Bridge	32	1
Chiswick Ferry	9	7	Chertsey Lock	32	2
Barnes Railway Bridge ...	10	7	Laleham Ferry	33	4
Mortlake	11	4	Penton Hook Lock	34	1
Barker's Rails	12	2	Staines Bridge	35	7
Strand-on-the-Green	12	4	City Stone	36	1
Kew Bridge	13	0	Bell Weir Lock	37	0
Brentford Ferry	13	4	Magna Charta Island	38	3
Isleworth Church Ferry ...	14	6	Old Windsor Lock	39	7
Isleworth Rail's Head			Old Windsor Bridge	41	0
Ferry	15	1	Datchet	41	7
Richmond Railway Bridge	15	5	Datchet Bridge	42	6
Richmond Bridge	15	7	Datchet Railway Bridge ...	43	1
Twickenham Ait	17	2	Windsor Lock	43	5
Cross Deep	17	5	Windsor Bridge	44	0

LIST OF LONDON ANGLING SOCIETIES.

Name of Society.	Place of Meeting.	Nights of Meeting.
Alliance Angling Society	Red Lion, 5, Great Warner-street, Clerkenwell	Friday and Sunday
Amicable Society of Anglers	Cherry Tree, 85, Upper White-cross-street, St. Luke's	Saturday and Sunday
Amicable Waltonians	George the Fourth, 156, Goswell-street	Friday and Sunday
Brothers Well Met	Berkeley Castle, Rahere-street, Goswell-road	Sunday and Monday
Cavendish	King's Head, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square	Not known
City of London	The Anglers, Union-street, Bishopsgate	Thursday and Sunday
Finsbury Society of Anglers	Bald Face Stag, Worship-sq., Finsbury	Wednesday and Sunday
Friendly Anglers	Jacob's Well, 25, New Inn Broadway, Shoreditch	Wednesday and Sunday
Friendly Anglers	Hope Arms, 51, Duke-street, Oxford-street	Wednesday
Golden Tench	Victoria, Charlotte-st., Euston-road	Saturday and Sunday
Piscatorial	Star and Garter, 44, Pall Mall	Monday
Silver Trout	Freemasons' Arms, 81, Long Acre	Sunday
True Waltonians	Crown, 12, Pentonville-road	Tuesday
United Society of Anglers	Wellington, 222, Shoreditch	Wednesday and Sunday
Walton and Cotton	Crown and Woolpack, 75, St. John-street-road	Monday, Wednesday and Sunday
Walton Society of Anglers	The Ship, 14, Berkeley-street, Clerkenwell	Sunday
Waltonians	King's Head, 34, Great Portland-street	Not known
Titles of Societies not known	White Horse, 105, Long-acre	} Not known
	Seymour Arms, 9, Seymour-street, Bryanston-square	
	Rose and Crown, 62, Tottenham-court-road	
	Knave of Clubs, 28, Club-row, Bethnal Green	
	Fitzroy Arms, 21, Clipston-street, Dorset-square	
	Fish & Bell, 9, Charles-st., Soho	
	Camden Arms, 1, Great Randolph-street, Camden-town	

LIST OF FISHING-TACKLE MAKERS.

[For the convenience of the tourist-angler, and in order to make the "Rail and the Rod" as useful as possible, we give a list of the fishing-tackle makers and sellers resident in the metropolis.]

- Aldred, Thomas, 126, Oxford-street, W.
 Alfred, W. H. and Son, 54, Moorgate-street, E.C.
 Allport, Mrs. Mary A., 41, Bethnal-green-road, N.E.
 Barnett, Timothy, 3, Goswell-terrace, Goswell-road, E.C.
 Bernard, J. and Son, 4, Church-place, Piccadilly, S.W.
 Billington, John, 93 and 94, Chalton-street, N.W.
 Blacker, Mrs. Sarah, 54, Dean-street, Soho, W.
 Bowness, G., and Son, 12, Bell-yard, Temple-bar, W.C.
 Bowness, Edward, 230, Strand, W.C.
 Brocas, Mrs. Letitia, 25, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.
 Carter, Alfred, 124, St. John-street-road, E.C.
 Carvell, Charles, 44, King's-road, St. Pancras, N.W.
 Chevalier, Bowness, and Son, 12, Bell-yard, W.C.
 Clark, Joseph, 11, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, E.C.
 Crofts, William, 47, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, E.C.
 Cureton, Mrs. E., 114, Snow's-fields, Bermondsey, S.E.
 Davis, Edmund, 21, King William-street, Strand, W.C.
 Dawson and Bowness, 33, Bell-yard, Temple-bar, W.C.
 Dicks, Mrs. E., 112, St. John's-road, Hoxton, N.
 Eaton and Deller, 6 and 7, Crooked-lane, E.C.
 Edmonds, William, 15, East-road, City-road, N.
 Farlow, Charles, 191, Strand, W.C.
 Fernandes, Marco, 2, Devonshire-square, N.E.
 Foster, John, 10, St. John's-road, Portland-road, W.
 Gee, W., 19, Little St. Andrew-street, W.C.
 Gillett, John, 115, Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, E.C.
 Gould, Alfred, 268A, Oxford-street, W.
 Gowland and Co., 3 and 4, Crooked-lane, E.C.
 Hollamby, Benjamin, 24, Francis-street, Tottenham-court-road, W.C.
 Holroyd, John Spear, 59, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
 Jones, James and Co., 111, Jermyn-street, S.W.
 Joy, Henry Griffith, 6, Opera-arcade, Pall-mall, S.W.

- Kenning, George, 4, Little Britain, E.C.
Kewell, Charles, 98, St. John-street-road, E.C.
Kitchingham, Alfred, 37, Somerset-place, Hoxton, N.
Little, Giles, 15, Fetter-lane, Holborn, E.C.
Macgowan, John, 7, Bruton-street, New Bond-street, W.
M'Kiernan, James, 15, St. John's-lane, E.C., and 7, Albion-place,
Clerkenwell, E.C.
Martin, John, 4, Belvedere, Cambridge-road, N.E.
Polden, Mrs., 29, Castle-street, Leicester-square, W.C.
Quarrier, Mrs. Elizabeth, 17, Little Gray's-inn-lane, E.C.
Reynolds and Johnson, 69, High Holborn, W.C.
Roblow Thos. H., 30, Upper Marylebone-street, W.
Sowerbutts, T. H., 3, Blossom-terrace, Commercial-street, N.E.
Strachan, James, 22, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, W.
Tennant, William M., 6, Holywell-lane, E.C..
Vieweg, Francis, 249, Old Kent-road, S.E.
Williams, Frederick, 13, Broad-court, Bow-street, W.C.
Williams, T., 26A, Upper York-street, Bryanston-square, W.
Wright, Charles, 376, Strand, W.C.
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THE RAIL AND THE ROD;

OR,

TOURIST-ANGLER'S GUIDE

TO

WATERS AND QUARTERS

ON THE

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY, ETC.

No. IV.

By GREVILLE F. (BARNES),

FISCATORIAL CORRESPONDENT TO THE "FIELD" JOURNAL.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE here been emphatically called upon by my brother anglers to write a guide to some of the rivers of Kent and Sussex. It was enough that they declared their want of such a work. I am ever at their service, and I am sure if they knew the cost of time in personally visiting each spot alluded to, and the amount of correspondence with those whose local knowledge could best be depended upon, the sifting of adverse opinions, and the overruling of objections to give facts in reference to private waters, they would acknowledge that their humble servant has been, at least, most assiduous and persevering in his task, whatever shortcomings may be hereafter met with in these pages.

At all events, I trust that my efforts to make this number of "The Rail and the Rod" superior, if possible, to the preceding ones has alone failed from the completeness of its fellows having rendered the task one of impossibility. I must, therefore, hope that it is equal to them.

I may here mention with pride that the success of Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of "The Rail and the Rod," comprising the Great Eastern, South Western, and Great Western Railways, has been very far beyond all expectation; and that, now bound in one volume, they have received a new impetus of sale which has astonished the publishers, who, not conscious, piscatorially, that a large bait is always more tempting to the best of fish than a small

one, have scarcely known how to account for so gratifying a result.

I owe to many—too many to enumerate by name—great obligations for assistance in the rendering down an immense bulk of manuscript material, and most sincerely thank them for their valuable aid. I only regret, indeed, that space does not allow of my making yet more extended and personal mention of my indebtedness.

THIS LITTLE WORK
IS
DEDICATED WITH SINCERE PLEASURE
TO
HENRY LEONIDAS ROLFE, Esq.,
"OUR FISH PAINTER,"
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE
TO
HIS GREAT TALENTS
AS
AN ARTIST
AND
HIS INESTIMABLE VALUE
AS
A COMPANION AND FRIEND,
BY
ONE WHO HAS KNOWN HIM FOR MANY YEARS.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE RAIL AND THE ROD.

No. IV.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

INTRODUCTION.

“ Rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by unheeded.”—SPANISH PROV.

THE South-Eastern Railway touches in its course many rivers and streams, besides introducing the tourist angler to several other pieces of water well stocked with fish. Added to its inland piscatorial resources, it possesses a wide seaboard, which affords in due season tolerably fair sport to the lover of salt-water fishing. Amongst the rivers upon which it is the object of this little work to dilate, are the Ravensbourne, the Darent, the Cray, the Wandle, the Mole, the Medway, the Eastern Rother, the Greater and Lesser Stour. To do this effectively, we shall continue, as near as is possible, the formula which has gained for the previous numbers of “The Rail and the Rod” so high a reputation—a success, indeed, which has encouraged the present intention of embracing the whole of the south-eastern district in these pages. Instead, therefore, of confining our task, as with our first number, to thirty miles from the metropolis, we purpose accompanying our readers for upwards of seventy miles over a group of rivers which in the aggregate amount to several hundreds of miles. Thus it will be seen that our brother anglers continue to receive a larger bonus for each of their investments, and that from thirty miles in our first and second number to fifty miles from London in our third, we are yet more extending our flight amongst the aquatic attractions of our favoured isle. We

have endeavoured to do this in the most comprehensive manner, and yet to bring the whole within a neat and portable form ; and, what is of equal importance to many, at a cost which permits every one to possess the book. But as our principal object is to give to the angler tourist what he cannot find elsewhere, the more scientific wanderer must fain seek in other well-known works for anything beyond the most simple allusion to those matters which have no reference to the fishing resources of the country and its artistic and picturesque beauties.*

We will, therefore, at once start on our pleasurable errand, making the rivers rather than the rail our primary consideration. It will be seen, nevertheless, that our plan, while caring as much as possible for the iron road, will show more detailed courtesy to the naiads of the stream than has ever yet been extended to those watery nymphs by the pens of their literary admirers.

We need not ramble far amongst the quiet villages of the south-eastern coast to find all the impressions which we have imbibed from the perusal of quaint, old, and earnest writers fully verified. These pleasant nooks, sleepily dreaming away — it is to be hoped a yet prolonged — existence, are almost as pastoral now as they were in the time of our forefathers. A Sabbath quietness seems ever to rest over the nestling valleys, and cottagers, “indolently industrious,” appearing to fulfil all the characteristics we meet with in the portrayal of English country life two hundred years ago. Perfect rustic studies there are at every turn ; low thatched-roofed dwellings, with picturesque gables, crowned with heavy brick chimneys ; cottages placed here, there, and anywhere in most “admired disorder,” and peeping, with their white-washed walls, through orchards or over the tops of hills, or reposing in yonder pit, in a manner so tempting to the pencil that the artist who comes to sketch must stay to paint. The balmy perfume, likewise, of all around ; the sweet aroma of the bitter hop mingling with the saline odour of the neighbouring ocean, may, with some prosaic minds, be suggestive of too much salt in one’s beer ; but to us it is ever most poetical, as well as physically appetising.

Then, if we turn away from these humble abodes into lanes and copsés, we find everywhere the same voice of gladness and smile of

* We can confidently recommend Black’s Guides to Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and the Watering Places of England, the compilers of these handy books having apparently absorbed all that is to be found of interest in the ponderous topographical volumes devoted to the above localities.

welcome—the eloquence, the beauty of Nature! And here, see at our feet, is one of our darling rivulets, plashing out praises of its being, and then off, with its darker musings, through yon wood, and from “the gladsome trees and joyous flowers:”

“God might have made the earth bring forth

Enough for great and small:

The oak tree and the cedar tree,

Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,

For every want of ours;

For medicine, luxury, and toil,

And yet have made no flowers.

Through meads and groves now calmly roves

The stream with many a bending;

In rippling song, through rushes long,

And pendent willows wending.

But groves at last and meads are pass'd,

And still, with ceaseless motion,

The water glides to pour its tides

Into the trackless ocean.”

The tastes of fishermen, as of other men, are very various. Some will condescend to fish for nothing but salmon or the largest trout, and for these only with the fly; some will alone fish quiet, almost still streams, and others only rapid ones. Many are influenced more by necessity than choice as to the respective waters, depending upon their own individual location for the time; but each stream has its own peculiar and distinct charm. To the stream and the country is the fisherman dependant for many of the secondary pleasures derivable from the prosecution of his sport. Should he prefer the deep muddy river, of little fall and sluggish monotonous course, the country for him to admire will probably be flat, its outlines sober, and in accordance with the dark gloomy waters by which he wanders; his movements, in harmony with all around, will be slow and apathetic, if not seriously thoughtful. The angler partakes, moreover, of the mood of the fish of which he is in pursuit; in such waters they appear to give themselves up to an elysium of indolence.* If they deign to move, it is with an unwilling effort—like the idle pauper with the ague, too lazy to shake. They

* Similar sentiments, but much more diffusely expressed, may be found in a work entitled “Trout Fishing in Rapid Streams,” by H. C. Cutcliffe, F.R.C.S., whose interesting dissertation on worm-fishing for trout we have alluded to in our pages.

appear not to know, or care not to be told, that they exist ; and the genial warmth of a summer sun, which makes all insect-life one busy buzz of industry, produces a yet greater lethargy in these indolent finsters. Upon such waters there is but little of active life, and its very dulness is catching. Who has not felt this sensation—a sympathy to yawn while gazing at the slothful fish of these sluggish rivers—to dance, sing, or make merry by such a stagnant contradiction to all variety and stimulus, would be a solecism. In streams, however, of greater current, rational in their progress, and temporising with the obstacles that occasionally impede their wayward course, our spirits rise, and we are induced to trill a madrigal or raise an echo through the woods with a joyous laugh ; and accordingly, as we follow their sinuous career, we attune the mind in sympathy with their little troubles or the gladsome aspects of the country which bound their shallows or confine their deeps. We may be thoughtful then, but it is not “the thought of lead”—heavy, heart-saddening, but of the excelsior class, which, as the running waters exchange sighs and murmurs with pendent woods, send through the mind a silvery calm yet flickering like, much as does its counterpart as we see it yonder flashing through those rich and luxuriant pasture lands, and yet pulling up short in its career with a curl or two, which strangely carries us mentally to our study, where Flora takes a turn after a gambol to dispose herself on the soft rug to a calm repose. Then the unalloyed delight of those pools themselves, shaded with overhanging bushes, and into the depths of which, “flat on belly spread,” we may peer without the accusation that is made against listeners, and watch the doings of the tenants of these crystal homes.

This description of streams the angler will find in Surrey and Kent, and amidst which he will assume a greater cheerfulness ; but his happiness is not yet complete. He has, it is true, on these large streams fine opportunities for sport ; and perhaps at the end of the day a handsome dish of fish for his friends, but in his walk he has not enjoyed the variety of scene, the wildness of nature, the bold unbroken outline of country which so much enchants the frequenter of the countless moor becks, which course, almost neglected, if not altogether unvisited, amongst the less accessible portions of these counties, and most of which, if not close to, are now within an easy distance from a railway station, which to the ardent angler adds zest to enjoyment.

But whether by rivulet, mountain torrent, pond, field, or fireside—

“ We love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold.
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

We love to see a man of care
Take pleasure in a toy ;
We love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,

* * *
* * *

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewed with slag and thorn ;
We would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn.
But fill its evening path with flowers,
As fresh as those of morn.”

We think we hear the reader exclaim, “ Would you take me to the heads of rivers—to some streamlet, lovely as it may be—not old or strong enough to carry fish in its bosom ? ” Not so, dear brother. We would take you to the sources of our main rivers, and entice you just sufficiently low down, where, after sporting, splashing, and bounding along, it has acquired depth enough to cover the coveted trout, which although hidden to the eye, perhaps scared by our approach, are, nevertheless, not very far off. “ Very good, Mr. Greville F.,” you rejoin ; “ but are you aware that this very stream, which now looks all that can be desired, as it sparkles in the sun over its shingly bottom, is often dry in summer, or has scarcely enough water to soak a sock therein ? ” We know it ; nevertheless, let us try—have faith ere you throw, for faith is better than the best old-womanish notions for catching fish. Keep low—there is a turn in your “ contemptible gutter.” Throw behind those rushes. Well done ! You have a nice fish, and he is not the only one in that corrugated eddy. Surprised, are you, that he should be so large ? We hope you will beat that in less than twenty yards. So another, and full a pound. “ How can they get here ? ” Why they run up in the season for food, and we have seen this very brook so low from the drawing of yonder mill, that all current has been entirely stopped, leaving but a shallow inch-deep pool here and there, and yet as the catch-water accumulated the trout appeared again as

plentiful as ever. We know, indeed, a streamlet much smaller—much meaner, if you will—than this, which runs for some distance by the side of a high and frequented road, and covered with an entanglement of briar almost throughout its course, but from which, wherever an opening occurred, and we could throw a fly, Mr. W. Eglington, in our company, has taken trout as fat as prize pigs and weighing from 2½lb. to 3lb. a-piece.

Viewed from most points, these streamlets have their beauties, for although

“ Along the vale, scarce seen, the ripples run,
Yet shall they find the Lake, where lilies float.”

Indeed, if but as reminders of the blessings of your home, where trifles make up the aggregate of love, they cannot fail to strike a sympathetic cord, for even there

“ The small brooks make the melody of life,
The daily current of domestic peace,
That sing among the flowers; the child, the wife,
With gentle words, and love that may not cease.
Refreshing thirsty spirits with increase
Of dews from heaven, whose balmy tears are rife
With healing, hushing care on pillow'd ease.
Such is life's music heard afar from strife.”

Recollect the old angler's axiom, “ When you see the fish you can seldom catch them.” Let us therefore reverse this text, and catch them when we cannot see them. Every Scotch angler, at least, knows how soon a river will fill with fish after a fresh.

The worm is often used in these streams with great success; not in the tame and monotonous manner as in float-fishing, but in a way that requires many of the attributes of the art of fly-fishing; not when the rivulets have been thickened by rains, or in the still pools of the mill head, but when their element is flashing in its translucent purity. The one mode—pot-hunting it may be fairly termed—requires no skill beyond that possessed by the farmer's cowboy, who can compete in “ scull-dragging,” as this process is familiarly called, with the best. That interesting writer upon “ Trout-Fishing in Rapid Streams,” Mr. H. C. Cutcliffe (whom we have before quoted), boldly steps forward to redeem worm-fishing, as it should be, from the deserved odium cast upon the common process. We are not, however, personally advocating the worm for trout in any way. We are merely stating that it is often used in these affluents with success, by and with the consent of the owners of the water. We have

not tried it, nor do we intend to, being fully satisfied with the fly, even in the tiniest of rivulets. "I could not consider," he writes, "any man a perfect disciple of our art if he were not a good worm fisher. He may be good with the artificial fly, natural fly, beetle, or minnow; but, if he is not far advanced in the art of worm fishing, I hold that man to be very limited in his education, and I would recommend him earnestly to pay attention, without further delay, to the subject. When he begins to master the art he will, indeed, rejoice that so rich, so pleasing, and animated a branch has been opened up to him, from which he will reap many fruits of pleasure. I exclude all worm fishing when the float is capable of being used, for those who have taste to potter about a pond and catch muddy carp, &c., or pull out a few trout in this way, have nothing to do with my immediate subject; and as regards fishing for trout, in any stream, rapid or slow, when the water is muddy, as after sudden and violent rains, I consider such occupation but one degree from the poacher's practice of catching trout with night lines." After various preliminary instructions our author continues: "The fisherman should, whenever practicable, be in the water, walking up stream, and carefully select every little hole and eddy which would afford a convenient place for the trout to find and secure to himself food. Having determined on this particular spot, and the line being just so long that the worm can be held in the left hand conveniently, the rod should be held horizontally, and made to take a short curve in a downward direction, from right to left, till the right hand has advanced as far as the left side, then, with a sudden movement, the rod kept still horizontal, the hand should take an upward curve, and then be brought back again smartly to the right side, and by inclining the top of the rod towards the spot where from desire you are sure to fall, you will accurately pitch it with gentleness and precision into the place you determined on, and of course situated directly or obliquely above you. As soon as it is in the water you must take care not to let the collar lag, but by a gentle traction on the worm maintain an even tension on the collar; the degree of force required depends on the rapidity and depth of stream. In all cases the worm should be made to traverse the water in the same direction, at the same depth, and with the same degree of rapidity that a worm would observe if unattached, and left free to the natural forces of the water; this is, perhaps, the most important point in worm fishing." And thus our author goes on, page after page, dilating upon what he maintains—and maintains with

much reason—is a most difficult but elegant mode of angling, and therefore entitled to rank with other orders of the legitimate art.

The angler of course will not practise even this exceptional mode in waters where any other than the fly is forbidden. The very term “worm” would be sufficient to blackball our dearest friend from an exercise of the rod over some waters in Surrey, Kent, and elsewhere. We notice it here because we know it is practised in the counties named by Mr. Cutcliffe in the scientific manner that accomplished angler so ably advocates; and it would be an omission not to mention it, as it really is part of the history of the art which appertains to many becks so closely covered with branch and bramble, that the use of the fly would be a sheer impossibility.

THE RAVENSBOURNE.

THE RAVENSBOURNE runs close to Lewisham Station, and is the first stream of any note with which we have to do. It rises on Keston Common, Kent, near the ancient Roman Camp and Cæsar’s Well, upon the border of Surrey, near Holwood Hill Place, and runs northward past the parishes of Hayes (the birthplace of the younger Pitt), by the town of Bromley, where there is a station on the Chiselhurst branch, and supplies the pretty pool belonging to Mr. Alwen, of Cudham Mill, flowing next to Lewisham and Lee. There used to be some excellent dace and gudgeon fishing here, but it has lamentably fallen off. A few good bags are still occasionally made, but it is only in the more private waters that any certainty of sport may be, at times, depended upon. The stream is always worth a ramble. It falls into the Thames, at Deptford, but we turn from so impure an outlet for the more attractive features of this singularly neglected yet pretty stream,

“And abiding
From the common gaze of men,
Where the silver streamlet crosses
O’er the smooth stones, green with mosses,
And glancing,
And dancing,
Goes singing on its way.”

As it enters Holwood Hill Place, it widens, and becomes very interesting. Here there is a waterfall, not of the Ravensbourne, but of the ornamental waters of this park, filling the air with its

delightful sound. A prodigality of flowers adorn its banks, and tall and luxuriant foliage has sprung up from the roots of the old trees, laid bare by the floods; their mingling and arching branches are reflected in all their verdant network and intricacies of form in the translucent waters beneath. There are some lovely views to be had throughout most of its course, which is altogether about ten miles.

"No breathing man

With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
Nature's dear beauty, could pass lightly by
Objects that look out so invitingly
On either side."

It turns several mills, and supplies Greenwich and Deptford with water.

Our old friend, Baddeley, wrote in 1834: "At the upper part of the stream, near Southend, on Mr. Cater's property, there are fine trout; in fact, trout are more or less to be met with all the way to Lewisham. Near Southend there are two mills, formerly open water, but now leave must be obtained. The roach and dace here are very fine. From Southend to Catford Bridge, the stream runs rapidly, and were it preserved would be second to none for its excellent trout. From Catford Bridge to the back of the church, there is a footpath by the side of the river, by turning off just before we come to Lee's Limekilns, at Loompit Hill, up a narrow walk called Love-lane, there is one of the most beautiful views near London. Near the church, in the meadows below the bridge, there are some deep holes which contain fine roach. At the late Armoury Mills, below Lewisham Bridge, in the Plough Meadow, Mill Pond, and Backwater, there are fine dace, perch, &c., and on to the Water Works some good fish are often taken. Altogether this stream, if left alone, would, from the natural feed, and wholesome character of the water, produce the best fish, and the greatest quantity of the same size I know." Catford Mill now belongs to Mr. J. Heath.

It is not improbable that these good times may again arrive, as both the Commercial and Surrey Canal Docks, which fell off in like manner to that of Deptford, are rising rapidly, from the increased purity of their waters, in the angler's favour.

At Catsford Bridge, near Bushy Green, the Ravensbourne receives into its channel the small river Chaffinch, and after crossing Brockley-lane, the waters from the Lady Well also, supposed to be the great spring mentioned by Kilburn, which

newly broke out of the earth in 1472. Queen Elizabeth was very partial to this spot and neighbourhood.

We cannot part with this river, so endeared by the recollection of our boyhood, without an earnest appeal for its more strict conservation, both piscatorially and mechanically. The constant flooding, and the damage caused thereby, is a scandal to all concerned. But those whose duty it is to mitigate this crying evil may plead great antiquity as an excuse for their neglect. In 1208, and again in 1671, we find the whole of the banks of the Ravensbourne flooded. Lambarde quaintly writes, in 1570 : "There was lately re-edified a fayre wooden bridge also over the brooke called Ravensbourne, which riseth not farre off, at Holywood Hill, in the parish of Kestane, and setting on woorke some corne milles, and for the glazing of armour, slippeth by this towne into the Thamyse, carying continuall matter of a great shelve with it."

A bridge here was carried away by a flood in 1629, and another in 1652 was again seriously injured from the same cause. Evelyn mentions this tempest thus : "May 25, after a drowth of neare four monethes, there fell so violent a tempest of haile, wind, thunder, and lightning as no man had seen the like of in his age. The hail being in some places four or five inches about, brake all glasse about London, especially at Deptford, &c."

And in 1700, October 6, we read in the parish book : "Parish indicted; bridge not in good repair." In 1808-9 "a heavy flood destroyed the upper part of the bridge, after which the present iron segments were designed." Another flood in 1824 carried away the houses and warehouses on each side, together with the tide-mill below. "To this day (1853)," says Dunkin, "the whole property remains subject to ruin. The flood gates of the tide-mill belonging to Christ's Hospital are miserably deficient; to this bridge and these gates all Lewisham, Lee, and Eltham are indebted for impassable roads after every twelve hours' heavy rain."

Entry after entry do we find in contemporaneous publications of the waters of the Ravensbourne either overflowing their banks, or that those of the Thames have been blown into its estuary, and so flooded the adjacent property. As recently as 1866 a destructive flood of this kind occurred, and in a very well-written article in the *Greenwich and Deptford Chronicle* the facts are detailed : "The blame," says the writer, "has been laid to the slow-flowing Ravensbourne; but this is a decided misrepresen-

tation, for its lesser friend and tributary, the more frolicsome Quaggey, which has its origin somewhere between Ohizlehurst and Shooter's Hill, certainly did a good half of the mischief that ensued."

The result was, that the whole of Lewisham was under water. Surely, if the Dutch can keep out the German Ocean, it is not too much to expect that the men of Kent could stop two little rivulets from depositing four or five inches of thick, black, stinking mud in their homes.

In the parish of Lewisham is a bourn or lavant, frequently dry, called when flowing "The Woe Water." Warkworth, in his chronicle, alluding to the "Woo waters of England," says that "Englyshmen, whenne thei dyd fyrste inhabyde this land, as soone as thei sei this watere runne, thei knewe well it was a token of derthe, or pestelence, or of great batayle. For all that tyme they saw it renne, they knew welle that woo was commynge to Englande."

THE WANDLE.

THE WANDLE, a beautifully clear stream, rises near EAST CROYDON, and passes by Waddon Mill and Beddington Park, where the angler is often most kindly greeted by Mr. M'Rae, and at Carshalton, Mr. Creshingham is far from indifferent to the desires of those who wield the pliant rod. At Carshalton the Wandle is joined by another stream, which rises from several springs in the neighbourhood; it passes under Hackbridge, where at one time the angler found good sport without molestation, but his rights have recently been shamefully trenched upon. This was a favourite place of the piscatorial writer "Ephemera," Mr. Edward Fitzgibbon, who brought down upon the *Bell's Life* an action for libel for lampooning with his satirical pen some meddling resident who sent a mass of weeds floating over the stream whenever he saw that gifted author about to throw his fly. The Wandle, after passing through the park of George Bidder, Esq., the eminent engineer, flows by Mitcham, and through the grounds of the late residence of Samuel Gurney, Esq., in both of which preserves the trout are both fine and plentiful; then on to Merton, Wandsworth, and the Thames. Lord Nelson resided at The Grove, or Merton

Place, for nearly three years, when he left his "dear Merton," as he calls it in his letters, to take the command of the Mediterranean Fleet. Nelson was very fond of angling, and a stream carried through the property was named *The Nile*, in compliment to him, and arranged in imitation of that river. The mill heads are for the most part deep, but require a strong wind to fish them with success. The mill tails, when in full operation and with a mad career of water, always insure a chance of sport in the season. Small flies and fine tackle are used on the Wandle. Silk mills and sewage have, however, destroyed all the fish below. Even the mill pools at Garratt, close to the South-Western Railway, once so full of fish, are scarcely worth alluding to. It may therefore be said that the general resources of the Wandle are as a sealed book to those who have not the pass of influence or the key of connection. Otherwise there are places above that would insure a red-letter day, and the trout, more particularly in the mill pools, attain a good size. It is said that the Wandle never clouds, neither does the May-fly or Stone-fly ever visit it. "It must be fished fine in the extreme;" Hofland, indeed, says "A single hair should be used for the foot-link, or, at least, gut as fine as hair. Above all things, the water must be approached with caution, for it is as clear as a north-country beck, and if you are seen by the fish they immediately fly up the stream." If the day be bright, and little wind, you cannot stoop too low, and it is as well to kneel when at throwing distance. Mr. Francis Francis differs *in toto* from this, and says he knows no stream in which the fish rise more freely. We have, however, mostly had the bad luck to find the fish extremely shy, excepting at Rutter's Snuff Mills, in our time but little fished.

The best hotel at Croydon is the Greyhound; the proprietor is Mr. Bidden. There are several good inns on or near the banks of the stream,

THE MOLE, &c.

THE MOLE has its principal sources on the north side of the forest-ridge, at and near Busper, on the confines of Surrey, and the northern slopes of the forests of St. Leonard's, Tilgate, and Worth. These several streams pass into the county of

*Good to have you
ever fished it at all*

*was a very good
ground fishing there used to be here
I have taken 17 1/2 hours here with
very poor luck in a day 77*

Surrey—the first near Lowfield Heath by Charlwood; the second near the “County Oak,” north of Crawley; the third and most beautiful flows by the picturesque mill of Hazlewick, with its fine fish ponds, and thence northward to the “Forge,” indicating an ancient iron work; and the fourth runs near the spot known as Cophorne Brow. Several of these streams congregate just south of Horley. The following extract of a letter, dated April 22, 1868, relates to this neighbourhood: “For thirty years I very seldom failed at Horley if I wanted fish. Hazlewick Mill belongs to Mr. Blunt, of Crabbett; the tenant’s name is Mr. Peter Caffin, the same person that rents Horley Mill, under the governors of Christ’s Hospital. Hazlewick Mill is in Worth parish, in Sussex. There are trout there, but very few and small, and the stream is insignificant. The steel net is the destruction of the fish. You have not much depth until you reach the neighbourhood of Horley Church, where there is a mile and a half of water, varying from 4ft. to 8ft. broad, and enough to get a boat along if you are careful; there are very fine fish here if you can catch them. The stream rising in the forest, the sand imparts, on very slight rains, the colour of pea-soup to the water. I have caught pike from 15lb. to 20lb., perch 2lb. and 3lb., carp 5lb., tench 3lb., bream, 3lb., 4lb., and 5lb.; eels, all sizes, good and plentiful; roach, not many; no trout. Two miles below Horley Mill there is another stretch of deep water, and the same fish prevail. Next comes Salvors Mill, on a small stream, with very few fish, in the occupation of Mr. Edward Nye. I think no one is very tenacious about the fishing along these rivers, but they are all so about game, which is always attracted by a stream during the building season. I should say at this time, if a person walked alongside of the rivers with his rod, or later, when the grass was cut, and asked no questions, he would not be interrupted. If he asked permission, I do not know how it might be; that I always used to consider tempting fate.” Then the united waters of the Mole pass Betchworth and pursue a meandering course around the base of Box Hill. The ruins of Betchworth Castle occupy an elevated knoll on the western side of the Mole. The park is full of scenes of exquisite beauty. Ferny dells; wide uplands, dappled with rays of golden light; intense depths of coolsome shadowy boughs heavy with leafiness, and ringing with music; stately “pillared aisles” of glorious trees, which in the olden time lent life and vigour to the scene, when ladies in duff and farthingale, and knights in cloak and doublet,

gathered in merry groups upon the fresh young grass—these break upon the eye in quick and agreeable succession,—

“Revive the golden world, and hold through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral!”*

The Mole now flows through the beautiful vale of Mickleham to Leatherhead, Stoke, Cobham, Claremont, Esher, Moulsey, and so into the Thames at Hampton Court; the seven last-named places are accessible by the South Western Railway. The “Swallows,” through which the waters disappear in dry summers, give the name to the river, and are between Box Hill and Leatherhead.

The mill pools near Dorking, on what is called the Pip Brook, are all inviting to the angler for coarse fish, and here and there, although but seldom, a large trout (if any) may be met with. The principal millers of Dorking are famed all the country over for being “Out and out good and hearty fellows,” and are more or less ready to welcome the respectable fisher to their private grounds and waters. Among these worthy men, we can name Mr. J. Killick, of Westcot Mill; Mr. A. Wells, of Milton Mill; Mr. J. Dewayney, of Sixham Mill; the Messrs. J. and W. Atley, of Dorking Mill; the Messrs. J. and A. J. Edes, of Sipbrook; and Mr. H. Mills, Castle Mill. The last is an exceedingly good place for fish of many kinds. There are two lakes near Dorking; the one at the Rookery, belonging to R. Fuller, Esq., of the house of Fuller, Banbury, and Co., bankers, Lombard-street; and the other at Bury Hill, occupied by Charles Barclay, Esq., a member of the eminent brewery firm. That at Bury Hill is a fine sheet of water with beautiful surroundings, as is likewise that of the Rookery, which the Pip Brook expands to a goodly size, as it flows through the grounds forming a cascade and some picturesque little pools in its course.

The grounds of the Rookery are open to the tourist, and he may stroll through them to the sequestered retreat of Lonesome or Tillingbourne, and on, through, and around a most lovely country. “The latter,” says Brayley, “is somewhat peculiar, but confined. On each side, for about a mile in length, the dell is skirted by well wooded hills, and a bubbling trout stream, rendered vocal by several small falls, winds gracefully along the bottom. On the left is a sparkling cascade (formed by a streamlet

* Vide Adam and Charles Black's “Guide to Surrey,” by W. H. Davenport Adams.

from hand is clear & nothing
 have said, say about a
 fine view south.

rising on the hill), which falls from about the height of sixty feet, over several ledges of rock, enshrouded in foliage into a marble basin."

While so close to Dorking it may be well to mention Wotton. This parish is watered by two streams, which rise on the north side of Leith Hill; one running through Lonesome Bottom to Wotton House, near which it is joined by the other streamlet, and the united currents flow through Abinger, Shere, Albury, Chilworth, and Shalford, augmented by several brooks in its passage, and in the parish last mentioned falls into the Wey. On this stream, usually called the Tillingbourne, are several corn and other mills.

The hotel we frequent at Dorking is the White Horse, the landlord of which is every inch a character; and, as he knows and is respected by everybody, he can put the angler at once in a direct line where he can use the rod. In Aubrey's time (1672-93) the Dutch merchants went from Dorking to London to eat "water-souchy" made of the perch caught in the neighbouring brooks.

MERSTHAM.—There are no streams here. The splendid lake at Gatton, belonging to Lord Monson, is within a quarter of an hour's walk from the station. It is let at present (1868) to Mr. McCalmont, brother-in-law to Lord Cairns. There is a catch-water mill pond likewise near, but we have never fished it, and a smaller pond, full of perch, in Lord Monson's Park, to the west of the lake, and but little known. The Feathers' Inn will suit the angler.

Box HILL.—The Mole runs partly round this exquisite hill, which took its name from the box trees planted thereon in the reign of Charles I., and is now much frequented by pleasure parties. The river, after leaving the station, runs for a while through private grounds, and then waters a garden belonging to the Fox and Hounds; it yields little save bream, which may, at times be seen tumbling about, and displaying their broad and glittering sides in the sunlight. It crosses the road under Burford Bridge, close to this inn, and shortly after passes under the railway, and then into Norbury Park, the seat of T. Grissell, Esq., thus enhancing the beauty of some lovely scenery. The Mole hereabouts is altogether an enigma. In some places it is deep, and as still as a cattle pond; then it wakes up, and becomes as rapid as a trout stream. Here it is overhung with magnificent trees and high banks almost deserving the title

12 1/2 miles from Dorking
 you can't see them!

it is a trout
 stream & a capital
 one in some parts

of cliffs; then flats succeed, through meadows and alder-fringed banks, and thus on, varying in current and character, but ever beautiful, throughout. At Mickleham the "Swallows," so-called in dry seasons, prove very destructive to the fish; for as the stream drains away from these holes vast quantities of them are left in the mud and between the sloping stones which irregularly compose the bed of the river; and when the water abates, the villagers, watching the subsidence, rush in and scramble for the spoil.

BEIGATE.—The Mole here contains perch, pike, roach, eels, &c. There is likewise the priory pond in Lord Somers' Park, which has a reputation for large pike and carp. Mr. Chilton occupies much of the land on the banks of the Mole about here. The hotels are the White Hart and Swan.

There is a very large piece of water at Danson Park, which can be seen from the Dover road, about eleven miles from London, near the turning which goes round to Blendon. It is said to be 122 acres in extent. It has never been dragged in the recollection of man, nor can we find that any great number of fish have ever been taken out with the angle. It was in the possession of — Johnston, Esq., and is now the property of — Bean, Esq.

GODSTONE.—There is a large piece of water at Leigh Place, belonging to Mrs. Turner. The ponds at Godstone belong to Mr. Rose. There are also the Wire Mill Ponds, the property of Mr. Brand, near East Grinstead, about four miles from this place, which are well stocked with fish.

Mr. G. Hazeldine, of Oaklands, about a mile and a half from Godstone, has also a pond, where he is trying to breed many kinds of fish, and amongst them flounders and shrimps, which appear to do well.

There is an inn opposite the station, but the principal hotel is in Godstone.

THE CRAY.

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata."—VIRGIL.

(Here are cooling springs, here grassy meads.)

THE CRAY is a good trout stream, and is also famous for its large dace. Of late years, however, jack have got into it, which is likewise the case in some of the best streams in England, where

the genuine angler has been shut out from their waters, either through the caprice of its proprietary or the cunning influence of their keepers. There is no description of sportsmen the *quasi* keeper hates more than the true angler. The latter sees too much of mercenary Velveteen's "little game." On the other hand, no man is better welcomed than the conscientious fly-fisherman by the independent and honest portion of this class; and, without going so far as to say that a keeper's value may be measured by his courtesy to anglers, we would trust our own experience in the question, and risk the general assertion that the enemy to angling is seldom a sincere friend to the domain. Of course we make an exception where the disturbance of wild fowl would be consequent upon the intrusion of the rod, and other like circumstances; but, as it is well known that the total exclusion of the angler from particular preserves has given rise to much suspicion, the question need not be here further insisted upon.

The Cray rises at Newell, near Broom Hill, in the parish of Orpington, takes a northerly course past Mr. Snelling's and Mr. J. Colgate's mills, flows on to St. Mary's Cray, where Messrs. Joynson's splendid paper mills, with three-quarters of a mile of note paper almost always over its rollers, invites the visitor to enter. There is a railway station at St. Mary's Cray. Another mile brings us to St. Paul's Cray, where the paper mills of Mr. Nash are situated. Many complaints used to be made of the destruction of the trout by the bleaching of these mills, but it is only just to state that every care is now used by pitting the chloride of lime, &c., to keep it out of the water.

The Bull, at Paul's Cray, affords humble accommodation, but the would-be debtor is warned by a poetic effusion, which scarcely applies to the angler:

"The Bull is lame, then fear him not,
While every man can pay his shot;
But when money's gone, then credit's bad,
It's that that makes the bull run mad."

The Seven Stars, at Foot's Cray, used to be a good hostelry in old Edmond's time. *x before the paper mills destroyed*

Our next village down stream is Foot's Cray, where Mr. Pollard worked the mill; these manufactures are not, however, now in operation (1868). At the next Cray (North), — Shaw, Esq., and F. Friend, Esq., have some tolerably good fishing; — White, Esq., of the Manor House, and Mr. Kelsey at the farm, have likewise much coveted portions of the stream.

*can be
seen
from
the
road
along the
stream*

We then get to BEXLEY. This village is a good place to command the whole of the Cray.

Here our friends Mr. Charles Holloway and Mr. West, fishing only one day occasionally during the season, killed with the fly upwards of 200 brace of trout, from 1½ lb. to 2½ lb. This was while the water was watched as a subscription club, of which they were members. After this club was broken up as many as 100 brace of trout would be netted in a night, and the stable of a public-house in the neighbourhood gave the stolen property shelter until it was removed the next morning to London. So much for the contrast of "protection" and non-protection!

Civity, better known as "Old Civility," the once London carrier, now keeps the King's Head Inn at Bexley, and will give every information to the angler. His house is somewhat small, but all within evinces a desire to please. The stables are good and roomy. The flour mill in Bexley belongs to Mr. Stephen Cannon, but the tail crosses the road somewhat too publicly to contain many trout; however, if there is plenty of camp sheathing for the trout to retire to when the mill is stopped, these fish care little for the bustle that goes on around them. The mill head is a handsome piece of water running through that gentleman's gardens, and nearly half a mile above this, there is a fine stretch of the stream (seen from the platform of the Bexley Station), which is likewise in Mr. Cannon's possession. The landlord of the Tower Inn, a house which belongs to Mr. S. Cannon, can likewise put the angler in possession of facts regarding the angling.

Many of the inhabitants of Bexley regret the breaking up of the angling society, as it not only kept poachers out of the village, and prevented much of the demoralisation they ever occasion, but a great deal of money was then circulated by the fly-fishermen amongst the tradespeople; and many a lad can date the receipt of his first shilling to his attendance upon one or other of its members, to carry the landing-net.

A stream runs through Maitland Dashwood Esq.'s estate, which affords splendid fishing, and Mr. Farmer and Mr. Lucas have small holdings adjoining. The magnificent trout fishing that formerly belonged to Nettleship is now the property of Weston Wood, Esq. Below this the Crayford silk factories are said to stop all fishing by the use of their dyes; yet Mr. Cooper's mill ought not to be passed without a trial, as it is well

known that even at the saw mills, to which the Thames tide flows, trout have been recently taken. *I don't believe it*

The Cray is not so clear as the Wandle, and consequently not so difficult to fish; moreover, a greater variety of flies are found on the water. Fishing begins on the Cray as early as April. The trout are thought by some to be finer than those of the Darent. Traits of superstition still haunt the banks of the Cray, and many are the singular "believes" of the people; but it is only an affected sympathy, or "pardonable hypocrisy," that can draw them forth. At Crayford, a farmer was known so late as 1854 to pile some corn in one corner, place thereon a scythe, a reaping-hook, and a spade crosswise, then pass a lighted wisp of straw over these implements; and carefully locking the door, he left the place until the following morning, fully impressed with the belief that he had succeeded in charming a good crop.

That queer old angler and versifier, John Whitney, relates how, in 1700, eels were taken in the Cray with a shovel and an awl:

"At Orpington some bubbling spouts there rise,
 No bigger than the pearls from our eyes
 (When some dear friend is lately dead and gone,
 At whose lamented obsequies we mourn),
 While multiplying more, in little way
 They make a stream that glides into the Sea.
 So shallow, every stone is plainly told,
Pactolus, with her glit'ring streams of Gold,
 Can't show such treasure, and what's more,
 Ther's Trout and Eels a mighty store.
 But to the purpose, how these eels are ta'ne,
 Requires some time as well as pain.
 Thro' S' Mary Cray the stream gently glides,
 And runs by Foot's Cray, and to North Cray besides;
 Where the sport begins,
 When Heaven's so dark that nothing shines,
 But its black canopy extending fair,
 Throws an eternal sable o'er the air;
 Then from their watery Burroughs Eels resort,
 And leave the safety of the Liquid Court.

* * * * *
 A Rustick, with a Flambeau in his hand,
 Goes like a Page of Honour through the strand.
 * * * * *

the flambeau glistering bright,
 The wandering eels are dazzled at the light,
 And like to Boys admiring, grow
 Bold at a Lord Mayor's Pageant show:
 They nearer draw, and still the glittering fire,
 As he walks up and down, applaud, admire.

He warily knows how to pick and chuse,
 And neatly can his skilful shovel use ;
 For when the larger sort comes in his way,
 Down goes the shovel, and he's forced to stay
 Till with the Awl they him to land convey."

We are told that this rustic and rude style of leistering was practised to a great extent by the navvies while the railways were in course of formation near some of our best streams.

THE DARENTH.

THE DARENTH rises just under the North Downs, close to the borders of Surrey, in Squerry's Park, the seat of Admiral Ward, near Westerham, not far from Mr. J. Brand's and Mr. Dawe's mills, both of which belong to the Admiral. Above Dawe's Mill there are a few trout. Its course is first east-north-east, parallel to the line of the North Downs. It passes Valance, the seat of Lord Norbury ; Brastead, Sundridge, Chipstead, and one of the paper mills of Mr. T. H. Saunders ; then by Moat Farm and other places to Riverhead Bridge. Near Longford Mill, in the occupation of Mrs. Corke, a short branch comes in from Riverhead and the grounds of Bradbourne House, the domain of Mr. Crawshay. Here the trout get larger ; for, although there are plenty of them from Dawe's Mill to Chipstead, they seldom exceed $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

The Darent then flows through a depression in the Downs to Otford, absorbing an affluent, of about two miles in length, that comes down from beyond Greatness and the mill at Sevenoaks, worked by Mr. John Cornelius Thorpe.

Thus far the stream runs through the properties of Admiral Ward ; Earl Stanhope, at Chevening, near Sevenoaks ; Mr. Clayton, of Coombe Bank, now occupied by Lord Templemore ; Earl Amherst, of Montreal, near Sevenoaks ; Sir Morton Peto, and Mr. Crawshaw. Sevenoaks is the best station for the upper Darent. It is a beautiful village, and contains the magnificent park and mansion of Knowle, the seat of the late Earl Amherst. The house is rich in works of art.

John Whitney, an ancient poet, gives us the Darent or *Darwent* as he terms it, as rising at "Crockham-street." His description, being full of practical detail, is not devoid of modern interest :

“The offspring of the fair *Darwent*,
 In thousand pleasing Ruptures see him rise,
 With murmuring pleasures to our Ears and Eyes ;
 To force himself a vent
 In gentle numbers first he seems to go,
 But with united forces will o'erflow
 His bounds,
 And all the Neighbouring grounds,
 That lye below.

Old *Crockham-street*, where first he makes his way,
 To view Sol's Glory and his brighter ray,
 The joyful issue of approaching day,
 He runs not far before he meets,
 Fair *Squirries* Nymphs and kindly greets ;
 Three sister ponds well stor'd with fry,
 The Eternal bounties of the sky,
 Increasing more with stronger force,
 To *Westerham* Town he bends his course ;
 Then visits *Valence* stony ground,
 And in meanders hurls himself quite round
 To *Braisteed*.

At *Sundridge* pent in narrower room,
 He gets more strength at length to roam
 To *Cheapsteed*,

Where first begins the sporting prize.
 Angler beware, for he's precise,
 And knows his time to sink or rise
 If weather's fair or sultry hot,
 Your labour's vain and nothing to be got,
 Unless a gentle Breeze
 Blow neighbouring flies from off the taller trees ;
 Which to your hook and single hair,
 Judicious eye and special care.”

The Darent now runs to the south-west of the Sevenoaks Railway, and above, *i.e.*, south of Otford, divides into two arms, one of which works Mr. E. Nash's mill ; after a course of about two miles, they re-unite before they reach Filstone Hall Farm, the property of H. B. Mildmay, Esq. The mill above Shoreham Station also belongs to the last-named gentleman. The Darent then flows on, still keeping close to the railway for two miles, supplying the pool of Shoreham Paper Mill, the property of Mr. George Wilmot, by whom it is worked ; then embraces Shoreham Castle Farm, likewise in the possession of H. B. Mildmay, Esq., there forms an island, and dividing again below near Lullingstone Castle, reaches Lullingstone Railway Station. Lullingstone boasts one of the finest trout preserves in Kent, and is the property of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart., who is exceedingly liberal to those anglers who are known to use

no other lure than the artificial fly. Lullingstone is only a castle by courtesy. It is, however, a fine brick mansion, of a gigantic farmhouse character, and we should say owes its origin to the Elizabethan period. Close to the house is a large pool of about half an acre, fed by the river which runs through the park. The water passes from this pool over a penstock, where its fall is about 12ft.; there it runs under the bridge over a public road, and then courses for some quarter of a mile, where there is another handsome fall of about 5ft. in depth, and about 20yds. across. The best fishing is the water we have passed over, being between the two falls, and the finest fish are generally found under the copse side; the fly should be cast from the meadows, from which there is nice open throwing. We seldom take a fish here of less than 1lb. They run to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and there are plenty of them, showing that all the liberality extended to fair angling has no serious deteriorating effect. The water above the paper mill is choice, and kept very select. There is one caution we would give the fly-fisher: if he hooks a fish just above the fall he must prevent his victim from reaching the water below, for which he will assuredly make. The trout here are thorough *acrobats*, and their continuous throwing of summersaults would shame the Japanese. From the second fall the river winds most beautifully, forming shallows and pools for the next half mile. When the angler arrives at a little wooden bridge, which by the bye is generally kept locked, he must cross over to get to the village, or provide himself with a pair of Fagg's high hip-boots, as he cannot get down much lower on that side. We then come to some dead head-mill water, where some good trout lie under the alders. From this mill (a sawmill) it is extremely rapid as far as the viaduct of the railway. After it passes the viaduct for about a quarter of a mile it skirts the road, and this portion was formerly open to the public by staying at the inn. It is now only accessible by permission from the proprietor of the water, and is let with the farm.

The bed of the Darenth is tolerably well adapted to trout, being a succession of fine shallows and pools, with a description of sandy ooze and pebble. This silt, however, forbids all wading down stream—a great mistake at most times—as it sends before the angler a cloud of opaque water, which scares the fish. Its borders are well fringed with plants of aquatic growth, which provide plenty of food for the trout. "Lightcast" recommends for the Darenth the Sedge, the Artful Dodger, the Yellow Sally,

which I recommended
him

found

the Iron Blue, the Pale Yellow Dun, and occasionally the Alder or Chantry, which is a very good selection. ~~The body of the Yellow Sally cannot be too intense in colour.~~ *no use at all*

Passing under the viaduct of the railway, the Darenth pursues its mission north-west by Eynesford, its castle, and Mr. Fellows's paper mill; three-quarters of a mile farther brings us to Farningham: before we arrive here we pass a good stretch of water, which Mr. Dray and Mr. Phelps rent from Messrs. Wilmot and Collyer. The mill on the west side of Farningham belongs to Mr. Charles Collyer, and is occupied by Mr. Moore.

After another mile and a half we reach the boundaries of Horton Kirby, and get to some capital water, in the possession of Mr. Bradford, an underwriter of Lloyd's, who is now very chary in granting permission to angle, the water having been much overfished. A famous stretch of the river is likewise rented by Mr. Palmer, the present proprietor of the Lion at Farningham. After passing Franks, the Darenth runs through the village of Horton Kirby; the water above the village belongs partly to Mr. Bradford and partly to Mr. Bashleigh, who has stopped all fishing for the present, in order to obtain a good stock of fish. The flour mill in the village belongs to Mr. Randall; and from hence to the viaduct, a distance of about a mile, the water belongs to Mr. Randall and Mr. Russell, who let it to an angling club. Immediately on passing through the viaduct we come to Mr. Hall's paper mill, South Darenth. About two years ago Mr. Hall commenced breeding trout, and the river is now full of small fish of one and two years old, which was not the case previous to his attempts.

At South Darenth the stream divides for a couple of miles; the left stream flows between St. John's, the seat of Mr. John Russell, and Sutton, at Stone, dividing Sutton Place (Mr. Fleet's) from Darenth, and driving a small flour mill.

The right-hand branch flows round the back of St. John's to Darenth Paper Mill, the property of Mr. T. H. Saunders; the banks are prettily clothed with alders and willows for the whole distance, which is about a mile and a quarter.

Just above the paper mill at Hawley, which also belongs to Mr. Saunders, these two branches re-unite and form a milldam, containing some very heavy roach and a few trout, which have succeeded in surviving the somewhat over-stimulating effects of the bleach at Darenth, which cannot be, or at any rate is not

*not a fly at
but they are not
I suppose it is not water*

quite, kept out of the river. The distance from Darenth to Hawley Mill is about three-quarters of a mile.

Immediately below Hawley Mill (in the tail of which, by the bye, as we write, the roach, which are spawning, are being daily cleared out by the workpeople in *bushels!*), on the left hand, is the Rookery, where Mr. Barron resides. From this place, to the head of the powder-mill water, a distance of half a mile, a sharp stream runs, which was once the delight of many trout, but is now the destruction of all that venture into it.

The powder-mill water and reservoir of Messrs. Pigou are generously thrown open to an occasional angler, under certain restrictions. Mr. F. Pigou, being himself a disciple of the highest grade of our elegant art, has a large-hearted sympathy for its disciples. The milldam and reservoir, about a third of a mile in length, is of considerable depth, and from its extent forms a good preserve for fish. The trout here are few in number, from their tendency to visit the sharp stream above, where they are pretty sure to learn too much of the science and mystery of paper making. The whole of the plant is of great extent, and as each mill requires its head of water, every one of them at their tails pours forth a continuous sharp stream, in which trout so much delight; and of these pretty rivulets, with their gravelly beds, there are many running in various directions, affording the very best cover possible for trout; and being sheltered by several descriptions of trees, the insect food is necessarily both plentiful and varied. But it is not until we get into the yet more exclusively private grounds of Mr. Pigou that we find the full perfection of an angler's elysium. Here trout may be seen rising in every direction, and close beneath the dining-room windows these fine fellows may be observed feeding, and are very unselfishly kept by Mr. Pigou entirely for breeding purposes, to benefit, by and by, his angler friends and acquaintances, and the welfare of the waters of his neighbours. With this object all angling for trout at present is strictly forbidden, and will be so until the whole water is fully stocked. All trout, therefore, taken while roach fishing, &c., must at once be returned alive to the water.

Two years ago there were only three trout *known* to exist in the whole of the water, but now they are multiplying fast, and will be yet further augmented in numbers by the assistance of large artificial breeding beds, erected by Mr. Pigou, and which, as far as we can judge, are constructed in every respect to secure success.

The main river above the mills is full of marvellously heavy roach—we dare not repeat what weight—but we have in years gone by taken them as large as 2lb.; they are now said to be beyond that size! The carp in the reservoir are likewise of a ponderous character, and perch are plentiful, but do not grow beyond 1lb. There are few or no dace, and a jack has never been seen in the water.

Mr. Pigou possesses another piece of the Darenth below and outside of the grounds attached to his house, which waters a large kitchen garden, and where, in deep water, some heavy trout are always lurking. These waters, as we have said, are not altogether closed to the rod; but great care and discretion is necessarily exercised in the admission of strangers, as the prevailing, and apparently of late incurable, habit of smoking anywhere and everywhere, without regard to place or time, has very properly caused the greatest possible supervision. Any infraction of the rule, or indeed the mere possession of a lucifer-box, would most inevitably secure one of the coldest receptions in return for what might prove one of the warmest, namely, a ducking from the men. In these works, a gentleman angling with a companion took refuge from a thunder-storm in one of the powder mills. This was certainly not a very exalted exercise of prudence, but what followed evinced a singular deficiency of thought. He deliberately struck a light with steel, flint, and German tinder, and, igniting a cigar, would the next instant have thrown the glowing spark amongst the explosive dust at his feet had not his companion, who that moment arrived to warn him of the danger of taking shelter under such a roof, seen with horror the peril of the position, and with great presence of mind seized both the cigar and tinder and hurried with them, while burning his tightly-grasped hand, to the river. Such a circumstance alone should be enough to reconcile even non-smokers to an exercise of the greatest discretion, if not absolute exclusion, for in such there is nothing intended in the shape of ill-nature, but, on the contrary, a merciful consideration towards the safety of the life and limb of themselves and others. We can confidently vouch for the above fact, as we bear the scar to this day of the burning cigar and tinder. We had taken, upon that occasion, in these waters, 94lb. of handsome roach, and a perch or two, with two carp, weighing 7lb., having filled and carried a basket three times to the Bull and George, then the principal hotel, where they were weighed by Mr. Messenger, its proprietor. This house is now held by Mr.

Simpson, who can materially assist the angler with needful information. After this occurrence of the cigar our friend, however, wished to "go home," but we contented ourselves by telling him he was nearly going home faster than he would have wished, and we angled on in the shower, adding about 7lb. or 8lb. more fish to our share (which were not weighed in the parcel), while our friend betook himself to a respectful distance beyond the works. Poor fellow! he was reserved for a fate quite the opposite in death to that he then so narrowly escaped; he, his wife, three children, and maid-servant haying gone down at sea (on his return voyage) in a vessel which sailed from Australia to Liverpool.

While in this interesting, though to some nervous temperaments exciting locality, we may say a few words about the Powder Mills themselves. They were established as a pin manufactory, and afterwards converted into powder mills, about the year 1620. They have been in the family of their present proprietors, according to legends, since about 1680. The business is therefore the oldest in the trade. Their present yield is from 1000 to 1200 tons of powder annually, consisting of about 100 tons of the best quality for sporting, 300 tons of artillery powder for the use of the British Government, and the remainder of inferior qualities.

Below the Powder Mills, where Mr. Applegarth's silk-printing mill formerly stood, the Darent, having received its several mill streams together again, divides into two arms, which re-unite near the bridge, in the town of Dartford. There are two mills here, both for flour. One worked for "Hard's Farinaceous Food," the other by Mr. Henry Collyer. The island formed by the two branches of the Darent above belongs to Mr. Collyer, and some of the meadows to Mr. Pigou, who holds the right of fishing, but the latter is of little value.

Below Dartford the Darent is called Dartford Creek, and, becoming navigable, flows through the marshes into the Thames. The whole course of the Darent is about twenty miles, three of which it is navigable. Just before joining the Thames it receives the Cray.

From an old local rhyme it would seem that Dartford formerly bore no enviable character. We were desired to repair to

"Sutton for mutton, Kirby for beef,
South Darent for gingerbread, and
Dartford for a thief."

THE MEDWAY.

THIS river rises in Sussex near the northern border, between East Grinstead (London and Brighton Railway) and Crawley, and flows eastward through that country into Kent, which it enters near Ashurst, about five miles west of Tunbridge. In the upper part of its course, the Medway is swelled by many brooks which drain the highest district of the weald of Sussex. It passes near its head, through East Court and Farm, still but a purling brook, by the farm of Shovels, taking in there an affluent from Homestall and Little Fay. It then hides among the trees of Shovels Wood, and emerges into the light again in two streams above and below Little Consiron, which re-unite at Beeches. Here it absorbs a small rivulet which gossips to the enamelled banks of Colling Wood, and lisps past the sedges of Bassett's and Bolebrook Farms to the Cowden and Hartfield high road, near to which, combined with an insignificant trickle, almost ditch-like in character, it works Bolebrook Mill.

In this parish is Bolebrook House, once the residence of the Thanet family; it is one of the oldest brick mansions in the county, having been erected in the fifteenth century. Bolebrook gives Baron Bolebrook to the Dorset family.

It then waters Butcherfield Barn, and lower down it is augmented by another rivulet nearly equal to itself in size, which rises near Butler's Place to the south of East Grinstead. This latter tributary turns a mill about a mile below its source, waters the farms of Boyles and Horseshoe, and once moated the old Domesday Manor House of Brambletye (Brambletie). This house once belonged, with the manor, to Earl Moreton and the Sterbury Castle (Lord Cobham's) estates, afterwards falling to the Comptons by purchase. It was next destroyed by fire, and the crumbling relics of this Jacobin mansion suggested the excellent novel by Horace Smith.

Near this point another branch of the tributary enters, and which, coming farther from the west than the first-mentioned, may fairly claim to be the source of the Medway. Two of the feeders of this branch pass under the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway, and join a little above Tilkhurst. It then turns Fen Place mill-wheel, passes by two ponds between there and Sandhill, irrigates Hurley Farm, and obtains an ever-increasing supply as it winds about Ridge Hill, Crowhurst Fields, and Mill Place. There is, however, no mill here now; it was once the

site of a large iron foundry. It next passes Whillet's Bridge and Admiral's Bridge, and Brambletye.

There are trout, although small, to be met with in all the waters named, and at very many spots indicated, there is every natural encouragement existing to increase the stock both in weight and numbers at the cost of but a little judicious expenditure of money and labour.

The Medway now skirts Forest Row, Tablehurst Farm and mill, passes Stone House, and takes in Quails Brook, below which it is joined by a rivulet running about a mile down the hills from the south by Broadstone Farm.

Still continuing to follow its banks, which now wind extremely, oftentimes turning back directly opposite to its course, like the track of a stubborn pig, till we reach Ashdown, a beautiful modern mansion, the property and seat of the Fuller family, which is adorned with a branch of this tributary. Then for a couple of miles more our ramble is tolerably straight, when we are glad to rest at Longbridge and seek refreshment at Hartfield. Great quantities of fine roach and dace are caught here in the autumn months, and indeed the same observation will now apply to most parts of the Medway after passing Longbridge. At Longbridge the main stream and tributary unite, and after about half-a-mile's saunter on the banks, we are stopped on the south side by another affluent of some pretension, which we follow up to Hugen's Bridge, near Withyham ; attracted by the fact that Buckhurst House and Park is just above us, we wander from the parent Medway.

Buckhurst has had plenty of water and ponds about it in its time, and the mill-tail and several other spots still afford good sport with the fly, or by bottom fishing in the deeper parts. We should have said that two separate branches enter near Hugen's Bridge, a second bridge crossing the Buckhurst branch.

The Withyham waters come down between the magnificent hills on the south. One source is above Charlwood Gate, and runs north-east, then south-west, skirts the lofty eminence of Ashdown and High Beeches, fill the ponds and work the mill near Newlands and Londerry by Eastwood, Penniford Farm and Kennel ; and, while yet in the hills, draw another supply, which comes down by the keeper's lodge, passing on by New Bridge Mill, Clay Pits Farm, Marsh Green, Fincham Farm, Passingford Wood and lands, and Buckhurst Farm, to Withyham. This is a lovely stroll.

The Buckhurst stream likewise pours down between the neighbouring glorious and lofty hills. It rises about seven miles up near Crow's Nest, or Crowborough, where in war time the beacon stood. It then runs by the fold-yard at the foot of the eminence to Crowborough Lodge and Chase Wood, near St. John's, and under Crowborough Mill, past Marden, Friar's Gate, Virgil's Bridge, and Buckhurst Park.

Every foot of this district possesses singular facilities for the breeding and development of trout in the first two or three years of their growth, and catch-waters might readily be formed to which they could fall back after they had attained a certain weight. It is sad to see, throughout Kent, hundreds of miles of valuable streams running waste—half-a-dozen miles of which, nearer London, would be cherished and looked after with a care equal to anything else on the estate.

Perhaps we ought not to omit a third stream that comes down between these two from Pill's Lap, Wren Warren, Frog's Hall, Golden Castle, Little Bassetts, Great Roughs, swollen by a brooklet running through Five Hundred and Fish-gate Woods. We now again rejoin the main river, and after a zigzag course of two miles pass Summerford, and join the Cowden stream below Ashurst and the large paper mills at Chafford.

The Cowden stream is about seven miles in length and defines, for a part, the counties, threading its way by Basing, Scarlets, Furnace House, Holtje and Soc Mills, above Cowden. The latter mill is named in Domesday, as that where all tenants of manors were obliged to go for grist.

The Cowden stream then passes under Cowden Bridge, supplies the Kent Water Mill, flows by The Moat to Grim's Bridge and Mill between Hobb's Hill and Home Green, where it is joined by a small auxiliary flowing through Salehurst Farm.

Chub, for which the Medway and its tributaries are remarkable, are now becoming plentiful, and of a respectable size.

From Grumbridge it courses over Willard's Farm and Blackham Common—now all inclosed—and then, touching Ashurst, falls into the river Medway. There is plenty of first-rate coarse fishing about this part.

"There are three fine ponds near this," writes the Rev. Thos. Harvey, "two supply mills, the other, Goudhurst pond, has no mill, is of the purest water, and comes from a spring from the Roman camp, of which the remains are clearly visible. The lower pond, by Holtje Common, is twenty acres in extent, and, not

having been emptied for a quarter of a century, has very many fish in it. I happen to own it, and any gentleman may angle who likes by simply calling on the miller out of courtesy, although the miller has no right to fish it. None of the streams have so many fish as of former times, unless, perhaps, Hartfield to Forest Row, which, running through quite private land, is less poached."

But here we must go back a mile or two to trace an affluent from the east, that likewise divides the counties, and flows to the south of Tunbridge Wells, entering the Medway at Hale Farm, where the combined streams from Hartfield and Withyham fall into the Medway.

There is likewise at Hale Farm a stream which has its rise near Maynard's Gate, to the west of Rotherfield, leaves the woods of Hornhurst, and works Reigate Mill; then, running on by Wet Wood, flows under Hamsell Bridge by Cobbarn Farm, Forge Farm, Birchden, Woodham Bridge, on to Hale Farm, before mentioned.

Tunbridge Wells is the most ancient inland watering-place, with the exception of Bath. The potency of its mineral springs, the salubrity of its air, and the exquisite scenery by which it is surrounded, eminently qualify it as both a restorative and a cure for the sick or ailing. The streams around this place require orders from the Earl of Abergavenny, of Eridge Castle; the Earl De la Warr, Buckhurst Park; and the Marquis Camden, of The Wilderness. The land steward of the latter is C. Roberts, Esq., Highfield Park, Frant. The land steward of the Earl of Abergavenny is W. Delves, Esq., Hargate Lodge. The Sussex Hotel is a good one, and the charges stop long before they reach the fence of exorbitant. The Swan is a commercial hotel, facing the common; here everything is good and comfortable. The old chapel has a sun-dial, with the following inscription: "You may waste, but cannot stop me," which might be applied with equal truth to many of our rivers.

The mills here are those of Mr. T. Arnold, at Bedborough; Mr. G. Baker, of Speldhurst; Mr. E. Bedwell, at East Peckham.

The Tunbridge Wells branch of the Medway flows westward under high rocks, below which it absorbs the waters of Spratt's Brook and Ramsley Farm; it then sparkles over Peacock's Bush, and, before getting to Broom Bridge, takes in another brooklet from Washingstool Wood and Broadwater.

The Medway now takes a north-easterly direction, turns a

mill near Fordcomb Green, next reaches Springhill Farm, passing on to Saints' Hill and Tyhurst. Before we get to Tyhurst and Swale End we have to turn off from the river and follow the small brook to find Pounds Bridge, where a stream comes in from Silcock's Farm, which we learn would take us back to Tunbridge Wells. This we decline to do, but glean that it turns a mill a mile or so above Barden Furnace.

We must now skip a little, but very good water, and direct our attention to the course of the Eden as far as its confluence with the Medway at Penshurst, up to which the Medway is navigable.

The Eden is a mill stream, and one of the principal branches of the Medway. It has two sources, the one at Titsey Place, in Surrey, the other near Godstone, which, in turn, gets the credit of its origin; the former, however, is farther from the Medway, and may, therefore, claim seniority. This stream, after bubbling from several fissures by the side of Titsey Hills, and being supplemented by a brook from South Green, takes a course almost due south, skirting Park Farm and Limpsfield; it then flows on to the east of Oxtead, where its waters are increased by a rivulet coming down through that village from the Priory Ponds. It next pursues its course about a mile to the east of Tandridge, past Broadham Green and Parsonage and near Perry's Green, where it divides itself into two streams for more than a mile; the one to the east is the more important; they skirt Jincock's Farm, near Stook House, where they re-unite; the stream then runs suddenly, in a waving line, to the southwest, and again forms an elbow, taking in the waters from Godstone. There are plenty of trout to be met with in some of the above localities.

The Godstone tributary has two sources near this town; the first rises near Godstone Corner, not far from Flint Hill Farm, about two miles from Caterham Station; from thence the Flint branch flows over Godstone Green, supplies a splendid mill-pool just above Gasson House, and combines with two more branch rivulets from Book's Nest House and Nagshall, thus touching Lee Place Farm. Below Godstone, and near the turnpike road to East Grinstead, there is another mill, and this Godstone branch meanders on, for three miles by its course, to the north of Chathill, opposite Foile Farm, where we left the Titsey branch, without much of landmark. The river now staggers about as if the spirits had got into its waters,

sending off a short arm to Crowhurst, passing under the South-Eastern Railway about two miles to the south of Edenbridge Station ; it then follows a sinuous course which, when figured, bears a close representation to a foot and ankle with a gouty toe, drawn by an infirm and shaky hand. From the tendon Achilles of this limb the stream flies out like a loose garter over a long stretch of unpopulated lands, and then joins the Eden. Another affluent likewise arrives at this spot, composed of many aquatic offerings ; one of these is close to Godstone Station, and irrigating Perry's Farm, keeps within sight of the turnpike road of East Grinstead for upwards of a mile, past River Farm, just above which it receives a brook supplied from springs and ponds not far from Hook Stile and parsonage. This brook has at times many trout and minnows in it, and, being difficult to angle with fly, is generally fished with the worm or grub. There is a pond or two here well filled with tench and perch, and another near Stockwood. This tributary here makes a right angle to the east, and again runs south-east by south, past Moat Farm, where there are four more ponds, and so on to Arding Run, where it is joined by a third arm, touching Barns Brent, near Croydon, Bain Jenkins, Land Farm, Blindley Heath, under May's Bridge, and so to Arding Run.

There is still another of these long arms which ought not to be omitted, which comes yet more from the south-west, touching Little French's, Furnace Wood, Warren Furnace, and other seats of the ancient iron works ; it supplies a mill and head near Hedge Court Farm, and passes on to Woodcock, Hammer, and Mill ; under Woodcock Bridge, by Green Lane Wood and Field Court Farm, under Reeds and two other bridges to Lingfield and Bridge, and thence by Rushford, Arding Run, and Waterside before mentioned. Nor have we yet done with this pretty group, for one may be found entering joining another a mile above Lingfield, near Reeds Bridge, which has its rise in Cutandley Wood, flowing direct east under Fellbridge and Park, skirted by Fellbridge Water, and shortly after turning due north to play at hide-and-seek in and out of the woods of Chartham Cooks, Reeds, and Welgrove, until, still running north, it flows under Blackberry Bridge on to Mill Wood, and thus by Batnors to Reeds Bridge again before us. All these streams, very many miles in the aggregate, either hold trout or are capable, with proper attention, of breeding them. A branch that runs down due north and east by Batchelors, under the South-Eastern Railway, a little more

than a mile west of Edenbridge Station, and passing Great Browns, may fairly claim attention for like capabilities. We are now at

EDENBRIDGE.—There is but one mill pond close to this, and that is let for private angling. Edenbridge is less than a mile from the station, and the river Eden runs through it. There are several chalybeate springs in this neighbourhood. The church is a fine ancient edifice, with both handsome and curious tombs therein. "Delawarre" and its ponds are close to the Eden, and a pretty stream, not more than a quarter of a mile below, falls in from the north flowing by Foundling House, Puddle Dock, Oberice, Mapleton, Stiles, supplemented by one from Tan House, Boons and Chittenden to Four Elms, added to by a third affluent which likewise comes from the north by The Spout, Piddons, and makes a detour round Brocksham Hill to the south-east by the Friends near Medhurst, and thus between the Clay Pits and Whistlers into the Eden, which is about sixteen miles long. We now trot on to the moated Hever Castle, which is upon a branch of the Eden opposite. The castle is a highly interesting place to visit, both from its good preservation and its many historical reminiscences. It was at this castle that Henry the Eighth wooed and won the fair but unfortunate Anna Boleyn. Anne of Cleves died here in 1557.

Mr. John Andrew, the celebrated salmon angler, and the late Mr. James Brady, were upon one occasion with their tackle and live-bait cans, making their way down to the water through the straw-yard of a jolly farmer hereby, now residing on the banks of the Thames, when the worthy yeoman hailed them and inquired where they were going. Upon being told that they were after the jack, the old fellow exclaimed, "Welcome—welcome, my lads, when I first saw thy kettles, I thought thee be tinkers' chaps."

We are tempted to run up yet one more tributary of the Eden, which takes the same inclination as the last, coming down from the north by Henden, Furnace House, Four Elms Green, under the railway by Hever Lodge into the Eden. There are others, but we must pass them by; suffice it to say that the waters of one of these alone, if properly economised, would breed fish sufficient to justify a landlord boasting of his store. But here we are at the magnificent park of Chiddingstone and its mill. The word Chiddingstone is derived from a large stone, now standing in the park of H. Streatfield, Esq., and was formerly called the "chiding stone," from its being the place where females

addicted to scolding were seated, while they were chided by the priest. The village is one of the prettiest in Kent, and wherever we wander around we meet with most beautiful scenery. Let the angler tourist who knows but little of this vicinity look at the ordnance map, and he will see not only the Eden embracing in its two arms this splendid domain, but ponds difficult to count carelessly lying in and out of its inclosure like pearls that have fallen from a severed thread. A Mr. Henry Streatfield, of "De-la-Ware," is mentioned by John Whitney, as being liberal to anglers in his time, and a Mr. W. Streatfield, of Hever Castle, who was equally hospitable to the followers of our art.

Of this portion of the Medway John Whitney says :

"To Chidding-stone, two miles or more,
We Angle may, or then give o'er,
If that the Sun decline;
Tho' many times within the Night,
The fish will eagerly and greedy bite,
And make our pleasure all Divine."

The more refined etiquette of leaving off angling at night-fall, does not appear to have been held in reverence in this old and enthusiastic fisher's time. The length of the Medway ere it receives the Eden may be estimated at eighteen miles.

Penshurst Station is only half-a-mile from the Eden as the crow flies, but Penshurst on the south is about a mile-and-a-half's walk, the greater way follows a fringe of the park before we enter this exceedingly pretty village. The park is the celebrated seat of the Sydney family, so famous in English history. The mansion is a noble building, containing many pictures and objects of interest. The park contains about 200 acres, well studded with oak, beech, and chestnut trees of enormous girth. There are at least five ponds in the park besides a piece of water connected with the Eden tributaries, in most of which there is excellent pike-fishing. Its present proprietor is Lord De Lisle. It lies on the north-east of the station, and has the branches of a very pretty tributary which runs to Tunbridge winding about it. The hotel is the Leicester Arms. John Whitney, in his old black-letter type, says :

"Penshurst, thy stream's too rapid and too large
For me to angle in;
My time mispent I there discharge,
And neither loose nor win."

But, adds this poetical counterpart of quaint old Izaak—

“ At Leigh, I know fresh pastime to persue,
 And there all day till night
 I reap a double sweet delight
 In thy meanders among the watery crew.”

The main stream of the Medway from Penshurst Park to the powder-mill weir is strictly preserved. There is capital angling for pike, bream, and chub. Permission can be obtained on application to Lord De Lisle. The visitor will find fitting accommodation at the Goat's Head, Leigh. Martin, the landlord, is acquainted with the best places in the river.

Bachsover, Oandler's Farm, Gelridge, and Doubleton are likewise upon the Eden, and within say a couple of miles at farthest of Penshurst range; and another half-mile brings in the handsome bend which almost surrounds the Warren, and leaves Salmon's to the west. We were trolling here upon one occasion in a lovely pool, the water as bright and clear as plate-glass, when a jack of little more than 5lb. flew out of some cover at our bait, and was immediately followed by two others of nearly the same size, whose motions we could well see from our sheltered position. Their actions reminded us much of ducks in a farmyard, which follow and worry another that has succeeded in getting a piece of garbage too big for his swallow. First the head and then the tail of the bait would be seized by the greedy pair as it projected from the first jack's mouth; and as he dashed from one place to another we were able to help him to secure the prize; after a while he turned the bait, according to their custom, head first, and gorged it, the two other fellows looking on with all the gloating stare of disappointment. We struck my gentleman very quietly, and led him down the river to a sandy shelving bank, where, after a fair fight, we landed him; his friends followed him and witnessed his departure, doubtless with no little astonishment. But their turn was to come, for after due time we returned to the pool, and a second time witnessed a still greater display of savage hunger on the part of the one that did not take (perhaps not having at first perceived) my fresh bait, and thus we captured the whole three. Such incidents may have occurred to many a pike fisherman; but an allusion to the circumstance is worthy of note, because the same thing often happens in water too cloudy to see its operation; and, therefore, whenever a jack capable of gorging your bait is restless and runs from place to place, you may naturally conclude that one or more are after the morsel, and you

should act accordingly; that is, with a careful and by all means quiet judgment, keeping well away from the water.

Mr. F. Towner, of the Medway Navigation Company's Offices, Tunbridge, writes:—"This part of the river will for the future be preserved from the infernal netting which has for years been practised in our river to a very great extent. The property that did belong to Mr. Thompson, of Hayesden, and which the principal part of the river runs through, has been bought by Lord de Lisle; and, as I am very fond of angling, I have hired that part of the river belonging to Lord de Lisle for the express purpose of preserving the same, so as to give anglers a good chance of sport. Of course the expense in preserving, &c., will be considerable; therefore it will be desirable to have subscription tickets, at a very moderate scale; and it is my intention to introduce other fish into this river—such as barbel, &c.—which I think will do well. We have now good fishing for pike, perch, chub, roach, dace, tench (not very plentiful of tench), gudgeon, bleak, and carp (very large); and, by the assistance of some experienced angler, I feel confident I shall be able to find good sport to all lovers of the rod. I may mention that the eels taken in our river are considered very superior to others in other waters, they being the pure silver eel.

The Eden joins the Medway near Ford Place, at a little less than a mile below Penshurst, but it continues to encircle its park, dividing now into two branches and then into three, after which it gathers together its straggling threads and proceeds in one line to the railway, a little more than two miles above Penshurst Station, and a mile and a half from Tunbridge.

There is a network of small rivers to the west and north-west of Tunbridge, besides the navigable portion of the Medway to Penshurst. Upon one of these tributaries are the powder mills of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey—the supply of water coming down the stream, before slightly alluded to as adorning the vicinity of Hall Place and Leigh Park. The principal feeder of this affluent rises somewhere about Elses, runs through that farm by Nizell's Heath, Durham Farm, Lows Street, and Reade Farm; then by Ramhurst Farm to Hadlow Place and Hawden Farm, throwing off, or rather attaching to itself, branches in its progress to Tunbridge Castle. Between the station and the town four streams run, over which there are as many bridges. The more northern feeder comes down from two hamlets, termed Great and Little Under River, over Marchant's

Farm, and, after about three miles' run, claims a temporary resting-place in the mill-heads above Tunbridge. The Town Mills, Tunbridge Lock, and Child's Lock, are below; and there is excellent water for piscatorial purposes almost everywhere around. There are, however, only really two or three zealous anglers in the town; and although they are influential to a certain extent, all their praiseworthy efforts at stocking, or rather preservation (for preservation alone would provide all that is desirable), have been hitherto attended with but little success. It is, indeed, a sad pity that the poaching element should be allowed to prevail here as at most other naturally well-favoured places; but we feel assured that very simple means, stringently carried out, would provide, and at once, an effectual check to depredation, the more so as every poacher's habits and locality are known. The conservators are exceedingly anxious to keep the river free from these pests, and open entirely, or at a small cost, to all alike from Penshurst to the Channel. The Rose and Crown Hotel is the best in this town (proprietor, Mr. Pawley), but the angler will meet with no difficulty in finding the description of hostelry most suitable to his tastes and pocket, as there are plenty of places of every description—from the old-fashioned post-house to the modern beershop. Boats can be safely entrusted to the care of Barton, who lives on the left just above Tunbridge.

Tunbridge Castle is a fine relic of antiquity, and well worth seeing. It was erected at the time of the Conquest. Its possessors frequently warred against the Crown, and it has endured many sieges and assaults. It is open on Saturdays. Tunbridge is also famous for its excellent grammar school, which has sixteen exhibitions.

From Tunbridge the Medway flows eight miles before we again come to the railway, passing Cannon or Miller's Bridge and Child's Lock, with a fall of 3ft. It is accompanied for three miles by streams on both sides varying in depth and importance. One of these from the south supplies Bourne Mill, touches Fish Lodge, the Priory Mill, and passes the Postern, Somerhill Park, and Ponds (which are the property of Julian Goldsmid, M.P. for Honiton) near Tudeley, to the river, not far from Eldridge's Lock, which has a fall of 4ft. 9in. Hadlow is now on our left. Another mile brings us to Porter's Lock (fall 5ft.), and shortly after to Upper Lake Bridge and Lower Lake Bridge; it is a full mile farther to Ford Green Bridge, another

mile and a half to East Dock (fall 4ft. 6in.), and then three quarters of a mile to Oak Weir Lock, with its island and falls of 5ft. We here pick up an affluent from our left, which rises a long way to the north, somewhere by Ightham, flowing down by a mill-close there: next is a paper mill near Bastead, then a third mill near Street Hill; thus we proceed to the east of Plaxtol, by Dunk's Green, and under the bridge to Little Peckham Mill; on for full three miles more past Stallion's Green, by *Hadlow* village, Bournside Golden Green, Pierce's Mill and Farm, and Little Mill, into the main river.

There is a wharf here and bridges which pass over three branches of the river.

After another half a mile we arrive at New Lock (fall 2ft. 3in.): then comes Sluice Weir Lock, with a fall of 4ft. 7in.; but we must rest at Branbridge Mills, six miles from Tunbridge. Just below Branbridge Mills, beyond the Maidstone Railway branch, is a fine tumbling bay and lock (fall 1ft. 3in.).

The Rose and Crown public-house is close by. It has beds. There is likewise the Bell public-house, a quarter of a mile on the Brenchley Road, over the bridge on the right.

After another two miles we gain Twyford Bridge, having passed Stoneham Lock, and fall 2ft. 4in. At Twyford Bridge, there is a canal, which saves a mile or more of the navigation. Hampstead Lock (fall 21ft. 9in.) is close to

YALDING STATION.—Near Yalding the large tributary Teise enters on our right. The run of water from Hunton, two miles distant, contains, by report, plenty of fish. Mr. W. Hammond, the proprietor of the mills at Hunton, generally gives an angler a day or two. There are other mills at no great distance, and likewise two ballast-holes belonging to the Company, full of fish, but which require great skill to catch. The best inns are the George and Anchor.

FRANT.—The Tyse or Teise, with its tributary the Bewle, is thus quaintly described by Lambarde, the Kentish historian:—“It ariseth in Waterdowne Forest, at Frant, in Sussex (the veri place is called Hockenbury panne), not much more than one mile from Eredge House: hence cometh it down to Beyham, to Lamberhyrst-streete, and to a place in Scotney Ground, called Little Sussex, where it meeteth with the Beaul (which nameth Beaul-bridge), and with Theise, which broketh out of the ground at Tyseherst, named of it.” He omits to mention some rivulets from the parishes of Wadhurst and its neighbourhood. The

Tyse is for several miles the boundary stream between Kent and Sussex, but at length it takes its course across the Weald of Kent, and finally loses itself in the Medway at Maidstone.

At Furnace Mill, Lamberhurst, about two miles from Frant Station, there is a fine and extensive mill pond belonging to Mr. N. Arnold. Another mill stream, about a mile hence, in the same direction, owned by Mr. W. Arnold, contains some nice trout; and a third, called Benhill Mill, is occupied by Mr. J. Smith. The late Marquis Camden's residence (Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst) is likewise within a couple of miles. The ruins are situated near the stream, dividing Kent and Sussex. At present, however, under the exceptional circumstances of the Marquis's decease, it is let for three years to — Mills, Esq., the banker. This abbey, as appears by an ancient description, was founded in the reign of King Richard the First, by Ella de Sackville, daughter of Ralph de Dene. It used to be open on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Abergavenny Arms is a respectable inn; proprietor, Mr. Hyland. There is also the Spread Eagle,

Just before reaching Yalding Station, which is eight miles from Tunbridge, the Medway is joined by the Teise and the Bault. We must leave the main stream to trace these tributaries.

The Teise rises in the northern part of Sussex, and it has several small feeders. The nearest brook to Frant Station rises to the north-west of Chase Wood, runs past the Waterworks, Ivy Lodge, and under the railway, on the Tunbridge Wells side, then by Park Wood and Court Lodge down to Benhale Mill. After skirting Snapants Wood it forms the boundary of Kent and Sussex, taking in an affluent, which, after going due east for a mile, turns suddenly direct west, terminating in the large lake near Larknest, close to Camden Park, a mile east of Tunbridge Wells. This tributary joins its fellow at Dundale Farm, and, as we have said, forms the boundary of the two counties, coursing on to Coneybarrow Wood, by Forge Wood, and Abbey Bayham, where there are two fine pieces of water and more brooks; it next visits Furnace Farm, near the Pepper Water Mill, which has a large head of water. About two miles below Lamberhurst, it quits the duty of marking the boundary to a rivulet, upon which, a short distance up, is seated Scotney Castle. There are three or more good ponds in this neighbourhood. We then follow the banks of the main Teise by Spenmonden Bell Farm to Hammond's Farm, near Gondhurst.

Leaving here, we have a pretty long walk along the right bank to Moat Farm, having seen a part of the river quit us to meet us again some half-mile above under Nevergood Hill. The next place worth indicating is Broadford Mill, near the turnpike road to Horsmonden. We now push on by Hook Wood, to find our progress stayed by a brook a little above Summer Hill Farm, which forces us to take to the high road, and trot on until the welcome sign of the Woolpack invites us to refresh.

We may here observe that when we parted from the Teise, it separated into two courses, the character and bearing of which it is not very easy to describe. These two streams run for a couple of miles together, almost kissing in places, as if loth to separate; but at last, as if resolved to part, fly off at an angle of thirty degrees, the one hurrying almost in a direct line north-west, under Gafford's Bridge, over Clay Gate, Roehenford Farm, and beneath the South-Eastern and Dover Railway, a couple of miles to the east of

PADDOCK WOOD STATION.—There is fish galore near this point, for the jack and bottom angler in the canal, where no permission is required. There is likewise a nice piece of water at the station, in which there are a great many fish, and respectable persons may angle therein. Quafe's Inn is humble, but it possesses all that an angler requires.

The Teise then shrinks away to the left of Great and Little Pigfish, under Dorman Bridge; its waters give these above-named places a wide berth, and resume their direct course to Lattingford Bridge, flowing into the Medway just above Yalding, after a course of seventeen miles.

We now return to the other branch, which, after coquetting with its sister, starts off almost due north. It soon after divides at Beach-lane; both streams run almost parallel under two arches of the railway, the farthest being about a mile from Marden Station.

After passing under the railway, these two arms unite by an acute junction at Marden Mill; they only blend for a short space, when they part again at a sharp angle, and join the river Beult, about a mile-and-a-half apart, making a pear-shaped island of the lands of Chainhurst and Reed Court, which is approached from the north by Hunton Bridge.

The river Beult rises near Goldwell, in the weald of Kent, not far from the foot of the iron-sand hills of Shadoxhurst, four miles south-south-west of Ashford; it flows under Brissenden

Bridge, over Martin Green, by Bethersden, where Mr. Bright, Mr. Hart, of Hothfield on the Stour, and Mr. Nulgate, of Charing, possess some fishing. A tributary of the Stour rises here, running north-by-west to Smarden, where it enlarges considerably, passing Hardman's Green and Bridge by Hope House on to New Bridge and Wick Farm to Headcorn Station.

HEADCORN STATION.—There is some tolerably good angling to be obtained here, both in rivers and ponds. Of the latter Mrs. Jenner's, near the station, is perhaps the best. The Railway Hotel, kept by Miss Gibbs, is very comfortable. The Beult then runs beneath the railway, close to Headcorn, and joins the other branch at Stephen's Bridge, which we shall follow.

The second branch is short. It rises at Moat Farm, by Cranbrook, near which, in Angley and Angley Wood, are four fine ponds. The brook fills three pieces of water ere it gets to Buckhurst Farm; then flows under the turnpike road near Millhouse-street and mill, watering Branden Farm, near which are two ponds; it courses away through Copden Farm and Wood, and at Sissinghurst picks up a feeder of about a mile-and-a-half in length that has its rise near Hornebush Wood, then bounds Hammer Wood by Catsweazel Farm, passes under a bridge near the "Three Chimneys," on the Biddenden high road, and joins its fellow to the east of the ruins of Sissinghurst Castle. The whole of the distance presents the most extraordinary appearance conceivable from the countless number of ponds and pits with which it is surrounded. We are told the appearance of these countless pieces of water from a balloon, when their surfaces are shining in the rays of the sun, can be only compared to a terrestrial milky way, illumined with aqueous luminaries. How far the drought of this season (1868) has affected these ponds we know not. Then our river runs on by Babbingham Farm, Noah's Ark Farm, doubling in large circumflexes from side to side by Bubhurst, then between Snagg's Fostal and Water-street, under the railway near Headcorn and station (Station Master, J. Cheeseman) to Stephen's Bridge. The stream now takes a sudden and very acute turn to the west, flows back, and again under the railway, to join a stream from the south and south-west, which comes from a pond in Angley Park, before spoken of; it supplies two or three handsome pieces on its way; works the Hawkridge Mills, goes under Nock's Bridge, turns due east by Maplehurst, borrows the waters of Frittenden Brook, and of the mill of Mr. M. Drury, then runs due north, crosses over Sicklehurst

Green, Chickenden Farm, and joins the main Teise, which shortly after passes under the railway to Hockenbury Bridge, a little more than a mile from the Staplehurst Station (Station Master, B. May). The South-Eastern Hotel is near the station. W. Jenner owns a water mill close by, and in the next parish, Tritenden, is another mill occupied by Mr. Orpin. Some parts of the stream here have a good breadth of water, but for most of its length it is narrow, with short sudden bends, and holes. It contains trout, jack, perch, roach, &c. Two ballast holes near the station contain fish. Then the river nearly touches Newstead Farm, Cushman's Green, and before it gets to Great Dunbury, receives an affluent which rises from an extensive piece of water at Foresham, to the west of Whon's Harbour, skirting Lake House. The Teise then leaves Chinese Court to the left, and flows under Horsfield Bridges by Bagden Farm, Horsfield Farm, Stile Bridge, to the singularly pear-shaped set of branches, which we have described as making an island on Chainhurst and Reed Court. We then pass Hemton Bridge, the approach to this isolated land, and two miles or more bring us to Yalding.

We now take the running of the Medway again, which passes Hampstead Lock seven miles from Maidstone, flows by Nettled Green, and passing Kenward's (Colonel Fletcher's) on to Nettled—a mile and a quarter from the lock—another three-quarters of a mile brings us to Bow Bridge.

Wateringbury—there is music in this word to the angler's ear—is a spacious and handsome village, adhering to its rural character; the lover of neatness and order will be much pleased, as he rambles about it, to notice the evidences of taste which prevail amongst even many of the most humble of the cottage gardens. Wateringham Place is close by. It is an elegantly sober mansion, and the grounds around it possessed, when we visited them, an enticing serenity and repose. There are tombs of the Style family in the church.

The mill ponds belong to Mr. James Fremlin, the miller, at Wateringbury. The lakes here are the property of Lord Falmouth. The best inn is the King's Head, kept by Mr. Luttree. There is another close to the station, of which B. Woolley is the proprietor. This is a very pretty and pleasant place in summer.

East Farleigh Bridge is of stone. The river here contains, as elsewhere in the Medway, jack, perch, carp, roach, dace, chub, &c.; though it is shamefully netted, heavy bags of jack are often made. Mr. Jackson's lake at West Farleigh—a very large orna-

mented piece of water—has a high reputation for its carp and tench; there are, doubtless, other valuable fish for the angler in so handsome a piscatorial home. The Bull, a humble but cleanly inn, with obliging inmates and economical charges, is generally preferred by anglers. It is close to the station and scarcely three minutes' walk from the river. It is kept by one G. Startup, which seems to be a curious name when it is known that he was formerly a keeper greatly respected at the lunatic asylum, the convalescent patients of which frequently run over to see him.

The river here will recall the characteristics of the Wey. There are fine jack, very heavy bream, frequently of 3lb. and 4lb. each, large quantities of roach, though seldom exceeding 1lb., and few dace. All fishing is free on the towing-path side; on the other, it is private property.

There is another inn at Barming, called the Bull, about half an hour's walk from the river; it is kept by Mrs. Farrington. We may also name the Chequers, at West Farleigh, occupied by Mr. Tolhurst. We then pass Court Lodge on our right, and make a sweep round to the east, leave Barming to the north, and West Farleigh to the south, turning partly back to East Farleigh. We are now two miles above Maidstone, which we arrive at after passing Frant-on-Medway and Little Tovell.

There is but little angling in the immediate neighbourhood of Maidstone, if we except the Turkey Paper Mills of Messrs. Hollingsworth, on the Len, and the paper-mill waters of Mr. Green, near the old pest-house up the Medway. Black's Guide to Kent says, "The river banks are studded with mills—principally Whatman's large paper mills, some good flour mills, and an extensive oil mill." There is some excellent sport to be had at Leeds Castle, about six miles from this place, and at the lake in Lord Romney's Park—"The Mote;" but permission for both is required. Inns: The Star and Queen's Head, about 100 yards from the river.

Between Maidstone and Aylesford is Gibraltar Lock, which falls 9ft. at low water. The Castle of Allingham, Allington, or Arlington, for it is thus variously spelt, is close to the river. The castle was the seat of Sir Thomas Wyatt, a great scholar of the time of Henry VIII., and his son, who suffered for treason against Queen Mary. A recent correspondent of the *Field* says he had fine sport on and around this amongst the dace, and recommends the Gibraltar public-house, well known for its

excellent chicken pies. The lock is opened with powerful windlasses, and is of a totally different construction to the others. A gratuity is here expected by the lock-keeper, but it cannot be imposed. We remember a gentleman, now an exalted member of the Bar, tossing in good humour a halfpenny to this official, who not taking any notice of so bare a trifle was told to pick it up. "Pity, sir, to take it up yet, sir; it would stop its growing." This copper plant very rapidly bore its silver fruit.

Aylesford Station is likewise close to the Medway, and is two miles from Maidstone Lock. Kit's Coty House is a mile north-east from the station; and Aylesford is full of interest to the archæologist. A small stream flows hereabouts, which rises near East Malling Heath; passes Broadwater and Mill, furnishes a lake in Brad-bourne domain, just above Ditton, and enters the Medway at Cold Harbour. Aylesford Bridge is of stone. The George Inn, where a boat may be put up, has beds; and the Bush Inn, up the town, likewise has good accommodation for the tourist. Lenny's Railway Inn is close to the station. The country is lovely around, and an immense yew in the churchyard, said to be three thousand years old, should not be forgotten by the angler tourist.

The Medway now becomes very tortuous, passing Mill Hall, Cold Harbour, New Hithe, the Quarries, Snodland Brook, by Burham Parsonages to Burham, where the river turns to the west, and almost touches Snodland Station. There are several cuts.

The Medway is still free and open. The mill stream here is private; it enters from the west, coming down from Trotters-cliffe, Addington, and Leybourne. It is still celebrated for its roach. The owners are Messrs. C. T. Hook, paper-makers, of Ham Hill Lake, and Mr. Stephens, at Paddlesworth. Mr. Tassell, of Hoborough, and W. Lee, Esq., M.P., are likewise proprietors. Inn: The Queen's Head. On the banks of the river close by are the Episcopal ruins of Halling. The Medway then flows on past Custon, Chatham, Strood, and Rochester Stations, to the estuary of the Thames at Sheerness. The mills at Stoke are worked by Mr. R. Allen.

Some ancient projecting gabled houses are in the High-street, and an old Town-hall, built 1687; other places of note are Sir C. Shovel's Clock-house, Watt's Almshouses for poor travellers, "not being rogues or proctors," Henry VIII.'s Grammar School, and St. Nicholas' Church, built 1421. The cathedral is Norman.

The castle stands on a rock, near the river, to which the public are admitted for a fee of 3*d.* The Medway, at high water, is magnificent from its tower, and a fine amphitheatre of hills encircles a most charming panorama. The Medway, then surrounds the castle like a lake, while the cathedral and the bridge combine to form a most complete tableaux.

The Medway does not appear to have been a salmon river for at least 200 years, for John Whitney writes :

“ Now with the Tyrant of the Silver Stream,
I first, kind Mars, will begin my Angling Theme,
And leave the Salmon since our streams afford
No habitation for that mighty Lord.
I nothing know, nor nothing say of him,
So leave him to his pleasure where he'll swim.”

The inhabitants of the east side of the Medway to this day call themselves “ Men of Kent,” whilst those on the west side glory in the name of “ Kentish Men.”

D. A. Briton, in a paper on Kentish superstitions says that a practice of sticking pins in a stile whenever a corpse is taken over it prevails in the villages between Maidstone and Rochester, on both sides of the river Medway.

All fishing, pleasure or other boats, not carrying for hire, may pass without payment through any of the locks, weirs, or pens, at all times when such are left open, or shall be opened to permit other vessels to pass.

To those who approach Rochester, and who would try the estuary from a boat for fishing, or are seeking the navigation, it may be well to know that the time of high water at Rochester Bridge is on an average not more than half an hour later than the time of high water at Sheerness, and during spring times much less ; parties rowing up must take care to have a good tide under them, say two hours at starting from Sheerness. If it is intended to proceed right on to Gibraltar—the difference of the time of high water at which latter place is on an average of about two hours later than that at Sheerness, being about twenty-eight miles—it would be advisable to start from Sheerness not later than half flood, which allows about five hours for the journey, and note also that before the tide has begun to flow the water is in summer too shallow for boats near Gibraltar Lock. “ The locks above Gibraltar,” says the Oarsman's Guide, “ are opened with a peculiar crowbar which is *not* lent, but has to be got somehow, either before starting, or by ordering at Maidstone, by letter sent

a few days beforehand to Smith, who takes charge of boats at Maidstone Bridge. It is also to be remembered that, as in most other navigations, the rule is to have the locks empty, or in going up to draw one of the lower paddles a few cogs, after shutting the upper gates, that the pound may slowly empty itself and so throw the weight of water on the upper gates. The time of high water at Sheerness at full and change is 12.30." The "dipps" and length of flood are to be found in this little and useful work. At Rochester the hotels are the Crown and Bull. Boats may be left at the floating bath above the bridge. Parties going down the estuary from Rochester should remember that no accommodation can be had short of Sheerness. At Lower Halling Ferry is the Five Bells public-house, with beds, and Plough public-house. A little below is Wouldham, with the Waterman's Arms public-house.

The estuary of the Medway is famous for its fish—soles, flounders, smelts, and oysters in the numerous creeks. The shrimp is caught largely, and small crab and crayfish are also found.

THE EASTERN ROTHER.

FROM three points of the high grounds around Rotherfield, in Sussex, there arise three streamlets, one of which is the Eastern Rother, whose waters flow to Rye; the second a branch of the Ouse, which finds its way to the sea at Newhaven; and the third a tributary of the Medway, whose waters find their way into the German Ocean. All the various rivers, which irrigate and adorn the county, fall into the English Channel, and have sources within the boundary of the shire. A few inconsiderable streams rise on the northern slopes of the forest ridge, and send their waters to the Thames and Medway. "These several sources," observes Mr. Mark Antony Lower, "are within a very short distance of each other, and the place was traditionally known as the 'Three Lords Well,' in consequence, I believe, of three manors meeting there." From almost its very source, which rises in the cellar of the mansion, called Rother House, Rotherfield, the Rother is well supplied with tributary brooks and streamlets, and becomes useful for the purpose of driving water mills, some of which stand upon the site of ancient iron works.

These numerous streamlets, the infant offerings to the parent

rivers of Kent and Sussex, may not always afford material sport to the rod, but in following their course it will often be found that their current has been intercepted by a mill placed at the lower end of two cheeks of rising ground, and thus water, forming often an expansive lake, has been caught and utilised by the miller. In these pools there is generally a goodly store of fins, not unfrequently handsome trout, and almost always tench and white fish. Pass these mills, and then again the stream becomes a tiny rill, shallow, and but ankle deep—the secure home of the minnow, the stone loach, and the miller's thumb. But yet these musically murmuring water babies have all the charm of childhood. Dimples are ever playing upon their shining face, and the sun, as it glints through their luxuriantly fringed banks, causes a constant, changeful variety, like a tossing quilt of patchwork over their beds; here cradled in restless waving weeds, there bedight with gold and silver sands of chromatic hues, and highly varnished by the flowing waters. Thus, while the eye drinks in the manifold beauties of the scene—alas, insignificant to some!—the senses rise to a healthful recognition of the love, care, and bounty of the Great Creator, who has thus surrounded his creatures with an atmosphere filled with elevating enjoyment, and the beholder bows with gratitude and adoration.

Lower down, these streams quit the places of their birth, and become more strong and useful, where

Under the bowering honeysuckle,
 By purple bells of shaking heather,
 And brambly spines that closely buckle
 Thick-leaved chains together,
 As the sunshine plays
 Where the lily strays
 On its stream,
 Netting a gauzy maze
 Where the shingles gleam,
 Flitting in cressy nook
 Which the forget-me-not,
 King-cup, and harebell dot.
 How the glad little brook,
 Sparkling along,
 Singeth in joyous measure,
 Tuned by its own sweet pleasure,
 Music's song!

It is often the angler's fortune, as he follows the eccentric turns of these pretty affluents, to come upon some mysterious looking deep, worked out by a sudden obstruction of the rivulet's course,

and more particularly if there be any gnarled roots projecting low into the water, to find that he has approached the probable residence of a good sized trout. It is not after peering into such an unexpected profundity and counting every pebble at the bottom, that we should leave it, convinced that it is not tenanted by some piscatorial inhabitant, as trout, like rats, will hide in places least suspected by those who are not acquainted with their peculiar habits. The angler should, therefore, tread lightly and keep away from the banks, throwing his fly from below over the hole, letting it lodge, if it is to be managed, upon the immediate edge of the bank for a second, and slightly jerking it off over the spot under which he suspects a trout may be watching for a luckless insect.

About four miles from the source of the Rother, it reaches Scotsford Bridge. At Bibleham, more to the eastward, an ancient manor, and once the seat of a considerable iron trade, it receives an addition from the north-west above Mayfield. Mayfield is situated on the top of a hill, and the prospect from it is extensive and varied. The ruins of the palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury are here. About a mile further down at Witherden, the ancient estate of the Newingtons, it absorbs another stream from the north-west. We are now close to the Tunbridge Wells and Hastings Branch of the South-Eastern and Ticehurst Road Station.

Ticehurst is rather a large town standing on elevated ground, about three miles and a half from the station, in the midst of the most luxurious agricultural abundance.

The Rother now runs under Witherden Bridge, Bickley Bridge, and flows beneath the railway, winding like a corkscrew or the tendril of a vine until it reaches Etchingham Station.

ETCHINGHAM is a mile from the station. The church is one of the best specimens of Norman work in England. At Etchingham the Rother is swollen by two more streams, one of which, rises to the north of Heathfield Park, passes it, Dudwell Mills, Glazier's Ford, and the site of Burwash Park, anciently the seat of the Barons Burghersh; the other rises to the south-east of Wadhurst. The church of the latter is well worth a visit.

Etchingham Church was formerly moated, the waters of which were supplied from the Rother. Now the river makes an abrupt turn to the south-east, and flows under the railway, when after receiving a stream from Socknersh, famous for its

iron works, it passes Boxhulle in Salehurst, and thence to Robertsbridge.

The two rivers here contain fish, and belong to Messrs. Hilder and Smith, and Mr. John Bourne, and Mr. Kemp respectively. Mountfield Lake, belonging to the Rev. W. Margesson, is three miles distant. The best inn is the Old George, not far from the station.

Near Robertsbridge the Rother receives a streamlet from the south-west, which has its sources in Darvel Forest and Brightling Park, where there is a good-sized piece of water. Pursuing its easterly course, the Rother passes the Abbey, Bodyan Castle and Bridge, a fine moat being fed from its waters; further on it receives a considerable stream, which, from the fact of its forming the boundary between Sussex and Kent, is most offensively and undeservedly called "Kent Ditch." This turns a mill. "Kent Ditch" must not, however, be confounded with a sewer so called, running from Iden to a point about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the east of Rye Old Harbour, and forming also the boundary between the two counties. Thus far the river is called, in a plan given in Dugdale's History of Embanking, "Robertsbridge Bay." Then flowing under Newenden Bridge, it receives a streamlet which has the mills of Hocksley, Furnace, Mill-street and Hoath upon it; and, passing the lands called Exden or Hexden, north of Newenden, is dignified by the same authority as Exden Bay. "We are now," says Mr. Lower, "in the alluvial district, known more to the eastward as Romney Marsh, and from this point the Rother has, throughout the whole of the historical period, changed its course and its outlet." To the eastward of Newenden, after passing Nells Dam, the stream divides into two channels, forming an island known as the Isle of Oxney. These waters unite at a spot eastward of Iden; then pass concurrently to Rye Harbour.

The Romney Marshes of 60,000 acres, now drained and in cultivation, are no longer unhealthy or unpleasant.

Three small independent rivers flowing from the westward meet the estuary of the Rother at Rye.

The first of these rises at Beckley, supplies Beckley and Conster Mills, above which there is a fine head of water, running by Barton Farm, Billingham Farm, and the lands called Sillingham; it is from this circumstance called Sillingham Water.

The second, a much more considerable stream, has its principal source near Beach Mill (the pond of which is large), in Ashes or

Ashburham Wood, in the parish of Battle ; it flows under Copyhold Bridge, through Archer Wood, on to Whatlington and Mill ; it next receives a rivulet running down from Mountfield and Lake, the property of the Rev. W. Margesson, close to the Tunbridge Wells and Hastings Railway tunnel ; it bounds Battle Wood, keeping the iron road in view to Whatlington ; then it runs by some powder mills to Seddlescomb-street, near which it receives a streamlet rising on the north side of the town of Battle.

BATTLE. — A writer says of this neighbourhood : “ The mingled scene of hill and dale, wood and village, presents one of those fair spots in nature which refresh the traveller, who, hurrying through tunnel and cutting to annihilate time and space, too often disregards the beauty of the country through which he passes.” Too true ! The pursuit of gold either opaques everything around or gives a sickly yellow hue to what is seen. But these glorious views had better be altogether covered with a gilt screen than viewed through such a medium. We were walking over a magnificent domain with its owner upon one occasion, when the manifold beauties of hill and dale, wood and water, and the balmy incense which all things were wafting around, drew from us an exclamation of profound admiration and thankfulness. “ Yes,” observed the proprietor, with a sigh, “ to you is given the faculty of appreciating all that is exquisite in the scene by which we are surrounded. I can see nothing but deeds and parchment !” Alas ! the entire domain was deeply mortgaged, and at that very moment my companion was waiting, with a piece of chalk in his pocket, for the timber valuer to doom to the axe many of the finest trees that added so much to the charms of a landscape little short of the ideal. The latter streamlet waters Lake Park Farm, skirts Bathurst Wood, irrigates the lands of Marley Farm, by the powder mills beforenamed, to Seddlescomb-street ; then, after running about a mile, it takes in another streamlet from the north, which fills an important piece of water which works the Brede Powder Mill. It now divides itself into two streams, getting a slight addition from Brooks Farm, parting and uniting to the south of Brede, flows under Brede Bridge, from which it is called the Brede River, and skirts, as it anciently defended, the town of Winchelsea ; after augmenting its current here and there by brooks right and left, it passes underneath the Rye Railway by the Ferry House, not far from the station at Winchelsea.

The third and least important of these streamlets flows from Pickham Mill, with a large head of water near Questling, to Pannel Bridge, and, after receiving a small tributary, joins the Brede to the eastward of Winchelsea.

The only angling near Ham Street Station is in the Royal Military Canal, which runs from Shorncliffe by Hythe, Hurste, Belsington, Ruckinge, Warehorn, Kenardington, Appledore, where there is a station, and on to Rye, a distance of twenty-two miles, of which Ham Street is the centre. Permission to fish is obtained by a season ticket, at 5s. each person. There are a number of ponds around, but they contain little except eels, of which vast quantities are taken at times. The only inn, and a good one, when it is considered that it is open for all purposes, is the Duke's Head (proprietor, James Johnson); accommodation can here be had for three or four gentlemen. We are of opinion that there are very many spots upon the Royal Military Canal which would afford abundant gratification to the bottom fisher.

Proceeding westward we reach Hastings. It is termed the chief of the Cinque Ports, but it is puzzling now to trace the slightest evidence of the harbour of old. This has long been the case, as Taylor, "the water poet," almost two centuries and a half ago, in his "Discovery by Sea from London to Salisbury," says :

" Off Hastings we perceived

The lee-shore dangerous, and the billows heav'd,
Which made us land, to 'scape the sea's distress,
Within a harbour almost harbour-less."

The streamlet which the Ordnance map shows us at Hastings, which runs by Fairlight, can hardly be perceived by the traveller in that locality; it was called the Bourn.

The so-called "Fish ponds" are to the angler "A delusion and a snare."

The ocean fishery at Hastings has three principal seasons, the trawling season from July to September, and from November to April, in which are caught turbot, soles, plaice, whiting, &c.; the herring season in September, October, and November, and the mackerel season from April to July. There have been several instances of great success in this fishery. On one occasion a boat had 9000 mackerel which sold for 117*l.*, and on another two boats had upwards of 6000. Immense quantities of herrings also have been taken here. One night 127 lasts, each last containing 13,200 fish, were taken. They sold at 1s. a hundred

of 132, and realised at that low price 838*l.* 4*s.*; another time there were 75 lasts landed, which sold for 937*l.* 10*s.* The catch of a boat in a prosperous season is about 40 lasts.

One of the scenes which may be frequently witnessed on the beach is a Dutch auction. The plan is to separate the fish into heaps, according to their quality, as soon as landed, and the persons desirous of purchasing being assembled, one of the fishermen or owners of the boat acts as salesman, and names a price above the real value. A lot that may ultimately sell at 40*s.* is offered at 60*s.*, the salesman rapidly naming a lower price until he gets a bid, and the person who cries "hap" (an abbreviation of "hav'em") is the purchaser. The descending instead of an ascending scale, enables the sellers to get through their work more quickly, and it is, perhaps, the fairest, for the price approaches nearer the actual worth than when feelings of rivalry are allowed to display themselves. The hotel keepers and large lodging-house proprietors often improve upon this system, by first buying a lot, selecting from it all they require, and putting up the remainder in one or more parcels as previously explained. In this way we have known the first buyer to get his wants supplied at a nominal cost, or to make a profit by the transaction, while others seeking only a few fish have been equally satisfied.

The Castle of Hastings is a mass of magnificent ruins. It was for a time the favourite residence of the Conqueror. It is a general resort for visitors. To ourselves, these vestiges are peculiarly dear, as amongst them we have rambled and scrambled with several of our most gifted poets, authors, and painters, many of whom are no more. One of our own paintings of the Castle was engraved for the Abbotsford Edition of *Waverley*.

It will be necessary to understand fully the resources of each place to turn to the index, as it is quite impossible, without space occupying repetition, to allude to all that is of piscatorial interest, both under the names of the rivers and those of the stations. We have not, however, mentioned elsewhere, that if we travel a little farther towards the west of St. Leonards, we meet with the traces of a river which bears the name of Asten. It rises close to the town of Battle, and passes the widely known Peppering Powder Mills there. Thence it flows past Crowhurst, supplies a second plant of powder mills to the south-east of which it forms a junction with another stream running down from Minfield, past Potman's Farm, Park Wood, and Buckhold, so on, in a south-

veasterly course towards Bo-peep, close by St. Leonards. The redness of the water of the Asten is attributable to the presence of ferruginous matter in the soil.

THE STOUR

HAS two branches, distinguished as the Greater and the Lesser Stour. The Greater Stour is formed by two streams, which flow in opposite directions along the valley between the North Downs and the Green Sand Hills. One comes from Street Hill to the north-west, near Lenham, and is increased by the waters of the ponds at Chilson; it courses by Water-street, and the mill near Rosemary-lane, passes the Green and Noah's Ark, where it takes in a tributary, coming next to Little Chart; then it skirts Gale Hill, works the Ford Paper Mill (Mr. George Langley, proprietor), and Swallow Flour Mill (tenanted by Mr. John Large), goes on by Swinford, Godington, and its pond, under the railway a mile to the west of Ashford, working Bucksford Mill, and forward close to Ashford Station. Ashford is on the north bank of the Stour, which Lambarde says ought to be called Esche or Eschet, till it has passed this town, a name now forgotten, it being called the Stour, from its first rise at Lanham. The other branch comes from the south-east, not far from Hythe, where there is a railway station on the coast; after passing Shanford, it runs parallel with the railway by Selling, on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, having Smeeth, on the South-Eastern Railway, to the south, keeping on till the two streams meet.

There are roach at Smeeth in abundance. Trout are scarce, but a few pike may be found. The lands which the stream runs through belong to E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Esq., M.P. The mill is owned by Mr. Henry Hobbs.

At Ashford, not far from the station (South-Eastern Railway) there is a mill which supplies the town by a pumping apparatus with water. It is the property of Robert Furley, Esq., and in its waters is a pretty fair stock of fish.

The flour mills in this neighbourhood are: Above Ashford—Mrs. E. Boucher, at Great Chart; Mr. J. Large, at Mill-lane; Mr. R. Milgate, at Charing; Mrs. C. C. Stonham at Mill Bridge; Mr. J. Taylor, at West Well; Mr J. Large, at Little Chart, and a paper mill at Ford belonging to Mr. G. Langley.

Below Ashford—Mr. J. Burch, at Mersham ; Mr. Thomas Perkins, at Court Lodge ; Mr. Thomas Pledge, at Kennington ; and Mr. S. Sharp, at Brook Mill, Kennington.

The lake in Eastwell Park, the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea, is near Ashford, and affords excellent sport when the weeds are down. There are jack therein upwards of 25lb. in weight. The tench are large, and the eels are famous for size and flavour throughout the country. Other coarse fish, such as roach, perch, &c., are plentiful. His lordship is most kindly disposed to anglers who approach him by letter properly accredited, and grants permission to a large majority of those who apply. Three small tributaries of the Stour rise in this pleasant neighbourhood ; one at the bottom of the park, and another near the church, which, uniting their insignificant waters, flow into the river near Fogbrooke ; a third, at the south angle of the park, joins it near Wilborough-lees. There is likewise choice angling to be had at Hothfield Place, on Sir Richard Tufton's estate, both of these places being about two miles off.

The Stour, after passing Ashford, flows to the east of the Ramsgate and Ashford Railway, through a depression in the North Downs, and touches Wye (South-Eastern Railway). Wye has from a very remote period been styled a royal manor. It principally belongs to the Earl of Winchelsea. The station-master here, Mr. J. Moy, is fond of angling, and will welcome right heartily a brother carrying the paraphernalia of his art, and afford him any and every information in reference to the waters around. Wye offers two inns, the Victoria and King's Head, one of which, by the river side, is quiet and cleanly, and its charges are reasonable. There are several good holes on the Stour between here and Ashford, from which jack are taken from 2lb. to 26lb. Mr. Moy killed two last season (1867) 10lb. and 16lb. respectively. Roach are in abundance, and reach 1½lb. Below Wye, a distance of three miles, belongs to J. S. W. S. Erle-Drax, Esq., M.P. of Olanteigh Towers, Wye. This gentleman does not angle, but the water would soon present excellent sport if his keepers were prevented from netting and destroying so many fish, many pike having been thus destroyed during the present season (1868), of 14lb. and 15lb. weight. The river is screened three or four times during the summer, and all are fish that come to mesh ; bushels of every size being thus wantonly dragged forth, which are almost worthless here when caught, the ocean supply being preferred by the poorest cottager. The mills at Wye are owned

by Mr. T. Kennett. The Stour hereabouts, if kept from a superabundance of weed, and with ordinary care to stop the system of destruction by the net and snare, would be a splendid fishery. We are fully assured that the few true sportsmen around here, both high and humble, regret extremely that these raids are permitted to be carried on, and would, if they possessed the power, do their utmost to inaugurate a better state of things.

After quitting Olanteigh Towers we skirt Godmersham Park, the seat of Lord St. Vincent, who claims, with Mr. Henham, of Trimworth Farm, some five miles of the fishery, and very heavy pike are occasionally taken therein. We next approach Chilham Station (South-Eastern Railway). Here is a steam and water flour mill, the freehold of Messrs. Gillett and Sons, in the pools and head of which there is more than average angling to be obtained. Shortly after we come to Chartham Station (South-Eastern Railway), and a short walk brings us to Upper Chartham, or Thamsford paper and flour mill, with its overshot turbine wheel. It is Church property, but Mr. Drury, of Canterbury, has the letting of the mills, which are now in the occupation of Mr. Weatherley, the right of fishing one mile up the stream and the pools being in the proprietorship, has been made over to the Canterbury Association. Here heavy trout are taken, and there are plenty of coarse fish. The Stour likewise runs for about three miles through the estate of C. S. Hardy, Esq., and contains many handsome trout, jack, perch, roach, &c.

At Chilham, the Alma Hotel and Woolpack Inn are snug angling cribs on a small scale. At Chartham the house close to the railway station is generally selected.

Above a bridge on Lake's Farm, on the Ashford Road, is a nice piece of water; the trout here run up to 3lb.

From Chartham to below Canterbury (South-Eastern Railway) the Stour is preserved, and trout are plentiful. Some have been taken weighing 10lb.

The Stour Fishery Association is at present limited to 100 members. Subscriptions vary according to circumstances. Members are allowed to issue gratuitously each season such a number of day tickets as may be decided upon *at a meeting of the conservators*. The river may be fished only with artificial fly, or natural or artificial minnow, from Shalmsford Bridge, in the parish of Chartham, to Fordwich Bridge, on such lands as are red on the maps of the association. Between Fordwich and the sea other baits may be used. The trout season extends from

the 15th of April to the 31st of August ; and salmon from the 1st of June to the 31st of August. Coarse fish may be caught at any time. Day tickets are issued for the latter at 1s. each, from Sandwich to Coal Harbour, one mile above Grove Ferry.

At Canterbury, the Abbots and Deans Flour Mills are the freehold property of Mr. W. Cannon. They are situated on two branches of the Stour, which divides above the city and unites again below Barton Mills. The proprietorship of the Barton Mills is held by Mr. Kingsford, Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. W. Cannon. The latter gentleman owns a deal of property in this neighbourhood. There are always a few very fine trout here. The river below Barton Mills was once navigable to the sea, and called Coal Harbour. The principal hotels at Canterbury are the Fleur de Lis, Fountain, Market Hotel, Saracen's Head, and the Rose ; but we prefer the quietude of the Falstaff, which is close to the river.

The Stour, after passing Canterbury, flows to Sturry (South-Eastern Railway). Nearly the whole of the water, about two miles in extent, belongs to Mr. W. Cannon, who has refused to part with it to the Salmon Association, preferring to keep it in his own hands until he is assured of the feasibility of rendering the river resources better in the face of sewage and other serious difficulties. There are two mills at Sturry, both the property of Messrs. Thornton. They are placed upon two branches of the Stour, which divides above Sturry and unites again above Fordwich. The corporation of the latter place has the right of netting, which is still retained, all reports to the contrary are but rumour. There is a species of white trout here, called "The Fordwich trout," which at one period was supposed to refuse all sorts of food ; they have, however, been frequently taken at jumping time with the artificial and natural fly, as well as with the meal-worm ; they are getting very scarce. We are inclined to believe that nearly all the salmon species when first caught, or much harassed, cast up the whole contents of their stomachs, and thus the general but erroneous opinion of these fish never feeding, but in mere sport, when they first enter fresh water, has obtained almost universal credence. Of these Fordwich trout Mr. Cannon is reported to have said at a meeting in Canterbury, on the 14th of December, 1865, upon the subject of the river Stour : " We call these trout the hook-bill ; some of them are remarkably red, and of a beautiful colour. I have caught several at my mills this year, and they have recently

been taken as heavy as 14lb." It is said there are a number of small salmon in the river this year, which is believed to be more the result of the removing of impediments and the active preservation of the water than from artificial hatching. The salmon ladder erected on the Government plan at Sturry was not successful; another has been built, and fish have, it is reported, been seen passing over it. The greater number of young salmon have been observed on the course of an old mill no longer in use near Dean's Mill, about half a mile below Canterbury, where the river runs at a very rapid rate; their progress is, however, completely stopped on the Sunday, which, doubtless, scares them. Our own notion is, from personal observation, that these young salmon are those placed in the waters by the Association, and that if they ever get down it is never to return.

Leaving Fordwich the Stour flows by Stodmarsh to Grove Ferry Station (South-Eastern Railway), where there is good day accommodation, but no beds. The river then runs to Minster (South-Eastern Railway) and the neighbourhood of Sarre, in the Isle of Thanet. At Minster the watchers of the Salmon Preservation have had strict orders for the last three years to prevent all angling.

Here the Stour parts into two branches, one of which falls into the estuary of the Thames, and the other, after making a circuit by Richborough Castle, Sandwich, and station (South-Eastern Railway) falls into Pegwell Bay.

The Lesser Stour rises near Lyminge, about three miles north of Hythe and station (South-Eastern Railway). It flows north by east, past Elham village, leaving Broom Park to the east, and reaches Barham, above which it sometimes becomes dry. It then turns north by west, leaving Barham Downs by Kingston, Bishopsbourn Bridge, Patricksbourn, Beaksbourn, Littlebourn, Wickhambreaux, and Ickham, by Stourmouth, north-east into the Greater Stour. The Little Stour runs from Pluck's Gutter, near Minster, three and a half miles to Seaton, where there is a mill-dam, with a salmon ladder, and other appliances for the propagation of salmon, which a stranger must not confound with the one at Sturry. The mill-dam is in the possession of Mr. R. Kingsford. The angling is good, having the usual Dyke tributaries. The water is situated in a quiet district, and capable, it is anticipated, of being turned to good account, in the cultivation and breeding of salmon and trout. Mr. Dowker of Stourmouth, and Colonel

Cox of Fordwich, next Sturry, take the leading part in the matter of preserving the fish. The length of the Stour from Grove Ferry to Sandwich is about nine miles, and from Grove Ferry to Fordwich, about five miles. There are no ponds or lakes in this locality worth mentioning. The total length of the Stour is fifty-two and a half miles. The Lesser Stour is twelve miles. The catchment basin, according to Mr. F. Buckland's (Her Majesty's Inspector of Fisheries) official report is 291 square miles. It rises from chalk hills, and the water is naturally pure and sparkling; but below Ashford the Stour is very foul, with a muddy bottom, which involves the necessity of a "blow-boat" being used. This is a large barge, from which boards or wings are projected, so as to touch the sides of the bank. The water ponding up behind these wings drives the boat forward, and cleanses the river from mud. When the boat is at work a water-bailiff is stationed in the boat, and with a landing net catches all the fish that come to the surface in front of the boat; the Fordwich trout and other salmonidæ, he places back in the river on the upper side of the boat, and the jack he retains. Mr. Buckland adds, "It is a question whether as yet there are any salmon proper in the river." It would indeed be a marvel if there were while the use of this ingenious modern contrivance to remove the sewage is considered an absolute necessity. The wonder is that there is a trout left, not that so delicate a fish as the salmon refuses to be found amidst such a nauseous mess; for if, as it is acknowledged this blow-boat kills a great number of fish, it is obvious that the filth it disturbs gives a wholesome warning to any salmon, even when far beyond its reach, to turn tail and seek some more congenial waters. One of these blow-boats works from Ashford to Chartham, the other from Sturry to the sea, clearly assuring us that the fall in which salmonidæ so much delight, is not sufficient here to carry off the deposits of sewage. Nor has the late attempt to carry the drainage below Canterbury been attended with any beneficial piscatorial results. The mere putting a nuisance out of sight is not getting rid of its consequences, though in this light the matter is too often viewed by the inhabitants of towns.

According to the report of Mr. Frank Buckland, "The fish running from the sea arrived at the town of Fordwich; here they met with gratings placed across the river, and fixed by means of posts; these gratings were so arranged as to leave an opening in the centre, and into this a net was fixed, and it was at work every

night from the month of June to September. There were fourteen claimants to fish captured in this net. The result, of course, of this destructive mode of fishing was to destroy nearly every fish in the river. I am happy to say this fixed engine is now utterly abolished, and a lease of the right of fishery has been obtained by the Board of Conservators from the Mayor and Corporation of Fordwich, of which lease M. Kingsford, Esq., the Honorary Secretary of the Stour Fishery Association, has given me the heads. . . . The lease binds the trustees to preserve the fishery, and use the weir as before accustomed, subject to the Salmon Fisheries Acts."

We do not, however, see anything in this agreement that takes away the long-existing custom of the angler to use his rod in due season.

The two arms of the Stour, insulating Thanet, were once a channel three or four miles over, which received several streams besides the Greater and Lesser Stours. This channel was called the Wantsume. It is navigable up to Fordwich. The whole length of the river to Pegwell Bay may be estimated at forty-five miles.

We regret to say that there is a strong antagonistic feeling on the Lower Stour between the Salmon Association and the anglers, and that the status of the Association has been very much weakened, by being defeated in their several attempts at Canterbury, to stay the anglers from pursuing a presumed right, which has been enjoyed by this body for centuries without let or hindrance. Some of the members of the Association say they have an act of Parliament to justify the course adopted. If such be the case we feel certain they have but to produce it, or publish it in the local papers, and then every angler once convinced of its existence would retire from those portions of the Stour made sacred by the Majesty of the law.

The collisions between the watchers of the Association and the anglers have occasionally their phase of humour. Here is one written by an offhand graphic pen: "I will tell you how I served one of these watchers the last time I went to Sandwich. Near Sandwich there are some small ponds, in which is a sprinkling of roach, dace, perch and eels, and for the want of better fry, I put up with Hobson's choice, these or none. Well the Stour runs close by these ponds, so I go from one to the other as the case may be. The last time I was fishing in the Stour (for roach or eels) I saw a man whom I judged to be a watcher..

He, however, kept at a respectful distance, so I thought I would go up to him and have first shot. I accordingly did so, opening fire on the state of the weather, and the shyness of the fish. 'Will they allow you to fish here?' said he. I replied, 'Suppose you were a keeper watching the river, I don't see how you could prevent me!' 'Oh!' said he. 'For,' I said, 'I am standing on the Queen's ground, on land which is overflowed by the tide, and therefore committing no trespass, and if there is no trespass where is your case? Again, suppose I am trespassing—what then? If you wish to sue me for the same, you must know my name. I am a stranger here. No one in Sandwich knows me. Will you inconvenience yourself by riding home with me to find out my name, if I scruple to tell it you? Suppose you have me up for fishing, what then? You must see me, not merely catch, but keep. Have you done so? 'Tis true I have a few roach in my pannier, but where did they come from? Out of the Stour or these ponds?' With that I politely showed him my fish, and rattled on in this way for some time, till having in my judgment completely sold him, I wished him good day to meet the train. On this occasion the fish were caught in the ponds. I know you will not for one moment think, from these remarks, I would do anything unbecoming the true angler, but this is the sort of thing the Association has brought about without the weight of legal authority to back them, and hence they and their people get only derision and chaff where they would be entitled to receive and obtain respect."

A recent report of the Association states: "Prosecutions for poaching have been obtained in the county of Kent, but with those within the city of Canterbury it has been found as yet impossible to obtain a conviction, in consequence of supposed rights asserted on the part of the citizens, but a recent report of a committee of the Canterbury Town Council seems to confirm the view of the advisers of the Association—that the citizens, as such, have no right of fishing in the river Stour."

A legend is told of a place called Hunters' Forstal, not far from Canterbury, that many years ago a rich squire of the neighbourhood went coursing on the Sabbath day, and was torn to pieces by his own greyhounds. It is very clear that a man who would select the noisy pursuit of hunting on the Sunday, must be going to the dogs.

The greater part of Kent is extremely lovely, but the road between Canterbury and Herne Bay presents a series of beauties,

the most picturesque, the most gratifying imaginable, undulating surfaces, richly cultivated lands, whether hill or dale, scattered farms, sheep walks, and in all directions, gentle pleasing landscapes speaking of "nature's bounteous bosom." Gray, the poet, says, in a letter to a friend: "I was surprised at the beauty of the road round Canterbury; the whole country is a rich cultivated garden; orchards, cherry grounds, hop plantations intermixed with corn fields and villages; gentle risings covered with trees, and in the distance, the Thames and the Medway breaking in on the landscape with all their navigation." This road is further embellished with woods of luxuriant growth. Blean Wood and several others stretch on either side with their shady banks, meandering paths, and distant views. The contrast, indeed, between rural and marine scenery makes a delightful variety. It is well and justly called the garden of England.

Some historians are of opinion that the city was built by one Rudhudibras, a king of the Britons upwards of 900 years before the birth of Christ, and called *Caer Kent*, or the City of Kent. The cathedral is the great attraction of Canterbury; it is seen afar off. The whole length of the interior from east to west is 514ft.; length of the choir, 180ft.; length of the nave, to the bottom of the choir steps, 178ft.; and from thence to the screen, at the entrance of the choir, 36ft.; breadth of the choir between the columns, 40ft.; extreme height of the great tower, 235ft.; of the south-western tower, 130ft.; of the north-west tower, 100ft.

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable;
Looking tranquillity."

A remarkable object in this city, likewise, is the castle, some of the walls of which are 11ft. in thickness. In the castle is a well like that of Rochester, within the substance of the wall, and descending from the very top of the castle; in the pipe of this well, also, as it passes down by the several apartments, are open arches, for the convenience of drawing water on every floor. There is much, indeed, to delight an ardent archæologist, not only in and about these ruins, but almost everywhere in Canterbury. St. Martin's Church, for instance, is considered one of the oldest structures in constant use in the kingdom. In the centre of this church is an ancient circular stone font,

enriched with much curious sculpture. Many of the houses are quaint, ancient buildings, but they are being rapidly modernised. A narrow street, Mercery-lane, contains some of the oldest. Some of the shops are very fine. In the 48th year of the reign of Henry III., as appears from the patent rolls of that year, quoted by Philipot, the King granted a free pardon to Frances de Balsham, "For that she was hanged for felony at Canterbury from nine o'clock on Monday, to the rising of the sun next day, and yet was still alive."

Sarre, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was a port, and in a flourishing condition. It admitted vessels of a tolerable size by way of North Mouth. Both at Sarre and other places there are visible marks remaining of the creeks and havens in which they lay; different charters also prove this beyond the power of doubt. Sarre has two good inns, which are frequented by travellers passing to and from Margate and Ramsgate.

Minster is one of the most ancient towns in Kent. The church is considered the handsomest, though the most ancient, structure in Thanet. The views from the high grounds here are exquisite, comprising the English Channel, the Cliffs of Calais, the Downs, the Essex shore, &c. The New Inn, kept by E. Buddle, is a clean, excellent, and respectable house, and its tea and fruit gardens both spacious and pretty. It is about five miles from Margate, and but a short distance from the Stour. Its ale, moreover, possesses an old-fashioned excellence. The beer of Kent is not always to be depended on; and, although a hop country, we fear there are less wholesome bitters which come into commercial opposition with this staple. To prevent accident when out in the small boats, we should recommend genuine Bass, or Ind and Coope, in bottle. Even the once famous ale of Lovelane, Margate, appears to have nothing but a past reputation at present to entice a sale. "Never mind whether the weights be down, my name is up," appears to be the motto here as elsewhere.

Of Grove Ferry, a friend wrote some few years ago, in order to induce us to give it a special visit, "Nothing can be more agreeable than the sequestered, unobtrusive house of entertainment, here presenting itself. It is a neat building, with sufficient rooms and accommodations for parties, who can content themselves with a plain, well cooked dinner, or with the refreshing succedaneum of a good cup of coffee or tea. The house looks upon a considerable piece of pleasure ground, with broad sloping borders, planted with choice flowers and shrubs,

and on one side has a line of recesses, fitted with tables, as a shelter from the sun. The house is situated on the side of the river Stour, which is so clear as to show the trout gliding along at the bottom." Alas! although this was written but a few years ago, the sewage of Canterbury has changed this delightful scene.

Whitstable has a station of the South-Eastern Railway, but nothing very attractive to recommend it. It is celebrated alone for its oysters, but the walk to it from Canterbury is very pretty.

Between Canterbury and Feversham (a station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway), a distance of about nine miles, there are two or more small streams the angler should inspect if in the neighbourhood. One rises in Blean Wood, near Denstrood Fall and Common, and passes close to the inn between Blean and Whitstable, and courses on under the Canterbury and Whitstable Railway, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, through Highgate Farm to Swalecliffe. Another: Fairbrook runs by Nash Court to the east of Goodnestone, under the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to Graveney, and thence over the Graveney Levels into Whitstable Bay; and a third, a short, stunted, root like, but beautiful rivulet, runs from the parish of Ospringe, crosses the ancient Watling Street, then through Feversham into the Swale; branches of the former work powder mills, now the property of the Board of Ordnance.

An eccentric streamlet that enters the Stour above Canterbury once held some mighty fish according to monastic parchments. It rises to the north-east of Canterbury, at Hole Farm, and flows to the west under Tile Kiln Hill, near to the Whitstable Railway Tunnel, and then by Blean Inn, divides the woods of Sir John's and Howth, Church Wood, and Leap Year Wood to the vicinity of Forest Lodge, surrounds Fish-pond Farm, and round to Harbledown, near which it joins the Stour.

Feversham is on a stream running into the East Swale, and was a place of much note before the time of Stephen, who, however, built and endowed an Abbey here for Cluniac Monks, in which himself, his queen, and his son Eustace were buried. At the dissolution, Stephen's remains were thrown into the river for the sake of the leaden coffin in which they were contained. This act of sacrilege is said to have entailed a continuous curse upon the eels of this tributary of the Swale, which are pronounced by the more candid inhabitants of Feversham "to taste of

Stephen," having a leaden flavour, perhaps only perceptible to the conscience-stricken, as it is not detected by strangers.

DOVER.—The Dour River is a very trifling stream, about five miles long ; it turns several paper mills, and small trout are met with in parts of its waters.

As it is not our intention altogether in this work to teach the reader how to take fish in salt water, or to make his tackle for that purpose, he must be satisfied, therefore, if we refer him to a work entitled "The Sea Fisherman," by Mr. J. C. Wilcocks (Longman, Green, and Co., 1868), who, having resided on the coast the greater part of his life, at different localities, and made sea-fishing a study in both theory and practice, may be thoroughly relied on in all that relates to the details of this branch of our art.

If the deep-sea fisher prefers his own tackle, he will therein learn how to make it up, and preserve it, or where to get it. The men at the various coast resorts, generally provide this sort of thing for the occasion ; and if it be needed for pier, coast, or rock fishing, the nearest tackle shop or barber's mostly have some rude gear for sale.

The nature of the fish that are caught at the places mentioned in this work is another matter, and one upon which every angler ought to know something before he goes afloat and submits his knowledge to the more experienced old salts who may be his companions. These men are for the most part candid and truthful, but they cannot at all times resist the temptation of "flamming" a stranger with stories which would puzzle Linnæus and shock a Yarrell. They are interesting, for a while, to those who know better, as all "yarns" are when spun by these racy fellows ; but, to the uninitiated, the fabulous gets so woven up with the truth, that it takes a lifetime, with some, before the entanglement of fact and romance is unravelled, if it is ever, indeed, thoroughly separated. There are few persons that do not know a mackerel when they see it in a fishmonger's shop, but splendid as are the colours then, as they are shown off by the white marble slab, they are nothing to compare to the gorgeous hues presented to the eye when it is first caught. The coast of Sussex in its season yields plenty of these fish, more particularly as the weather gets warmer. Then they assume courage, and come nearer and nearer to the land, running freely into the various bays, and looking for food and taking it greedily. Mackerel fishing is capital fun, and it can be pursued in several ways, the

most favourable of which is by reeling or railing, terms used amongst fishermen to denote the method of towing lines after a sailing boat, which lines are each fitted with a leaden plummet of 1lb. or more in weight. The best time is when a fresh breeze is blowing, hence termed a mackerel breeze, and the boat is then sailed backwards and forwards over the ground where the mackerel are known or supposed to be, and at the speed of about three miles an hour. The most useful of all baits for mackerel fishing is a narrow slip, of a long triangular shape, cut from the side of the tail of the fish. The bait must be cut as thin as possible, in fact the knife should not penetrate below the red flesh, or it would be too thick to play well in the water, upon which much of its attractiveness depends. This bait is known as a float, lask, last, fion, or mackerel bait in different localities. You should notice carefully the way in which the fisherman baits the hook, as it is peculiar, but easily learned. The bait having been placed on a bit of smooth cork, the skin-side downwards, the hook is to be forced through the small end of the bait once only. To this bait a constant vibratory action is imparted by the speed of the boat through the water; but if the fish are shy or the wind begins to fail, it is customary to jerk the lines to and fro 6in. or 8in. to supply this life-like action to the bait, without which, as may be easily understood, the mackerel are much less eager to seize it. Artificial baits are also often used with success in mackerel reeling, and of these the spinning baits, made by Mr. Hearder, of Plymouth, are more in vogue than any other kinds. An india-rubber sand-eel, by the same maker, also answers well for this fish, as also for pollack and bass. One of the oldest artificial baits known is 1½in. of tobacco-pipe stem, which should be threaded on a medium-sized Limerick salmon hook, and a drop or two of red sealing-wax may be added as a head. A bit of red cloth, white rag, a sixpence with a hole in it added, a piece of tin, or tin-foil, or a mother-of-pearl artificial minnow, have often been used with success. White, red, and grilse flies will also take mackerel, but whatever be the bait, the hook link should consist of strong salmon-gut, or if not procurable, trout-gut doubled and equally twisted, length of hook link, 2ft. to 3ft. Mr. W. B. Lord, R.A., in his work "Sea Fish and how to Catch them" (Bradbury and Evans), speaks of six white flies looped on a 12-ft. trace of gimp, the objection to which, however, is that so many hooks, if the fish are at all plentiful, are liable to cause entanglement, if

using more than two lines, less than which in number ought never to be towed, because mackerel are eminently gregarious, following each other like sheep, so that they may be kept after the boat, by taking care to haul only one line at a time, until all, or nearly all that shoal are caught. The most successful mackerel fishermen with hook and line, use from four to eight lines, according to the size of the boat, and the lines are all pairs in weight and length, so that the fish generally strike two lines at almost the same instant. The weights of the plummets are in pairs of one, two, three, and four pounds, each plummet having its own length of snood and line, the snood attached to a 2½ in. revolving chipstick of elder wood or bone, as close to the lead as possible, and one hook only on each snood. For mackerel reeling the most comfortable boat to fish from is one of about 5 tons. The prettiest practice is, unquestionably, that with a grilse rod, plyed in amongst a shoal of them with a single white fly on a long trace of good salmon gut. Then the angler combines all the play and nicety of salmon trout, stream or lake fishing with one of the gamest fish we have, if we but play him with fine tackle.

It is to be practised from a boat, but opportunities are not of nearly as frequent occurrence as when reeling, for with the rod it is requisite to watch for the shoals of fish, which move frequently with great celerity, and then to throw amongst them; whereas in reeling you are continually trying as you tow the lines after the boat, and have no occasion to look for the shoals of fish; in fact, when in large shoals, they do not usually take the hook well.

In calm and gloomy weather, mackerel may also be caught in a rowing boat with leads of 11lb. or ½lb. weight, with any of the baits above enumerated.

From the middle of July to the end of October, or sometimes even later, mackerel may be taken at anchor with a fine line weighted with 1oz. or more of lead, according to the strength of the stream, and with or without a rod, and 3ft. or 4ft. of gut below the lead. The bait pilchard gut, or the frill edge of a mussel, or rag-worm. Half a living sand-eel, where procurable, is very killing. Sometimes the mackerel at this season "strike the ground," as it is termed, and may be taken in large quantities, with ordinary whiting lines and bait, but with the rod a smaller number will afford more real sport.

The grey mullet (*Mugil capito*) is another fish that frequents our shores in great numbers. Its choice of residence is in the

neighbourhood of the shore, where it is most frequently seen in harbours, especially where the larger rivers empty themselves into the ocean; and this fish is even known to leave the salt water altogether for an occasional change, although by choice it soon returns to the waters of the sea. The shape of the mouth, and narrowness of the gullet, form a hindrance which prevents this fish from swallowing a hook of even small size; and generally the close examination which is made of the texture of what is to be admitted might appear a sufficient guard against the reception of anything dangerous to its safety; yet the mullet is not unfrequently caught with a line, and the misfortune itself is the result of those very actions which seem best fitted to insure its safety. The close pressure of the lips on the bait will cause the point of the hook to pierce the flesh, and in this way the fish falls a victim to mischance, when no slight skill and patience are required to bring the prize safely to land, for which a landing net will be found indispensable. The baits employed are a small soft mud worm, some fatty substance, or cabbage boiled in animal broth; and Oppian mentions, as an ordinary bait in his day, a mixture of curds of milk with flour and an infusion of mint, fastened on an ordinary hook. A rod and line, a 9-ft. trace of fine round salmon gut, and No. 6, Kirby hook. Mr. Lord suggests that these hooks should be tied on 8-in. pieces of stout gut, looped 1ft. apart on the trace, and retained in their places by knots tied in the trace for that purpose, and a few split duck shot for sinkers, if there is any run of water, if not, use no sinkers of any kind. He recommends besides worms (covering all the hook but the extreme point) small flakes of the green weed, which is found attached to stones in fresh water rivulets like green silk; twist this three or four times round the hook, and allow a small portion to hang free like a tail. The plump white larvæ from wasps' nests, or artificial flies of a bright gaudy colour, may be used at times with success. If it is to be done, we always prefer rather a few fish caught by the art of the angler than a truck load taken with the labour and heavy tackle of the fisherman—for this reason, at any description of piscatorial sport, we would rather have but one hook on our line at a time, and therefore but one fish to occupy our skill and attention. But we side with a glorious minority. The mullet, moreover, being a strong fish in the water, and like a grayling, most delicate in the mouth, requires every thought and attention to secure him, why then

chance a failure by greedily trying for more than one fish at a time, and risking a loss when if even a single fish is on the line a number of hooks may foul your tackle. "This fish grows to the length of 18in. to 20in." says Couch, "and will sometimes weigh from 12lb. to 15lb."

Although the above baits are often successful, we must not conceal from our readers that the grey mullet is a most capricious fish in its feeding, probably the most capricious which the sea affords. They feed best in mixed waters, that is to say, in docks, or where a stream of fresh water mingles with the salt. Here they will often, as above observed, take a mud or rag worm, but in the sea itself rarely feed unless some kind of ground-bait is used to whet their appetite. Refuse fish, boiled or fried, and mixed with mealy potatoes, are recommended for this purpose, or the roe of a cod fish. In Jersey a minute kind of fish, known as chervin, is used, and procured with a net of horsehair cloth ; this ground-bait is salted and kept for a considerable time, sometimes even until quite offensive, notwithstanding which it does not lose its attractiveness for the grey mullet, which takes a piece of shrimp well after a few spoonfuls have been thrown into the water. Nothing appears to have been discovered equal to this ground-bait, the use of which has probably originated in France. As the large sea-going grey mullet are often caught by the aid of this enticement, no hook smaller than a perch hook is recommended, and one only on the line at a time.

The sand-smelt or atherine (*Atherina presbyter*) is very numerous in harbours and bays where a sandy bottom is mingled with rough ground, and especially where there are streams of fresh water flowing into the salt ; but it is said there is no instance of it entering fresh water for any length of time, and it appears never to go to a considerable distance from the shore. It has been asserted that this little fish is not met with on the east coast of the kingdom, but evidently without sufficient reason, as Dr. Parnell, another author on sea fish, has found them in the Firth of Forth ; they are also caught amongst the smelt proper in the Humber with seine nets, where they are known under the appellation of dog smelts, and might doubtless be met with in many other harbours and estuaries. Errors on such matters become stereotyped, from the fact that writers far outnumber observers. If surprised in shallow water by sudden frost, they are said to succumb to the weather much sooner than any other fish. Atherines assemble in creeks and estuaries, in

docks and about the ends of piers, and great numbers are taken during the autumn and winter months (in the evening being the best time), with rod and line, and from a flight of steps under a gas-lamp which throws its light well on the water and attracts this as well as other fish, but this especially. A flight of steps is more convenient than a quay wall or rock, as it is not then necessary to use a line any longer than your rod, which is sometimes the case from a quay on the falling tide, or early on the flow. During the day they will often feed well at the mouth of a fresh-water stream or drain falling into the sea, and sometimes in small sheltered coves between the rocks, if you can light on a convenient spot where the rock rises like a wall out of the water, with some few natural steps—occasionally the case. A rod of moderate length will do, not less than 12ft. nor more than 15ft. in length, a light running line and winch, a 6ft. or 8ft. gut trace, fine No. 8 Kirby or Limerick hooks, on 5in. pieces of stout gut, or stiff hog's bristles, to stand well out from the main line to which end, if of gut, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. of each may be double twisted to much advantage. The main line or trace will be sufficiently fine, and more durable if made of double-twisted gut, and the hooks should be looped on at intervals of 1ft apart. A $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of pipe lead at the end of the line is generally weight enough to suit the apparatus, but a swan shot at each loop is sometimes used, but without any particular advantage; in fact, the weight at the end alone will bring the line quickly perpendicular. The running line is recommended as a means of being prepared against a pollack, bream, or horse-mackerel, which constantly take the bait intended for the atherine, and not unfrequently pirate like, walk off or rather swim off with hooks and traces. Bait, with small bits of rag, or white sand worm, or a piece of raw shrimp the size of a pea, a bit of their own side is sometimes used, but the worms hold best on the hook, and are the most killing. Six or eight good sized worms will answer for three or four hours' fishing, as several are often caught with the same bait. It will not answer always to wait to feel a bite, but every few seconds strike gently; they have a tender mouth, and therefore the strike ought to come from the wrist as delicately as possible. They are a first-rate spinning bait for pike, being tough and stiff when fresh, and flashing like a silver flame in the water.

As an instance confirmatory of the value of a light in sand-smelt fishing, we may mention that we have seen a lantern

hung over the side of the jetty, at Poole, which has attracted these fish in considerable shoals. They may be attracted by ground baiting as for grey mullet, where no fresh water stream or drain by day or lamp by night exists to answer the purpose. Pounded oyster shells are not unfrequently used in conjunction with a dip-net for their capture, both on the French and English sides of the Channel.

The bass (*Lupus*, *Perca labrax*, *Labrax lupus*). This fish has been called the sea dace, but it is clearly of the family of the perches. It was known to the Romans as the wolf. When the weather is stormy and the water turbid, the bass of largest size will hunt along the shore, and even in shallow water, for what it can find. Fishermen who employ hand lines from the shore are aware of this, and choose this time, at the flood tide rather than the ebb, for their most successful fishery. If they are able, from the clearness of the water, to discern the bottom, they do not expect this fish to take the hook. Couch says that he "has been informed of several that weighed 20lb., and one has been named to me that reached 29lb. I myself measured an example that was in length 2ft. 9in., but its weight was not in proportion to its length." Mr. Lord remarks that they are particularly fond of frequenting the positions occupied by old hulks which have been long moored in one place, feeding on the mussels and marine insects which are to be found adhering to the weed which collects round old timber. They feed by both day and night, and sometimes get into crab or lobster pots, and are caught both on hand and long lines, also when towing lines for whiting or pollack. The neighbourhood of landing-places where pilchards or other fish are cleaned is often visited by bass in considerable numbers, attracted by the small pieces of fish offal floated off by the tide; at which times a piece of pilchard or pilchard gut is a pretty sure bait. They are frequently taken with the white fly in a rippling tideway off a headland at sea, near the mouth of a harbour, also in the harbour's mouth itself, and the small or school bass (school signifying shoal) high up the estuaries of large rivers.

The tackle for bass should be well examined and securely put together, as they are a very powerful fish, fight hard, and bite through most lines; it is therefore necessary to use gimp; hook No. 3 or 4 Limerick pattern, a light lead sinker, and a cork float. We have known spinning with a sand-smelt or spoon bait give excellent sport. A landing-net or gaff should be within

reach, as it is jeopardising the fish at any time to weigh him out. Mr. Lord speaks of ground baiting for bass with great success by sinking a quantity of offal in a net, and fishing within a foot of it.

In "Facts and Useful Hints relating to Fishing and Shooting" (Vol. I. *Field Library*, 5s. cloth) is the following: "Sea fly-fishing for bass begins in May and ends late in October. Use the largest gaudy salmon flies and an 18-ft. salmon rod. Work your flies in a very jerking manner, as in salmon fishing, *à la prawn*. The best depth of water is from 2ft. to 4ft. or 5ft. The best casts are all the inlets of rocks, sandy bays, particularly thrown into the frill of bursting waves, as the bass come nearly ashore, seeking the indescribables turned up out of the sand; watch the wave, and into it before the hubble-bubble begins; so, when you have hooked your fish, be sure to keep an upright hand bearing heavily on him, for his upper jaw no hook will enter—hence, if you give him only a moment of slack line the hook will come out; any other portion of the bass is certain, and the holdfast is sure and strong beyond any other fish. The best fly is a large palmer on the largest-sized salmon hook; body, yellowish green mohair, or red ribbed with broad gold twist, and the hackle red. The entrance to a tidal river and high water is the best time." The localities just mentioned in the above quotation will be found excellent in boisterous weather for fishing with a ground line and squid or cuttle-bait; and from a boat in a strong tideway of rocky points, in the neighbourhood of a river, excellent sport is often obtained by fly-fishing; and, if a flight of gulls is seen here about dipping up and down in a state of great activity, they will serve to point out the position of the shoal. Codfish and conger eels are taken off Margate, &c., and sometimes of considerable size.

The methods of fishing described and illustrated in "The Sea Fisherman" (Longman, Green, and Co.) are adapted for all the British, French, Dutch, and North American seas, and, in fact, we may say in salt water generally all the world over; but at pp. 34 and 35 especial mention is made, and an illustration given, of the "Kentish Rig," chiefly used for whiting, pout, and codling fishing off the coast of that county. The same method does for the Sussex coast. The sea-fishing off Kent and Sussex however, although some sport is to be had there, is very inferior to that off the South Devon and Cornish coasts; yet in the autumn good baskets of whiting, codling, and dabs can

be made. The fisherman at times gets very good fishing off Shorncliffe for pout, whiting, and codlings. Pollack fishing is seldom found where there is not a good body of rock and broken shore to attract them ; some are, however, to be caught from the shore at the Dover Admiralty Pier. They catch some bass and grey mullet also at Dover. The bass at Little Hampton, called "base" there, are to be caught with a leger-line baited with a piece of squid or cuttle-fish, to be procured from a trawler, the best time being from an hour before to an hour after high water at spring tides. In rough weather, with a floated line and a half soft crab, you might fish in any eddy inside or outside the piers in any depth of 3ft. and over. There is said likewise to be excellent bass fishing at Shoreham Harbour ; and during the winter months numbers of sand smelts or atherine may be caught with a paternoster both at Shoreham and Little Hampton with mud or rag worm ; and flounders are numerous in both these harbours, the fishing of which is exactly alike. In Shoreham they string up lugs in a clot, and therewith catch flounders and eels. By the Devonshire method of fishing at anchor, with soft crabs and four or six ground lines, numbers of eels, flounders, and sometimes bass might be caught. The bass at these places would doubtless take a fly or Hearder's artificial sand-eel. There is good whiting fishing at Newhaven, but Mr. Wilcocks has reason to believe that the gear is of the rudest possible character, "in fact, writes this gentleman to us, "I have not anywhere met with really satisfactory gear except in Devon, Cornwall, or in Guernsey, and my experiences I find indorsed by older men than myself. There are good fishermen in most parts of the kingdom, but it often happens that they know only one class of fishing. Various knowledge is requisite for amateurs. Outfits for English, Scotch, and Irish fishing constantly go from Guernsey and Plymouth."

The most extensive manufacturer of sea-fishing gear ready fitted for use in England is Mr. J. N. Hearder, 145, Union-street, Plymouth. Other tackle makers in London and elsewhere are however, giving increased attention to this branch of fishing, but very few have had opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with the details of the subject. We are much obliged to Mr. Wilcocks and Mr. Lord for the various hints we have laid before our readers, which fully coincide with our practical gleanings in this branch of our art ; and in conclusion, we repeat the statement we at first made, that it has not been our intention to do more

than afford an introduction to the sea-fishing bordering the districts of "The Rail and the Rod;" and for the details *in extenso*, we would refer them to the works written by the above-named gentlemen, and published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, and Longmans, Green, and Co.

The Folkestone fishermen had formerly a notable custom; out of every boat, when they returned from their expeditions, they selected eight of the finest whittings, and their proceeds were appropriated to a feast on Christmas-eve, which they called "a Rumbald." This custom, perhaps, was originally instituted in honour of St. Rumbald, an Irish saint, who had some mysterious connection with whittings; for in many parts of Kent that fish is still called "a Rumbald."

To the lovers of ocean fishing off the Margate and Ramsgate coasts we would strongly recommend the transit by steamer, as the element in which lies this description of sport is then all around; and the boat passes, in the breezy weather, amongst fishing craft, either going or returning from their stations. If near enough, a cheery greeting may be exchanged with the crews; and thus the amateur fisher may become familiar with the voices and faces of the men with whom, when on shore, it may be to his profit to make a better acquaintance, as much of use and interest can be learned from these worthy fellows. In calmer times he will pass close to many row-boats, with their pleasure freights engaged with the deep-sea line; and the observer from the deck of the steamer may tell pretty well what sport they are having as he passes—the result of which may induce him to go out for a few hours upon his arrival at his destination.

Our favourite vessel is the "Eagle," belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company. She is an admirable, seaworthy vessel, extremely well adapted for these trips, and is commanded by Captain Sergent, whose invariably close attention to his duties and gentlemanly conduct have won for him the regard of all who travel by this pleasurable route, and whose good fortune it is to be assisted in the general conduct of the ship by a courteous and well-conducted staff of officials. The dinner on board is, moreover, a marvel of cheapness: the chief steward, W. L. Whitaker, places before his guests three or four hot joints, calves' head and ham, fowls and ducks, lobster and other salads, with vegetables in season, and cheese, &c., for 2s.; and the same provender cold for 1s. 6d.—all excellently served. Nor should we forget Jack Appleton, the almost octogenarian—a sort of ship's *factotum*—to

whom is ascribed the authorship of "The Days when we went Gipsying," and whose delight it is to keep the passengers in a roar of laughter with his quaint speeches and amusing songs. It was related in the *Times*, at the period of the accident, that this veteran fell overboard in Ramsgate Harbour one dark night, and was only fished up after having been under water nearly twenty minutes; when, after a course of manual application, as recommended by the Royal Humane Society, for some two hours, he showed signs of life. This account is vouched by the captain, steward, and crew; and the fact was given in the *Times*, with one or two other instances of restoration after apparent drowning, of a similarly remarkable character. Appleton attributes his escape to the anti-tetotal notion that his condition precluded the admission of water.

There are several good hotels and inns at both Margate and Ramsgate. We prefer the Elephant and the Kent, in the town of Margate, and an occasional dinner at the table d'hôte at the Assembly Rooms in Cecil-square; but the new Cliftonville Hotel, beyond the Fort, overlooking the sea, appears, from reliable report, to have obtained, under the management of Mr. Sidney Spencer, an enviable reputation for perfectly English comfort—an admirable *cuisine*, and its reasonable charges. It is certainly no slight recommendation to feel assured that the presentation of your bill by the waiter will not mar your previous enjoyment.

Should the tyro desire any information in reference to the fishing, he cannot do better than apply to Mr. Doughty, at one of the shops of the firm of Mussared and Doughty, shell-fish-mongers, either on the Margate Fort or in the town. Our hotel at Ramsgate is Hiscock's, opposite the harbour; but there are inns and coffee-houses to suit all tastes and pockets.

A work of this nature, touching as it does upon deep sea fishing, would scarcely be complete without a note upon nets.

During a recent sojourn in the West of England, we availed ourselves of an opportunity which presented itself to visit the great seat of the sea-fisheries industry of the country, Bridport, in Dorsetshire, and spent many instructive hours at the manufactory of Messrs. William Hounsell and Company, North Mills, in that town.

The raw materials employed by the gentlemen named consist of the best kinds of Russian and Italian hemp and flax, the Russian sorts being imported by them direct from Riga, in the Baltic. We here saw every process to which the fibre is subjected, commencing from the heckling, or, as locally termed, "combing," to the spreading, preparing, drawing, roving, spinning, laying, and finishing into twines or lines, as required. The whole is accomplished by machinery which, in every respect, was admirably adapted to the objects required; much of it has originated with the firm. Here we also saw net-making machines, some being driven by steam power, others worked by hand, the former making a width of 480 meshes, the latter 300. The range of mesh of which these machines is susceptible is from three to two inches, or twenty-four to thirty-six rows to the yard. Their produce is largely in demand for herring or mackerel drift nets.

Hand labour is likewise extensively employed in the construction of nets requiring a smaller or larger mesh, the finest made for the capture of lance having over 160 rows to the yard, whilst the largest, twelve inches from knot to knot, or twenty-four inches mesh, is used for the walls of trammels. The kinds of twine manufactured here are very numerous, the stoutest being that used for nets for the capture of seals. Then there are trawl twines, as used by the large trawling smacks around the United Kingdom for the capture of turbot, cod, plaice, brill, soles, &c. Again, others, suited for salmon, herrings, mackerel, mullet, pilchards, sprats, &c., &c.

The fishing-lines particularly engaged our attention. They are very numerous, ever varying in stoutness, length, and weight, according to the description of fish for which they are intended and the depth of water, but all appeared perfect in construction; and it was evident that no exertions were spared by the firm to produce first-class articles, and maintain the high reputation they have so long possessed. That portion of the premises which is devoted to the manufacture of fishing lines is alone capable of turning out 300 dozens, of 60 yards each, per week, or 120 miles in length. Twines and nets are produced in equally large quantities.

To many of our readers the articles manufactured here are no doubt already well known, and opportunities at Exhibitions have frequently been afforded the general public of inspecting them. During the present season we learn that a general assortment has been exhibited at the Maritime Exhibition at Havre, which has

resulted in the award by the jury of the "Medaille d'Argent" to the firm.

Access to Messrs. William Hounsell and Company's works is generally granted on application. From our own experience, we can assure intending visitors of a courteous reception, and the acquirement of an insight into the interesting industry we have briefly described.

THE RAIL AND THE ROD;

OR,

TOURIST-ANGLER'S GUIDE

TO MANY OF THE

WATERS AND QUARTERS

ON THE

GREAT EASTERN, LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN,
MIDLAND, AND GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAYS.

No. V.

By GREVILLE F. (BARNES),

PISCATORIAL CORRESPONDENT TO "THE FIELD" NEWSPAPER.

LONDON:

HOBACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

1871.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HORACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

P R E F A C E.

WE have already devoted our No. 1 of this work to a portion of the Great Eastern system, which embraces the London angler's favourite Lea and its tributaries. Therein we stated that we trusted ere long to render additional service to the angler-tourist, by extending the experiences of our rambles, and the operations of our pen, by another thirty miles or so beyond the sphere of our then literary labours.

Although it is four years since we made this promise, we have not been unmindful of it, and every opportunity at our disposal has been assiduously directed personally to attain sufficient reliable material for its thorough and efficient performance.

We purpose, therefore, in this number still in greater part to confine ourselves to the districts under the Great Eastern Railway system; but, inasmuch, as some of the rivers with which we shall have to deal, have either their rise beyond, or pursue a course of divergence from, the bounds of Essex, and Suffolk, we have preferred, rather than to divide such water-sheds in twain, to follow them from their source in other counties, and trace them, with more or less respect to detail, into or out of those we may term at present peculiarly our province.

We shall therefore have to do with the Essex and Suffolk Stour, the Blackwater (or Pant) and its tributaries, Brain and

Chelmer, the Colne, the Blythe, the Orwell and Gipping, the Deben, the Yox or Minsmere, the Alde or Ore, the Cam or Granta, the Ouse, the Nar, the Ivel, the Lark, the Wissey, the Welsh Harp Fishery, and a few supplementary notes on the Lea river.

The rivers, &c., peculiarly belonging to the county of Norfolk and neighbouring districts we reserve for No. 6.

TO
THE MOST HONOURABLE
THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, P.C.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY,
ETC., ETC.. ETC.

MY LORD,

There are circumstances which have induced me to seek this honour at your hands far removed from any personal bearing, and which I conceive thereby obtain a great and distinctive value. I have long looked upon the rivers of the Eastern Counties system as presenting many features eminently worthy of both public and private consideration, and now that the development of that line of railway in all its various ramifications, is obviously uppermost in the minds of those to whom its management has been intrusted, I am induced the more to hope that amongst the commercial phases of its policy the item of exchequer which may be derived from the angler and tourist will receive that amount of attention I would respectfully claim for it.

No one denies the value of the river Thames to the Great Western and South-Western Railways, nor that of the river Trent to the city of Nottingham, nor the lakes and rivers of England, Ireland, and Scotland generally to railways. But who has thought of utilising the vast resources of the open waters of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, to their full? although the Yare, the Waveney, the Bure, the Ouse, &c., may compare, if not in volume, in unlicensed opportunities for the fisher, with any other stream common to all. It will scarcely be believed that even the names of some of these streams are not known to the

London angler, much less the fact that no restrictions whatever are placed upon the legitimate exercise of the rod, and that even where hundreds of miles of private and preserved waters exist in the counties named, a refusal to the fair fisherman is quite an exception to a rule included in the hospitality of the districts.

I have, therefore, great reason to congratulate myself on obtaining permission thus to dedicate my little book; for, as Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, I am inclined to believe your Lordship's name will give both influence and weight to my desire to make the public more fully acquainted with districts of great sweetness and beauty, which at present are comparatively unknown.

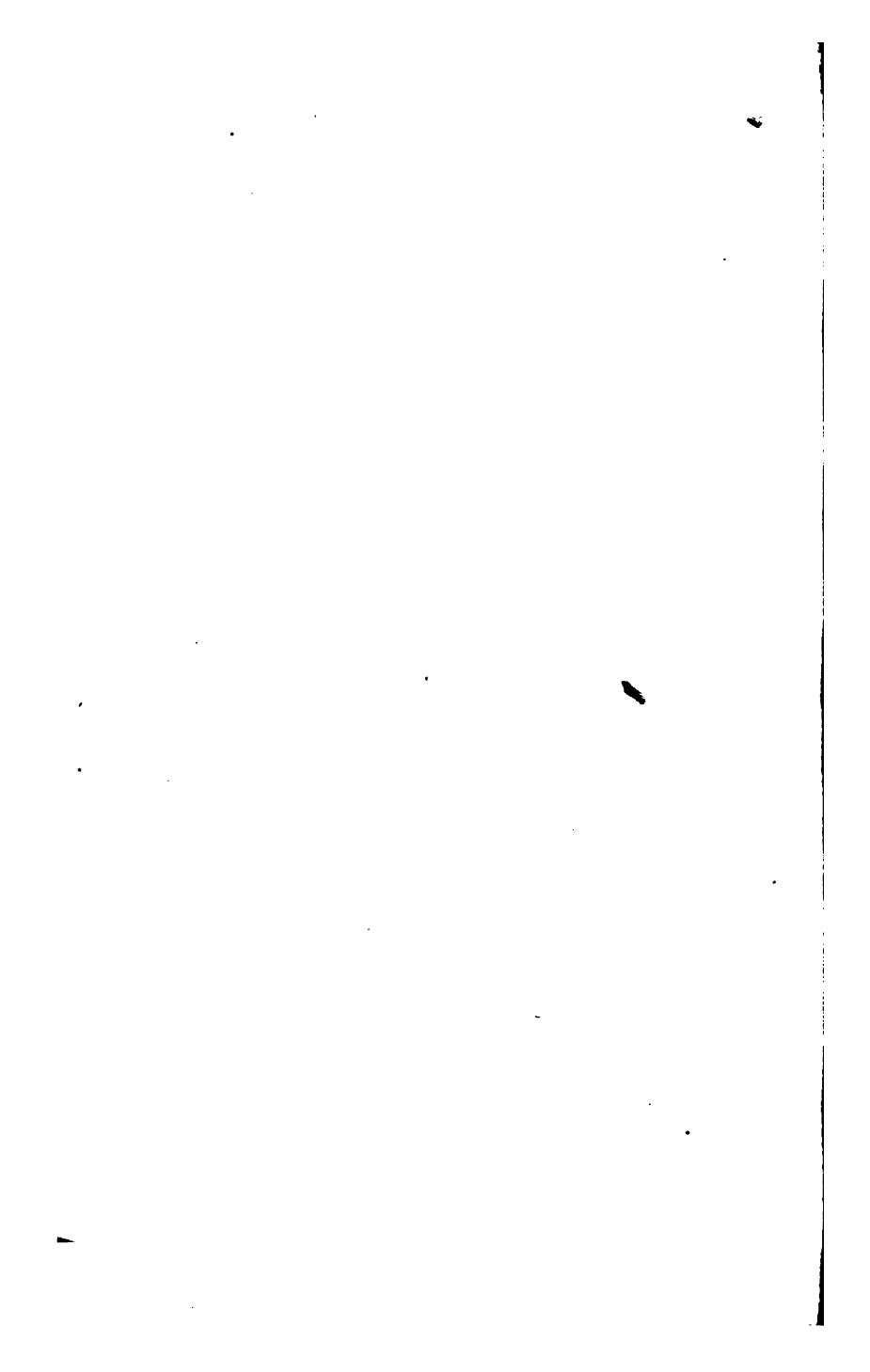
Permit me to remain,

Your humble and obedient servant,

GREVILLE FENNELL.

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THE RAIL AND THE ROD.

No. V.

THE GREAT EASTERN,
LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN, MIDLAND, AND
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

It may be observed, by those who have perused the former numbers of the "Rail and the Rod," that in our present work we have not given so much space as usual to the archæological attractions of the several places passed in our aquatic rambles. This was unavoidable. Either we must have poured much water off to have left room for "such dry material," or have altogether omitted information which, to the angler—for whom we write—is of the first consideration. At the best, architectural lore is derivable from books, and to books we refer our readers, especially to "Murray's Handbook of the Eastern Counties," a work which admirably condenses all worthy remark. It has been the companion of our rambles, and we have found it scrupulously exact, and equally judicious in its suggestions respecting hotel accommodation and facilities for getting over cross country, &c. Nevertheless, the little which will be found in these pages of the "musty" being new and freshly described, we trust they—the lovers of the past—will excuse the intrusion of an apparently superfluous word, now and then, about fish and fishing, in those cracks and crannies in our text in which there was not room to thrust a cathedral, push forward a church, or even jam an ancient doorway.

Believe us, then, we do not leave out these crumbling, dusty bits of stone and rubble from any lack of thirst after such antiquated knowledge: the simple fact is, we have no space for them. And if we start off ostensibly to show our companion.

where fish may be caught, and here and there draw his attention to some exceptional mouldering abbey or ivied priory upon our way, we do so more as land-and-water marks than invidiously to select this or that ruin over its fellows, or to flaunt haphazard any deep archæological research. And if, on our seeking some wayside inn, with our wallet full to overflow with fish, we carry a few rushes as a lining, or a bunch of watercresses on the top of all, it is more as a garnish to the dish, or to keep our prizes sweet and clean, than from any pedantic desire to air our botany. Our whole object—if you must know our most secret intentions—is to say just sufficient about angling and the other attractions of the rivers along which we ramble to induce you to follow in our footsteps; and then, if you be antiquarian, naturalist, botanist, or ichthyologist, you may fill in our multitudinous omissions at your will. What we really attempt is to allure you to respire the poetry of Nature as found by stream and burn-side—to walk with us knee-deep through the flowery meads, and stoop when you have a mind to examine the beauties on which too many idly tread; to saunter round or through yonder wood, and return and stroll on the river's banks; to angle, read, or chat, according to your pleasure; but, above all, to induce you to reflect and attune your mind to admire and love the beautiful world in which you live, and

Look through Nature up to Nature's God.

This is our simple object, if taken generally, and no greater treat have we than to coax abroad those who conceive that happiness is only to be found in the gay and artificial coteries of towns, and watch the soul within them melting before the influences of a lovely landscape or the aroma of wild but fragrant groves. Yes, we plead guilty to this venial cheat—a delight in thus enticing you into the uncultivated arena of Nature, and mark the soft and soothing whisperings of all around gradually making their way into the senses; the wondrous effect of earth, air, sea and sky; the many musical sounds of falling and running waters; the vocal outpouring of gratitude of birds; the rustling winds, in harmony with the busy symphony of insect life, among trees and flowers—and, after all, to get you willingly and cheerfully to confess that the quiet country scenery by which you are surrounded has become, for the time, balm to your soul and a resting-place for your mind; that such tranquillity has drawn your reflections from bill-book and ledger, and made you

humbly conscious that you live and have your being for nobler and more refining ends than constantly pushing and crushing your way on 'Change, and with eager, feverish speed chafing your body into pulse-destroying gallops after gold that

Gilds the straightened forehead of the fool;

the narrow worldly prospect of grasping men seen from the altitude of that commercial tripod—an office-stool.

Nor is it angling alone we would throw out as our lure to draw the citizen without the gates; for if we return without spoil of fin, is there nothing else we have gained? "Is it to no profitable end," inquires a great doctor of both physical and mental science, "or with no benefit to himself, in body or in mind, that he has for a season changed the thronged city for the open fields—the ceaseless din of traffic for the peace and quiet of rural contemplation—the heavily laden sickly atmosphere of an overgrown town for the buoyant spirit-stirring zephyrs of heaven?" Is there no gain to him in bartering the sound dear to lucre-loving ears for the murmur of a trout-stream? none in exchanging the wearisome monotony of streets and houses for the prospects, "ever changing, ever new," of hill and dale, and wood and moorland, waving corn-fields, green pastures, and the innumerable other charming illustrations in God's leafy book? "Oh, the pleasure of the plains!" with their clear rushing brooks, bordered by turf that rises under the feet, as springy and elastic as the heart's dearest joy, and as we move surrounding us with an ever-rising incense of violets and sweet herbs.

That amiable writer Jesse tells us, "there must be some rooted melancholy in the heart, when all nature seems smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy;" and an elegant anonymous writer says: "The angler and admirer of out-of-door amusements generally is familiar with all the beauties of the seasons. Is he a POET? What can be a better theme for his lays than the bounties of nature as unfolded to him at every turn. Is he a PAINTER? What ample opportunities are afforded him, while following his favourite sport, of making out the beauties of a landscape as it is shown in its various lights and positions at every step he takes."* Indeed there are few landscape pictures, in our humble opinion, complete without the introduction of water in some feature or other, either as the brawling brook, the majestically flowing river, the placid lake, or

* An Essay on Angling.

the sea—"the soul inspiring sea"—to which all our rambles streamward tend, as our souls towards eternity, from the little infant streamlet prattling in its narrow bed, by the grand and glorious river, past the isthmus opening wide its arms to welcome the commerce of the world—that ocean,

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—

that sea, true symbol of infinity, of which the learned Sir Isaac Newton so modestly, yet so truthfully, said, "I do not know what I may appear to the world ; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." Is our Rambler a wearied practitioner snatching a little recreation to recruit him for his daily duties among the sick ? Then, as the physical characters of the country are being more thoroughly studied than they ever have been before, in the search for those hidden causes of endemic and other diseases, even in his leisure, he will be able to turn over a page or two of Nature's volume through his knowledge, whether of geology or the climatic influences of our prevailing winds ; for, as he follows the meandering stream, he will note how its tiny influence has worked for ages in excavating its course, either in favour or in prejudice of the healthfulness of the country through which it passes. The water that flows at his feet during this, his holiday, is, of course, the first consideration, and his professional instincts will suggest to him a desire to discover whether that seemingly-pure current is really what it appears. With simple appliances he will probably put it to the test. Should he find it all that is to be desired, both for man and fish, he will note the spot and compare this observation with others which he may make on his way below it. By such facile investigation he will be enabled to judge of the gradual effect of an increased impurity upon the welfare and productiveness of his quarry. Such memoranda as these, if collected to any extent in future times, would have their full weight not only with anglers, but with the great band of sanitary reformers whose ranks are now becoming more and more formidable every day, and whose war is alone with fell disease, and whose banner is "peace and goodwill to all mankind." In the valleys our student will be able to watch how they are affected, as to the miasmata exhaled from them in the evening, by

the winds. With his little pocket compass he will note the direction of the stream and the channel that it has created, and with an observant eye he will then see whether the vapours remain stagnant or are wafted away by the air which then prevails. He will then, perhaps, look overhead and see the south-westerly breeze driving the clouds swiftly before it; and, perchance, if the valley is in the axis of that breeze, he will observe the mist take the same course so soon as it is formed. This will prove to him, even without the aid of his compass, that the valley in which he is enjoying himself lies favourably to be flushed with these aerial currents, and that there endemic diseases arising from the soil have little chance of obtaining a home. On the other hand, he will make similar observations when the converse will be observed to obtain. He will see the same south-westerly breezes chasing rapidly the clouds above his head, and the mists over the waters and over the fields gradually rise and increase in depth, unaffected by the strong current above, for the simple physical reason that the valley that he is now in, and the rivulet which he is now whipping with his fly-line, is sheltered by lofty hills, and therefore the rising emanations have no hindrance to their accumulation, and so become intensified. In some favoured spots the first condition he has observed exists in many a well-populated vale; happily for those who live there, for in such localities his own experience will tell him that that curse of the agricultural labourer, rheumatism, and its sequel, heart-disease, is rare; whereas in others the second condition prevails through the greatest portion of the year, with its attendant evil consequences and excess of disease and mortality arising from the two above-named causes. These reflections have their novelty and importance as they touch so intimately upon the more lofty purposes of our work. They have been suggested to us by a perusal of Haveland's book on "The Geographical Distribution of Diseases in England and Wales," which, while it would appear to the unobservant very wide of our object, actually walks arm-in-arm with us, blending as it were study with our recreation; for, whilst jealous of the purity of the element in which fish live, and of which man himself so largely partakes, we, at the same time, do not lose sight in its pages of that medium, the atmosphere, which is all in all to us, and the purity of which is as essential to one's health as that of the water to its finny denizens.

In a word, the various researches of the philosopher, the naturalist, and the antiquary, may well be looked upon as pendants

of the fisher's art; for there is philosophy in fishing, as professors readily confess, and without natural history angling would be shorn of one of its choicest attributes. The civilising study of those creatures who pour "Nature's music from a thousand throats"—those airy, ethereal, winged sprites, the feathered songsters—claim the greatest share of an angler's love, and their hymns to freedom he learns to translate while attaining a knowledge of their haunts and habits. On his saunter to the stream he is welcomed on all sides by the vocal choir, whose varied airs marshal him on his way: the lark pours down his trembling, thrilling, ecstasy—divine rapture—upon his ravished ear, and from its unseen presence "showers a rain of melody;" the mavis poised upon the very topmost twig of the tallest elm sends forth its loud consort note; the little elegant wren, sweet warbler of the circling year, which entwines itself round our affections, threads in and out the hedge at his side, and offers up its matin or vesper song; our familiar friend the robin swells his throat in praise of all around; the cuckoo—now here, now there—sounds its monotonous notes, which fall upon the sense, mellowed by distance, in measured sweetness; the ring-dove's peaceful voice is ever dear to our angler—"he loves its soft *coo-coo* to hear" ere it beats the foliage with its heavy flight; the stately, waddling rook casts a knowing gaze askance, caws to his fellows that the rod is harmless, and takes no further heed; and the blackbird signals by a whistle to its mate bolting black cherries in an adjoining orchard, that it is but a simple fisher who passes on his way. These are all cheerful and soul-expanding vibrations to the angler, and cannot but tend to elevate and rouse the flagging spirits and drooping energies of him who has but just left his indoor pursuits to quaff the invigorating cup presented by Nature's hand. And when, brother, we reach the placid pool, is not the swallow there to greet us, which, with a speed that mocks the winds and outstrips the hurricane, leaves us as it dashes past in doubt whether it was bird or fay; then the royal kingfisher flashes by like a jewelled bolt from enchantress' bow; the nodding dab-chick in its floating flight, leaving its transitory silver scrawl upon the glassy surface of the water. Nor is he less blest upon his return, for the nightingale, with concentrated charm of angelic harmony, gushes forth a sweet good night, and hospitably offers its liquid "jug" to a heart half drunk with its glorious melody. Many, many more of this most interesting tribe are there which cannot have been sent by Him who bade us to

"consider the lilies of the field how they grow," and hath counted the sparrows, but to command our wonder and admiration—the elevating contemplation of which tending the more to convince us that such and kindred studies combined with our favourite pursuit will truly be found to induce strength in health and health in sickness, and a sure anchor to the mind when the current of life runs adverse or turbulent, for

What is man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
 Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and Godlike reason
 To fast in us unused.

And have we not our endless gardens by the river's banks & parterres graced with splendid groups of the great water dock, the luxuriant growth of whose flamboyant foliage gives to it so gigantic a character amongst its light and less ambitious neighbours; the arrow-head with its elegant spear-shaped leaves, and the lovely water lily and its sister of the yellow hue, the lamps of the Naiads, studding the river with silver and gold, giving almost a tropical richness to the still nooks in which they delight to develop themselves in their full glory; the tall spiked gorgeous flowers of the purple loose-strife—a glorious bit of warm colour ever at hand for the artist's foreground—and its yellow companion, which quaint old herbalists tell us "hath the power to tame ferocious and discordant beasts;" and the large bright purple-flowering meadow crane's-bill, with its elegantly cut foliage, generally found adding its charm to that of the wild grace of "the ivy-leaved snapdragon, whose festoons with their glossy, deep green ivy-like leaves, and quaintly formed yellow-throated flowers of violet colour, decorate the walls and woodwork of the old locks we so often meet with."* How graceful likewise are our reeds, tremulously yet bravely stemming the strong current while waving defiantly their feathery crest in the wind. Look around, you that would speak with curled lip of "weeds." Could we not gather a nosegay here fit to deck a maiden's brow and vie in tender beauty with the rare exotics of your conservatory?

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God has written in those stars above;
 But no less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.

* Vide Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Book of the Thames.

Even Mrs. S. C. Hall would borrow from our banks. "It is in our aquatic flora certainly that we can vie with the richness of tropical regions; and we should wish to see our ornamental waters better stocked with these native beauties than, with few exceptions, is the case." What a pretty little weed is that *Persicaria*, its green and red-shaded leaves floating on the surface, above which rise the bright pink flower spikes in groups that wave and dance with every ripple of the water. Then the modest and most cherished forget-me-not, how it loves to nestle just within peeping distance of its favourite element! There are, let it be known, true and false forget-me-nots, as there are true and false lovers; but the angler will at once know the genuine emblem from the common and less beautiful species with small blue flowers, the true plant with its shining green foliage and thick waxen flowers sufficiently distinguishing it from others. Throughout Europe the forget-me-not has been a favourite theme, and the poets have nearly all made it a subject to build some sweet theory of remembered friendship or love. "There is no flower more common," says Hall, "yet there are few more beautiful, and none more suggestive." Then have we not in our aquatic garden another painter's favourite, the large-flowered willow herb, familiarly called by the yokels "codlings and cream," the smell of the foliage recalling those luxuries; then the yellow buckbean, whose intense bitter used to be infused with wine to revive the flagging appetites of men who did *not* take such rambles as we enjoy, and the wild teasel erecting its bristly head like an armed knight, *à cheval* and *cap-à-pie*, all ready to do battle for the chosen damsel of his heart, and how many more

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
 Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open to decay.

We mean nothing here to the slightest disparagement of the nobleness of labour and the moral healthfulness of industrious habits. What we desire are holidays for all, and that the uses of such holidays should take the most beneficial direction both for the body and the spirit's sake, and from which the true happiness of society consists.

Dr. H. Acland, in his excellent suggestions in "Health, Work, and Play," truly says: "The art of repose is yet to be learnt. The desirableness of more thorough and systematic attention to mere physical recreation is not perhaps sufficiently appreciated.

There can be no doubt that the maintaining the occasional habit of boyish exercises to a late period of life might prolong the health of youth, unless resorted to with too little frequency, and too freely indulged in when enjoyed. It is, moreover, to be observed that this remark is of the more consequence as the educated and intellectual classes increase in proportion to the whole population; for otherwise, as a greater number of minds become overtaken, and the muscular development is impaired by the more intellectual life of the many, more nervous diseases will be engendered, and more weakly children will be born. But the gambols of our childhood and the sports of our youth are not beneficial to the mind-workers only: it is, at first sight, remarkable that even the hand-workers will rush to cricket and to games of strength when they have the time and place allowed to them."

With such and much more unquoted evidence in our favour, we would remind our readers that of all sports that of Angling is the first the child takes kindly to, and the last the man throws aside. We have dwelt upon some few of its associations, and earnestly hope that in the full fruition of their wise development it will be found that it possesses in its entirety

The greatest happiness to the greatest number.

And shall we grudge a line or two to the claims of insect life? Birds by their plumage aid us in imitating flies; but that is poor excuse for neglecting the latter, insignificant in size, but great in excellence. Shakespeare has not thought it unworthy of his pen to embalm the smallest creature in his amber text—"The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums hath rung night's yawning peal;" and Collins—"Now air is hushed, save where the beetle winds his small but sullen horn;" and Gray brings many a fading evening landscape back to our memory, when the air was still, "save where the beetle wheels his droning flight." And equally true is Hogg—"The beetle's drowsy, distant hum." A knowledge of the beetle's habits is almost indispensable to the angler, who may secure sufficient in number for his day's chub-fishing by the simple expedient of placing a few pieces of gauze over the cow-pats in a meadow just before twilight, after which the beetles which have burrowed and assisted in carrying the fertilising properties of the dung beneath the surface of the soil, will ascend to take their nocturnal flight, and be caught by their hairy legs in the minute threads of the fabric; and thus, when at dark he

comes to secure the spoil, the angler may find that "earth-born star" of Wordsworth,* "the glow-worm golden," waiting with her tiny lantern, as he may flatter himself, to offer its fairy-like services, although, in truth, but as a nuptial light for her winged lover to find her mossy couch in the greenest of banks, in "a dell of dew." That the latter is not a fanciful amatory theory has been proved by ourselves and others upon a summer's balmy night, "when every sense is joy." We have treacherously enticed the errant beaux within our grasp by letting their spouse crawl phosphorescent over the palm of our hand. We have been told by a poacher that the largest trout he has ever taken have been killed during darkness with these coleoptera in a stream, upon the mossy banks of which he has seen in a short distance hundreds of these "radiant worms" shedding their mild effulgence. It is curious that this creature, so suggestive of sentiment and poetry, is not found in Ireland.

But let us get again by the waterside, and take Bob Patterson, a genial entomologist, as our text. What says he? "Come with us to the brink of some murmuring rivulet, where

He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

And while you stray along the margin, and watch the streamlet, as

—By many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean,

let me beg your attention to some of the insects which sport upon the surface of the calm and quiet pools where it reposes in its course, and ask you, in the words of Hamlet,

Dost thou know this fly?

You will find, on a second glance, that they are not all of the same kind. They are beetles, and dwell not on land, but in the water. On a sunny day they may be seen on almost every pool, gliding with ease and rapidity in ceaseless circles, dimpling the glassy surface, diving when disturbed, and carrying down with them a bubble of air shining like quicksilver." "Oh!" adds Bob, in other words, "You don't know anything about them, and yet being fond of the rod, they must be often before you! Ask you concerning an event in ancient history, the translation of an admired passage in Anacreon, or the connection of classic fable

* Star of the earth and diamond of the night.—DARWIN.

and historic truth, and I shall get my answer. Inquire how the knowledge of mathematics gives new views of the sublime science of astronomy, and I shall receive the information I demand. Request an exposition of some particular theory in metaphysics, and my desire shall be gratified. But ask the same student to describe the functions or uses of some common plant, or insect, one which he sees every day, with which he is as familiar as bread and butter, and he will be unable to answer, nay, most likely unable to tell its name. Go shut yourself up, and for ever, in the brazen clasps of the mouldy tomes of man; you are unworthy to peruse the nobler works which bear the visible impress of the Deity, and of which you are profoundly ignorant!"

Bob's indignation has "put us out," and as it was uttered before the expansive mind of Acland dwelt upon the same theme, and happily carried it to a practical bearing by the foundation of the Museum and lectures at Oxford, let us hope that Bob's spirit will be appeased the more when he learns that field natural history societies and microscopic reunions are springing up everywhere, and that "common things" are now obtaining uncommon attention in "the highest" as well as the "most learned circles;" and that, with a national system of education, the poorest will be as welcome as the wealthy to partake of that banquet of knowledge which would have long shivered beneath the cold shade of neglect, had it not been for a few devoted disciples who have fanned by their ardent breath the lambent flame of truth.

Well may we in gratitude exclaim, almost in the words of Longfellow,

Thou hast taught us, silent rivers,
 Many a lesson deep and long;
 Thou hast been most generous givers,
 We can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
 We have watched thy currents glide,
 Till the beauty of their stillness
 Overflowed us like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
 When we saw thy waters gleam,
 We have felt our heart beat lighter,
 And leap onward with the stream.

"Without poetry," says Mr. T. Westwood, "angling would lose one of its greatest charms."

THE SUFFOLK AND ESSEX STOUR.

STATIONS: Sturmer; Haverhill; Birdbrook; Stoke (by Clare); Clare; Cavendish; Melford; Sudbury; Bures St. Mary; Hadleigh; Manning-tree; Mistley; Wrabness; Dovercourt; Bentley; Harwich.

THE Stour rises in Cambridgeshire, near Newmarket, on the borders of Suffolk, and, entering the latter county in the course of a few miles, becomes the boundary between it and Essex. At Kedington, or Ketton, where our stream begins to divide the two counties, the celebrated Archibald Tillotson was rector in the time of the Commonwealth. From hence the Stour flows by Stour Mere (an indifferent piece of water), and a little below STURMER it takes in a considerable affluent, much larger, indeed, than the Stour proper as far as it has gone, which comes from the north-west, through the old Park of Horsheath, and thence, following the course of the HAVERHILL valley, intersects that town, and thus on by Water Hall (belonging to the family of Elwes, the celebrated miser), into the Stour. A little below this we stroll between the districts of Baythorn and Wixoe, from whence we leave the beautiful village of BIRDBROOK on our right, a station for which is close to the stream. The Swan is a good inn at Baythorn, and excellent pike and roach fishing may be found close by, and for a considerable distance above and below. There is a water-mill close by the Swan, which is part in Essex and part in Suffolk. Its attractive mill-tail will not escape the angler's eye. Birdbrook is probably named after an affluent which enters here from the south-west, and which in its course skirts the grounds of Bower Hall, and runs through the village of Steeple Bumpstead, not far from the rise of the Essex Colne. We now saunter on by the park of Baythorn, the residence of Kin Viall, Esq., which touches the bank of our stream, and then to the fine old family mansion of Stoke College. This interesting place is where Elwes, the miser, used to reside. It was to be let when we visited it in the spring of 1871. Hitherto great care has been bestowed upon its fishery, which was very good. We could not, therefore, refrain from the hope that scrupulous watchfulness would not be withdrawn from its waters during the interval of non-residence, the latter being too often the occasion of the complete devastation of the best preserves. The new owner, perhaps greatly influenced in his purchase by the inducement of a stock of fish, finds, to his annoyance, that the waters are worthless, and will require years, with the total exclusion of the

rod, to bring them to their former boastful condition. STROKE (by CLARE) possesses its railway-station, after which we pass Moor Hall, and reach the first town upon the banks of our river, that of CLARE, a place of great antiquity, concerning which Mr. Timbs, in his "Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls," gives much that is new and of interest. The ruins of the feudal residence of the ancient Earls of Clare partly remain, and also a priory that flourished here. Mr. Timbs does not, however, allude to a curious discovery which occurred but recently, yet prior to his publication. A labourer in digging here found a necklace, and he considered it of so little value that he gave it to his daughter, who wore it at church. Its quaintness of character attracting attention, the baubles, with the setting, were put to the test, and then it was discovered to be of diamonds and "pearls of great price;" and the joy was great in the delver's hut. But the lucky find soon reached the ears of those who look out for "treasure trove," and it was at once "claimed by the Queen," and a cheque for 3*l.*, the conventional fee for a triple birth, sent down in lieu of it. The attempt to breed salmon has been carried on near this, but with what success we could not learn. A small stream feeds the Stour from the north, which touches the Roman tumulus near Chilton Hall. The Stour then works Puddock Mill, courses between the halls of Bower and CAVENDISH, and the fine old house of Pentlow, near which is an interesting church, with a round tower; it afterwards works Weston or Foxarth Mill; and the remains and likely pool of another—a paper mill burned down, and previously in the possession of Mr. Lambert—are on a streamlet just below Liston Hall.

Here, to our great delight, we met with a legend of a salmon. It was forty years ago, when a man named Beadle, who worked at the mill, in examining the eel-nets found a fish therein which puzzled him mightily, as being wholly foreign to the waters. He, having great faith in his wife's knowledge of "odd fish"—she having married him, and been cook in a gentleman's family—submitted the prize to her judgment; and she, without a moment's doubt, placing her hands upon her hips, pronounced it to be a *salmon*! This being almost too much for her husband's credence, who "had been going on man and boy at the mill for more than half a century, and had never seed the like," the good woman dressed it for dinner, of which her mate partook to the full, and then became half convinced; but when the remainder of the fish was pickled and finished at supper and breakfast, Beadle, "full to the bung"

with evidence, was ready to "take his Bible oath" it was a salmon, and "no mistake." It was not of great weight, according to my informant's account, who had the particulars from the dame herself; but she testified, with watery mouth, to its "beauty in every respect—to look at, and to cook—to cut at and to eat." Taking it for granted that this was a true salmon, it was indeed a marvel of perseverance, as the obstacles are many and most formidable, between the sea and Sudbury. Salmon, however, have been known to get up as far as Stratford and Dedham, about a fifth of the distance.

LONG MELFORD now follows, near which are four handsome mansions and their grounds close to each other: Acton place, shorn of one wing (Lord Howes), Melford Hall (Sir W. Parker, Bart.), Melford Place (Henry Westropp, Esq.), and Kentwell Place, the seat of Capt. E. R. S. Bruce. Melford and Kentwell Place are situated in finely-timbered demesnes, which enhance, not only the picturesqueness of the village, but the views for some distance at the different windings of our river. A feeder of the Stour particularly favours the park of Melford Hall, running partly through it and working a mill as it quits its inclosures to enter the main river opposite Liston Hall, the latter current having turned another millwheel near Melford Green. Melford consists mainly of one street, and hence the term "Long." The best inn is the Bull.

From Liston the Stour takes a course almost due west, serves Whendale Mill, runs under Rod Bridge, supplies Borley and Brundon Mills, where an affluent enters, upon which another mill is situated at Belchamp Walter. Belchamp Hall is close by, renowned as the residence of the ancient and hospitable family of the Raymonds, in which are portraits of Sir Hugh Myddleton, so celebrated for his labours and losses on the New River, and his wife, by Jansen.

Quitting this slight departure from the main stream we jog on and get a glimpse of Brundon Hall, the property of the Barings, now inhabited by Mr. Daniells, to the borough town of SUDBURY, which the Stour embraces in a semi-circle. Sudbury was the birth-place of the celebrated landscape-painter, Thomas Gainsborough, and also of William Enfield, the compiler of "the Speaker." The best hotels and inns are the Rose and Crown, the Anchor, and the Bull (Stephen Spurgin), not far from the bridge, near which boats can be hired from J. Emey. The angler will be surprised, if not shocked at seeing flue-nets hung out to dry in a

cottage garden near this. He need not tie the bag of his rod any the tighter, as these nets are honestly confined to certain districts and are not used to excess. The Sudbury bridge joins Essex and Suffolk.

While at Sudbury, the *fair* fisher (let us place great emphasis upon the term *fair*) will find no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Rev. Oliver Raymond, of Middleton Rectory, whose knowledge of the entire of the Stour is great, and who, with such experience, combines the unselfish pleasure of freely imparting every hint he is in possession of, be it the wrinkle gained but yesterday, to the stranger fisherman of to-day. Perhaps this gentleman's character may be best read in a little work entitled "The Art of Fishing on the Principles of Avoiding Cruelty,"* obviously written for the love of mercy, and not for money. The quaintest of Norman churches, in which he officiates, will well repay a visit, whether for its ivy-embowered porch, its singular spire, or the fact that the "workmen, long as dust," have begun inside and left unfinished their Normanising dog-toothery; or that a tomb lies prone near the altar which, although despoiled of its brasses, tells that James Samison was rector there no less than 522 years ago! Around this bijou of a church Mr. Raymond has lived to see noble oaks arise, planted by his own hand, and vistas flourish, looking over a great extent of country, from whence the angler tourist can overlook the Stour. And when in the rectory old Bibles—perfectly unique in type and illustration,—pictures frame-jogging in every room and on every landing, from the old to the modern, will delight and refresh him, leaving out of the question the less intellectual greeting "in crystal cased" which may be in store for the weary man from this old-fashioned, yet albeit strong and hale specimen of reverend amiability, who, be it moreover mentioned, is a cultivated musician and accomplished draughtsman.

There is the mill of Mr. Baker, just below Sudbury, most winning to the angler, as indeed all the Stour mills are. We are now between the Conrads and Middleton, with the graceful uplands of the latter. The river is here full of deep holes, and the angling is held in esteem. Rymer's Mouth and Raymond's Point are especially spoken of. Great Henry Mill, belonging to Mr. Parmenter, is between this and Bures, to which from Sudbury the river flows on its errand by a number of groups of cottages, more or less noteworthy, checked here and there by a lock, which

* Longman and Co., London.

on the Stour means a *picture*, and then on to the Crown Inn, near Smallbridges. Then we reach BURES ST. MARY, where kings were crowned before the time of William the Conqueror, and selecting, as is our wont, the neatest and cleanest inn nearest to the river, refresh ourselves with much satisfaction at Host Abraham Cousin's, of the Eight Bells Inn. We now take the left bank of the Stour, over pleasant fields, after giving a wide berth to a tan-yard in the village, pass by a lock and Bures Mill, and quit for a while the friendly aid of the railway. We have, for the sake of brevity, and to save a constant repetition, omitted to state that the Stour, from just below Haverhill, not only follows the course of the railway, but very frequently threads it—running backwards and forwards underneath. We cannot, therefore, do better than suggest to the intending angler-tourist, who really desires to know the stream intimately, first to get into a railway carriage, and, shifting his seat from left to right and *vice versa*, to follow the course of the river with his eye, which scarcely, if ever, quits the line for any distance, and is little hidden from view excepting at times by a short embankment. The stations in the upper district being close together, moreover, give great facilities for fishing along the banks of the stream, from one to another. Bye-the-by, on many of our lines of railway, how many embankments there are which, being but a thin crust of earth on the valley's side, might, by their removal, open up a continuous panorama of beauty to the passenger, and thus, by delighting the vision, shorten very materially the fatigue of a long journey.

The Stour, from Bures, takes a direction due east, and passes Wiston Hall and village, where the Rev. C. E. Birch is ever ready to assist the knapsack laden searcher after topographical fact, or the angler with a zest for sport in reference to the vicinity and its really good fishery. Then on, over style and path to the ancient house of Smallbridges, the seat of the Waldegraves in Elizabeth's time, and visited by that ruff-throated monarch in one of her progresses, as we learn by her paying twopence of sterling coin to the bell-ringers to signal her coming and going. It is still partly surrounded by a moat, and a drawbridge used to give its inmates "license of travel" on both sides the river, and access to its old pleasaunce water, or decoy, on the opposite bank, the latter connected with the main river by a feeder of which the rascally poaching bargees know more than we do. This decoy, a fine and choice piece of picturesque water,

surrounded by wood and fringed in summer with a glorious margin of reed and water lily—wild, secluded, and bird-infested, to our heart's content—is the property of J. J. Tufnell, Esq. It is of extraordinary depth, and was last sounded from a boat by Mr. Oliver Raymond, with a loaded bait-can, and it gave 27ft. in parts, which agrees with some notes in our possession of a survey taken many years since. Its perfectly gravelly bottom still evidences the fact that no silt, at least in its deepest parts, is or has accumulated—an evidence which would again point to the existence of springs. It has the reputation of a full supply of fish, but they are shy, the carp more especially.

We now reach Wormingford Mill, and, crossing over, plod our way up the rising ground to pay our respects to the Rev. T. P. Tufnell, whose residence stands high and health-inspiring over the valley of the right bank of the Stour. This gentleman's courtesy to and sympathy with our sport is proverbial, and, properly accredited, the boat, the mill tail, the decoy, and a splendid reach of water looking "all fish" is at once at your service. Our short but delightful visit is not amongst the least of those associated with draughts liberally honoured upon the banks of Britain's silvery streams.

Mr. Tufnell tells us that he thinks the bream have fallen off in his part of the Stour from what he can recollect, but that there are still plenty reaching 3lb. to 4lb. each. He does not think there are two sorts, but that the same fish assumes, from a white and silvery hue in winter, a yellow and golden cast in summer, the deepest chrome colour being apparent in June. Roach are very abundant here, and are common from 1lb. to 1½lb., and occasionally reach 2lb. Perch are plentiful, and of average size. Dace in the shallow are full of pluck, but not so numerous as they used to be, and gudgeons have almost disappeared. There are no chub known to be in the Stour. Barbel were introduced into the Wormingford district some few years ago, but none have been known to have been captured. One, however, was supposed to have been since seen in the Wormingford Mill tail.

Off again refreshed, after stealing a peep into the church-yard, where some of the family of Constable, the painter, repose, and booking a hint or two for our friends the artists amongst some exquisite dell scenery so inducive of industrious lingerings, we meet with more "stanches" and locks, on to the small town of Nayland, where "Jones of Nayland," the greatest of theologians, was vicar, whom all true anglers should reverence alike for

his soul-inspiring divinity as his admiration for natural history. We may not pass Nayland without stating that the bridge over the Stour was built by a clothworker, named Abel, and that after doing so he had enough money left to build a porch to the church—which charitable act is commemorated by the figure of a bell carved in stone.*

Although for the most part we have thus far wandered through a district which presents great delight to the senses almost at every turn, we now approach some beautiful scenery, particularly where the lofty and well wooded park of Tendring, the seat of Sir C. B. Rowley, Bart., breaks upon the view, and where the high grounds around the adjacent village of Stoke (by Nayland) add their richness of foliage to the landscape. Here there is a perfect pet of a little river, the Boxford, which comes down the valley formed by the graceful hills on either side—like a frisky kitten bounding after a ball of worsted, and following it through curves and brakes and curtain-like vistas—from Giston and Polehead. Such a stream near London would be priceless! How it sings its own happy career. Near its rise there is Peak Hall, suggestive of height and purity of both air and water—then Babe, or Babyburgh Place, cradling it in innocence—Hole Farm, where it begins to feel its depth ere it gets to “The Powers;” and then by equally appropriately named places, making a dash to avoid “The Wash,” like a very child, but leaning lovingly towards “The Cherry Ground” and “Rose Cottage,” and so on and on, making all things old pleasant by its way, past the Mill and Nether Hall, where it takes a staid and straight, not to say awkward, appearance, like a school girl in short sleeves about to be introduced for the first time into the stream of a more sober and profound current of society. It was a lovely day when we traced the course of the Boxford, and it appeared as glad as we were—at least so we flattered ourselves—playing frolicsome pranks amongst the delightful scenery the most of the way, but sideling every now and then in a less sportive mood, to do the miller and his mill a good turn, and then dashing off again, as if more delighted with its work, to join its main channel. Then in little more than a mile from the confluence of this pretty affluent comes in another streamlet, “the Brett,” from due north, which vies in length, though not in sweetness and beauty, with its sister Boxford. Still, in a few spots it is exceedingly lovely, and rising some little

* Angels throw stone wings across a stream, and man puts a toll upon them.—*Old saying.*

distance from Monks Eleigh, laves the sylvan grounds of Chelworth Hall, the seat of — Pocklington, Esq. ; then follows Semer Lodge, the residence of Mr. Cook, and chases in and out amongst the uplands of Hadleigh, Layham, Shelley, and enters the Stour near Higham Hall, the seat of J. Dawson, Esq. We could not trace the presence of trout in any of the streamlets of the Stour, but, whether they are there or not, they ought to be in most, as the waters look well adapted for their healthy support. There is capital fishing at HADLEIGH, and perch are fine and abundant. Hadleigh is celebrated for its rectors. The Norman church and castle should be visited. "The ruin of the latter," says Constable the artist, "from its situation, is vastly fine. It commands a view of the Kent Hills, the Nore, and the North Foreland, looking many miles to sea." The ivy with which the ruins of the castle are partly covered, deserves notice. The great stems, rooted in the ground, were severed many years since, and the masses of leafage now derive their whole support from the walls, in which their "claws" have developed into true roots. Rowland Tayler, one of the best remembered of the Marian martyrs was burnt near this in 1555.*

But if we have spoken so enthusiastically of parts of the scenery we have already passed through in our most engaging ramble, what can we say that will not fall short of that due to the banquet of beauty now spread for us in the Valley of Dedham. No marvel that such a store of rustic material should have made Constable a painter! Wherever we look, we find an excess of sweets, a prodigality of studies, all grouped to hand in most harmonious order, and the puzzle which to choose alone arrests the pencil. East Bergholt, above our eye yonder, on that gloriously wooded height, was this artist's native place, and it is truly said, that eight or ten of his most important subjects might be inclosed within a circle of a few hundred yards near the village of Flatford, the mill of which was long in possession of Mr. Abraham Constable, the artist's uncle, and, as may well be imagined, was one of the fond resorts of the boy painter—its partly hidden riches, its varied studies of land and water foliage, and its flowing current, presenting irresistible subjects for his pencil. It is a chosen spot likewise of the angler, who is permitted here to enjoy his sport in delightful retirement. The sylvan character, likewise, of the surrounding scenery; its graceful declivities; its luxuriant meadows dotted with the relieving substantive colour

* *Vide* Rev. H. Pigot's "Trans. of Suffolk Archæol. Inst.," vol. iii.

afforded by flocks and herds—strange to say, never in the wrong place in the picture!—its rich pasturage and nodding pride of cultivated uplands; its stately, proud, and unbending woods; its scattered villages and churches, suggestive of humility and home, of tranquil peace and glorious heaven—all render the valley of the Stour a scene of peculiar interest to men whose souls are in sympathy with that of John Constable. It is true, that John Constable has left us no “great work of art” properly so called, but he has bequeathed to us the greatest, because they are within the grasp of the many, as holdfasts of God’s surpassing excellence as seen in all around—open without fee—refining to most, convincing to a few, but undeniable to all. Constable, well named, who “took up” and arrested by the staff of his magic pencil, and as a moral policeman, all that fell under his discriminating eye, and confining it within a frame—not for the censure, but the admiration of mankind—a Constable, who to the end of his days would not dilate upon crime and his intelligence in tracking it, but upon order, and method; and extatic beauty which Nature has spread out as a carpet to cover a world otherwise barren, upon which all might tread alike with “the springy feet of thanksgiving, and the pattern of which he thought it the highest privilege to closely copy and to pass over to his successors.” We claim a right to speak thus of John Constable, for we knew him when we were an art student, and we know that to the close of his life he would speak of the glorious valley in which we now find ourselves with an unadorned eloquence, inspired even by its humblest features—a lock and barge; a water mill, and waggon coming through its splash; a nest of cottages; a group of children playing at school around a fallen stump; or the exterior or interior of a barn.

And no wonder, for of all the locks, and mills, and cottages, and barns in “merrie England,” give us those of the valley of the Suffolk Stour. The surprise is not that Nature’s teachings, which make all around a grand landscape studio, should have made one John Constable an artist, but that we can date so few gifted men of the easel from so great a wealth of the best possible material upon which to commence and perfect a painter. It can scarcely be that a region so full to overflow with all that is precious to raise and retain a love of imitation, is not sufficiently known, for the “Life of Constable” is, as it ought so be, on most shelves, and every writer in turn has drawn upon its pages to illustrate his text when alluding to the attractions of this nest of

lovely valleys. Yet we are almost ashamed to add that while we have counted four and more artists at a time on some common place or hacknied bit of scenery of other parts of our island far less accessible by rail, we have never met with a single individual in all our rambles about these districts engaged even in taking a pictorial memorandum of its beauties. Let us hope we have not chosen a proper season to meet with the canvas poised on easel and the conventional white umbrella. Yet, strange to say, we have here the refutation of the common axiom that "familiarity breeds contempt," for in this valley there are none with whom we met that would not "bang off into an ecstasy of eulogy upon our touching the trigger" of the abundant charms to be found on the banks of Stour.

The Stour joins the tidal flow at Brantham Lock, above MANNINGTREE, which, however, it does not do until we pass several pieces of very fishy old river, particularly between "The Float" and "Judas' Gap," and again between the latter place and Catawade Bridge. After passing Manningtree, MISTLEY and Park (Lord Rivers's), the Stour increases exceedingly in breadth, presenting a noble expanse at high water from a mile to two miles wide. The estuary extends about ten miles in a direct line to the port and bathing-place of Harwich, where it joins the Orwell estuary from Ipswich, and the two rivers fall united into the sea beneath the batteries of Landguard Fort, on the Suffolk shore, passing on its way WRABNESS and DOVERCOURT. (Cliff Hotel, pleasantly situated.)

The entire course of the Stour is upwards of fifty miles, and the whole distance can be walked with sauntering ease and almost indolent enjoyment in a fortnight, giving up the Sundays to rest and a devotional visit to the churches—all of interest—on the way. It can likewise be done by boat as far as Sudbury in considerably less time, it being navigable to Manningtree by sea-borne vessels, and thence, by the aid of locks, by barges and small craft the rest of that distance, say full thirty miles above Harwich.

Spencer sings of the stream—

And *Sture* that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Eastern *Saxons* from the Southern nigh,
And Clare and Harwich both beautify.

Shakespeare alludes to the "roasted Manningtree ox, with a pudding in its paunch."

Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder, made mention of in

Hudibras, lived here; he caused sixty poor creatures to be hanged as reputed witches, and then, submitted to his own tests, as he had tried others, and flung into the water with his thumbs and great toes tied together, he swam, and so

proved himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech,

and was then hanged.

Perhaps we ought not to pass two small streams which come down from the north-west and fall into the estuary: the one a bifurcated affluent with a branch flowing through Little Wenham, by Churchford Hall and Capel St. Mary; and the other from BENTLEY, and falling in at Sutton New Mill: the second stream running through Saltingstone Park, the seat of G. C. Lester, Esq., in which it forms a magnificent lake and afterwards courses on by Holbrook, in the grounds of which it feeds, or is fed by, a very extensive piece of water, the property of John Reade, Esq.

THE INGERBOURN RIVER.

A TRIBUTARY OF THE RIVER THAMES.

STATIONS: Brentwood; Rainham.

THIS small stream pursues a southern course, and forms the boundary between the Liberty of Havering-atte-Bower and the hundred of Chafford. It has its source to the south of Navestock, and, flowing onwards, is skirted on the left by the extensive and richly-wooded park of Weald Hall, with the pleasant village of South Weald adjoining the demesne, with its lakes within a short distance of BRENTWOOD. Thorndon Hall and park, likewise close by, boasts a lake, and a few other ponds are in the neighbourhood. From hence the stream winds on to Upminster, a scattered village on its west side, surrounded by several handsome mansions with beautiful pleasure grounds and plantations. The learned Derham, author of "Physico-Theology," resided at this place as its rector. On the opposite side of Ingerbourn is the village of Hornchurch, on the Romford and Dagenham stream, where also there are some pleasant seats. About half-way lower down, between Upminster and the long village of RAINHAM on its left bank is an affluent from the east, which swells a sheet of water in Foxhall, and enters the Ingerbourn by Ponds Farm. From hence it takes a short course

through rich marsh lands to the river Thames. The scenery of the upper part of this river is a perpetual variety of hill and dale, exceedingly attractive. There are fish, more or less, in all the waters mentioned. Navestock Park (the Countess Waldegrave) contains a fine lake.

**THE BLACKWATER (or PANT) and ITS TRIBUTARIES,
the BRAIN and CHELMER.**

STATIONS: Braintree; Kelvedon; Witham; Wickham Bishops; Langford; Maldon; Dunmow; Chelmsford; Ingateston; Brentwood; Rayne.

THIS river, sometimes called the Freshwell, takes its winding course through a well-cultivated and well-inhabited country, and in its progress receives various tributary streams. It has its rise to the east of the diversified park of Debden Hall, and passes by Badwinter to the vicinity of the straggling village of Hempstead. In Hempsted church there is a handsome monument to the memory of William Harvey, who immortalised his name by discovering the circulation of the blood. His younger brother, Elijah Harvey, had purchased the Hempstead estate; but the hall, which was an occasional seat of the family, no longer remains, and the property is in other hands. The Rose and Crown still stands where Dick Turpin was born. From near Hempsted the Blackwater flows onward by Sampford and Bardfield, and below Shalford passes by Codham Hall, where Butler wrote a great part of his "Hudibras." It afterwards runs by Bocking Church-street, in which the stately parish church of Bocking forms a conspicuous feature; and lower down it passes by the end of Bocking-street, which is the northern portion of the populous town of BRAINTREE.

Below Braintree the Blackwater (in some works called the Brain) skirts the park of Stisted (pronounced Systed), then flows by Bradwell church, and reaches the small town of Coggeshall, where it receives a little tributary from the elegant seat of Marks Hall. The town stands partly on low ground near the river, from which the other part rises, occupying the acclivity of a pleasant hill. Inns in plenty.

From Badwinter to Coggeshall the direction of the river has been generally south-eastward, but it now becomes southward. In the neighbourhood of KELVEDON the elegant mansion of Felix Hall (the seat of Sir T. B. Western, M.P.) occupies a commanding site in a beautiful park. Its interior is said to be rich in works of art. Lower down, on the east side of the vale, stands Braxted

Lodge, also on an eminence, which embraces extensive prospects over a rich, cultivated country. The grounds are ornamented with a fine sheet of water twenty acres in extent, and present delightful scenery. Behind the demesne rises the elevated ground of Tiptree, once an extensive waste, but now inclosed and recovered by Mr. Mechi, and which stretches for some distance on a line parallel with the course of the river. On the opposite side of the vale is placed the town of WITHAM, on the tributary river Brain; after which the Blackwater passes under the railway at WICKHAM BISHOPS and on to LANGFORD.

It abounds with pike—

Ankham eel and Witham pike,
In all England is none like—

perch, roach, dace, eels, gudgeon, carp, tench, and a few trout. The water is clear, the stream about eight or ten feet wide at Braintree, gradually enlarging as it gets lower, until it becomes twelve or fourteen feet, or even more, at places. There is a quickish stream; the bottom is for the most part gravel and loam. It is full of good fishing holes, some of them fourteen or fifteen feet deep. Almost the whole of the fishing is preserved.

Commencing at Braintree, the chief proprietors are: Mr. White, of Weathersfield; Mr. Hanbury (the banker), of Oldfield Grange, Coggeshall; Mr. Brunwin, of Blackwater; Sir Thomas Western (lord lieutenant of the county), of Felix Hall; Mr. Chas. Du Cane, of Great Braxted Park (the present Governor of Tasmania—formerly one of the Conservative members of the county); and the Hon. W. Byron, of Langford Grove, whose eldest son has just succeeded to the title of Lord Byron.

There is good fishing all down the stream, especially in the neighbourhood of the mills, which are stationed at short intervals in its course. It runs through some of the prettiest of the scenery in this part of the county, especially that between Coggeshall and Kelvedon, through the Braxteds to Witham and Langford. The railway is very convenient from Witham (the main line); a branch takes you into Braintree—a good, old-fashioned market town, where the best accommodation may be got. From Braintree the following places may be reached, being within easy walking distance—all on the stream: Stisted, Pattiswick, and Coggeshall, hence to Feering and Kelvedon.

At Kelvedon there is another station on the main line, about four miles from Witham. A tourist may fish from Kelvedon,

through Inworth and Braxted to Witham, the scenery being very lovely in the neighbourhood of the picturesque estates of Sir Thomas Western and Mr. Charles Du Cane. From Witham some excellent sport may be had right down through Wickham Bishops and Langford, through the Byron estates to Maldon, at which place is a station—branch from Witham (an hour and a-half from London). Maldon, a borough which returns one (formerly two) members to Parliament, is prettily situated on a high hill, and will furnish every possible accommodation, Mr. Philip Revitt, at the King's Head, being especially recommended, and Blue Boar.

There is no inn at Inworth. At Great Braxted, tourists can make their headquarters the Mill House; Witham (town), White Hart (Mr. Brown), Spread Eagle, Victoria, Railway, &c.; Wickham, none; Langford, none.

The *Brain* or *Gulth** pursues a south-eastern course. It has its rise in the vicinity of Saling, and thence proceeds by RAYNE to the market-town of BRAINTREE. This place rises boldly from the rivers Brain and Blackwater, between which it is situated. It possesses a fine spacious church, and of late years has been much improved. A little below Braintree the stream passes Black Notley, which has produced two distinguished men—the pious Bishop Bedel, and John Ray the naturalist, both of whom were born here. Ray, towards the latter part of his life, retired to his native place, where he died; and the churchyard contains his monument, raised by Bishop Compton, and bearing an elegant Latin inscription to his memory. Lower down the Brain stands the village of White Notley, and the stately pile of Faulkourn Hall (Rev. W. Bullock) afterwards presents itself, exhibiting the architectural features of various ages. Its park is rich in wood, and here is one of the largest cedar trees in the kingdom. About a mile distant from the river, on the side opposite to White Notley and Faulkourn, is the lovely park of Rivenhall Place, near which Thos. Tusser, author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," was born about 1515. Quitting these vicinities, the Brain flows between Witham Place and Chipping Hill to the handsome, well-built town of WITHAM, below which the waters are lost in those of the river Blackwater. The Brain, or Gulth, runs through private property all the way, and is most strictly preserved, abounding with pike, perch, dace, roach, tench, gudgeon, and eels.

The Blackwater now flows onward beneath the southern

* The Brain is sometimes called the Podsbrook river.

extremity of the Tiptree range, and at the town of Maldon is joined by the navigable river Chelmer from the west.

MALDON is pleasantly situated on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect over the marshy grounds towards the sea. Sir Edward Landseer, the eminent painter, resided here in the early part of his life, and many early productions of his pencil are in the collections of gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. Below this place the river Blackwater forms a broad estuary, extending about twelve miles towards the east, and mingling its waters with the sea between Mersea Island and the parish of Bradwell.

To those who would have a fine and extensive view of this country, we would suggest that they should ascend the tower of Maldon old church, from the leads of which the debouchure of the two rivers may be well and accurately comprehended, and the surrounding districts clearly recognised, the whole panorama forming a most pleasing and interesting episode to a trip on the Blackwater.

The *Chelmer* is likewise a tributary of the Blackwater, and finds its way through a rich and well-inhabited country, in the central part of Essex. It takes its rise in the vicinity of Thaxted, an ancient town with a large and beautiful church, whence it flows in a southerly direction to the village of Tilty. At this place there anciently stood an abbey, and some slight remains of the building may still be seen. The situation is pleasing, being a valley surrounded by verdant hills, and watered by our river, the banks of which are skirted by what is termed Tilty Wood. A little below this Easton Park, the fine demesne of Viscount Maynard, presents itself on the side of the vale. Here the river changes its course from south to south-east, and then proceeds by the town of DUNMOW, "marriage-fitch-of-bacon famed," which stands pleasantly on a gravelly hill of considerable height, while the immediate bank of the river is occupied by the sylvan suburb of Church End. Inns; Saracen's Head, Star and White Lion. Sir George Beaumont lived here; and here Wilkie and other artists were his guests. Lower down, at Little Dunmow, was formerly a priory of some note, of which part of the church yet remains, and is still used for divine worship, affording, in its massive columns, with their capitals elegantly carved, and its beautiful Gothic windows, sufficient evidence of the magnificence of the fabric when entire. Below Felsted, where it receives an affluent from Linsell Hall, Latchley Hall, Stebbing and its Hall, the Chelmer resumes a southern direction, and on its way to Chelmsford, passes Felsted Mill, How-street Mill, Langley's Mill,

and "Langleys," at the village of Great Waltham. This is a large and handsome mansion, and besides its park being well stocked with deer, a pretty affluent of our river refreshes its grounds. A water mill and its attendant aquatic accessories is just outside the park to the north, a little above Chatham Hall. As it approaches the town of CHELMSFORD, the Chelmer flows near Springfield Hall, which is pleasantly seated above the river, with a view of Bloomfield to the right, and Chelmsford to the left, and the stream and its vale beneath. Springfield itself is a suburb to the town, from which the whole parish is separated by the Chelmer. The handsome county town of Chelmsford stands upon the banks of the rivers Chelmer and Cam, the latter of which, with its feeders, coming from the west and south, passes sluggishly across the low grounds bordering this town and the hamlet of Moulsham, watering in their route Roxwell, Chignal, St. James's, Writtle, Widford, Ingatestone, &c. One of these streamlets supplies the extensive lake of Fitzwater, half-way between INGATESTONE and BRENTWOOD—about two and a-half miles from either—and meets the Chelmer as it comes from the north. Chelmsford is approached on all sides by a slight descent, particularly from the Colchester road; but the place itself is nearly on a level, its stately church standing on the highest part. The country around is extremely pleasant, and very abundant in agricultural produce.

From Chelmsford, where it becomes navigable, the Chelmer winds on through a pleasant vale in an eastern course, by Sandon, Great Baddow, Boreham, Little Baddow, Ulting, Langford, Heybridge, and Maldon, and working Sandon, Sparrow, Rain-birds, Howe, and Beleigh Mills. On the north side of this vale, near Sparrow Mill, stands Boreham House, an elegant country seat, with a park laid out with considerable taste in the modern style of gardening; while on the south side rises the high ground of Danbury, which in every direction commands a widely extended prospect. "The hills which climb towards the high grounds of Danbury are deep, ferny, and almost as picturesque," says Murray, "as those of Devonshire." A broken, heathy summit below the main hill is called "The Rodney." Fine views are commanded from it, and it is a favourite place for pic-nics. Danbury is certainly deserving every eulogy, and those who have visited it for the first time in genial weather, are ever eager to renew their acquaintance with its many beauties. A little to the west of Ulting church the Chelmer receives the waters of the

Ter, which comes down from the west of RAYNE, crosses the well-wooded and charming park of Terling Place, passes under the viaduct west of WITHAM, and a little lower down flows by the elegant seat of Crix to the west, and furnishes "The Ponds" on the south of the stream, then on to Hatfield Peverel and LANGFORD, into the Chelmer, near Beleigh Mill and Abbey. Thus augmented, the Chelmer divides for a short distance its accumulated waters; one branch going round by Heybridge and supplying a cut, the other to the town of MALDON, where it loses itself in the waters of the Blackwater.

The Chelmer belongs to a navigation company, but the fishing is the property of the lords of the manor and the tenant farmers in the vicinity. It possesses a great many locks, mills, and mill streams, in most of the floodgate waters of which are some very fine fish. Its width is from thirty to fifty feet, and it is very deep in places, its bottom principally gravel, and full of deep holes. From Chelmsford to Boreham there are abundance of pike, perch, eels, roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, and tench; and below Boreham to Heybridge, there are enormous quantities of bream in addition to the above. There is but little difficulty in getting permission to fish this stream, far less than in the Blackwater, most of the farmers and millers living on the banks very readily giving the necessary leave. At and about Great Baddow, Lord Rayleigh is the lord of the manor, and preserves pretty strictly. At Boreham, Sir John Tyrrel. Lord Rayleigh's property comes in again at Little Baddow; Mr. Lovibond at Ulting. Mr. Quilter, at Ulting Wick, can here give permission; also Mr. Thomas Aldham, of Ulting Hall; Mr. Garrett, of Horne Mills; and Mr. Ward, of Beleigh Grange; and lower down towards Maldon the Hon. Mrs. Byron, of Langford Grove. The Great Eastern Railway brings you from London to Chelmsford, Witham, Langford, and Maldon, all being but a short walk from the stream, and, with the exception of Langford, all affording excellent accommodation. The small streamlet, the Ter, at Terling, a village about four miles from Witham, the residence of Lord Rayleigh, and belonging to him, is chiefly famous for its quantities of minnows. There are also pike and eels. This is equally looked after. There are ponds lower down near Hatfield Peverel.

The following are the chief ponds and lakes in the neighbourhood of Kelvedon, &c. Inn: Star and Fleece, and Railway Tavern.

New Hall Pond, at the Nunnery, Boreham, near Chelmsford. It

is four or five acres in extent, and belongs to the Nunnery. Permission may be had of Mr. Sparks, the land steward, who lives on the estate. It is three miles from the Chelmsford Station, towards Witham, and is well stocked with carp, tench, eels, and roach.

The *Mill Pond*, Boreham, near Chelmsford, four miles from the station, belonging to Sir John Tyrrel, of Boreham House, Chelmsford, from whom there is no difficulty in getting a permit to fish. It is two or three acres in extent, full of barbel, eels, and roach. Public-house, the Lion, Boreham.

Rivenhall Place Pond, occupied by Lady Page Wood, belongs to Sir Thomas Western, of Felix Hall, Kelvedon, from whom leave must be obtained. From Railway Station, Witham, three miles. Public-house, the Western Arms; host, Mr. Beckwith. There are six or eight acres of water, with plenty of pike, perch, roach, dace, and eels.

Terling River, before alluded to, belongs to Lord Rayleigh. From Railway Station, Witham, four miles. Public-house, the Rayleigh Arms, host, Mr. Smith. Full of pike, eels, minnows, and very fine dace.

Stisted Hall Pond, the property of, and occupied by Mr. S. Courtauld, from whom permission must be obtained. From Braintree Station (branch from main line at Witham), four miles. Public-house, the Lion. Fifty or sixty acres in extent; very full of pike, carp, eels, and tench.

Joyce's Head, in the parish of Tollesbury, a fine piece of private water near Kelvedon, the property of Capt. Isherwood.

Oldfield Grange Pond, belonging to Mr. Hanbury, of Oldfield Grange, Coggeshall, who freely gives permission to strangers. The station is Kelvedon, from which it is four miles. Public-house, the Compasses, Pattiswick. Twelve acres in extent. Plenty of pike, perch, carp, tench, and eels, with some roach.

Braxted Park Pond, two miles from Witham Station, the property of Charles Du Cane. Leave must be obtained from H. J. Blood, Esq., solicitor, Witham. Public-house, the Du Cane Arms; landlord, Mr. Whybrew. About fifteen acres. Contains plenty of pike, perch, carp, dace, roach, gudgeon, eels, &c. This is a very picturesque spot, and easily got at from Witham. Perhaps a note in the first place to the hotel keeper would prevent disappointment, which often results from a plethora of applications rather than a desire to refuse.

At Writtle, two and a-half miles S.W. of Springfield, is a moat, said to have encircled a palace of King John.

The Rev. T. P. Tufnell tells us he can remember when the stream at "Langleys" was full of trout, and he could take, his rod up the little streamlets in the season, and kill many brace of handsome fish. Drainage has foully murdered all this!

THE RIVER COLNE.

STATIONS: Birdbrook; Great Yeldham; Castle Heddingham; Halstead Colne; Chapple; Mark Tey; Colchester; * Wivenhoe.

THE Essex Colne rises in the northern and north-eastern parts of that county, near the beautiful seat of Moynes Park, near BIRD-BROOK, and flows eastward and south-eastward, threading in and out of the line of the Colne Valley Railway, passing GREAT YELDHAM, a pleasant village interspersed with trees and gardens, and surrounded by fine rural scenery, and possessing a good country inn (the White Hart), where a comfortable bed can be had. From hence it proceeds by Spains Hall and Lovington to CASTLE HEDDINGHAM, which stands on a pleasant acclivity on the north side of the river. This place was famous in former times for its noble castle, of which the great tower, or keep, still remains—a lofty structure externally almost entire, the solidity of its walls having resisted the usages of time and of man. From Castle Heddingham the river increases in size, works a mill near "Wallaces'" and Box Mill, near the handsome seat of Dynes Hall, and dividing HALSTEAD, an irregular town, and a name implying a healthy place, from the railway, dips under Blue Bridge, where its course takes a more eastward direction, and receives here a tributary, which, in its progress through the large and beautiful park of Gosfield Hall, the seat of Mr. S. Courtauld, has been expanded into a fine lake of very many acres, to COLNE. After this it passes near to CHAPPLE under a branch railway from Mark Tey, and a most stupendous viaduct, 80ft. above the river, and 1000ft. in length. Winding on by Fordham, West Bergholt, and Lexden, turning the wheels of, and forming handsome backwaters to several mills, it at length reaches the borough of COLCHESTER, to the east end of which the river is tidal. The best inn in Colchester is the Cups; the next the Lion, and the third the George, all in the High-street.

The principal part of this very ancient town occupies the

* There is likewise a second and third station for Colchester at St. Botolph's and Hythe.

summit and east sides of a fine eminence, rising gradually to the height of 112ft. above the river, navigable to HYTEE, a suburb forming the port of Colchester. This situation contributes to the pleasantness as well as healthiness of the place, allowing a free air, and extensive prospects over the country in various directions. Colchester is a town of unusual interest to the antiquary. Besides its various parish churches, it possesses very interesting remains of its ancient castle, extensive monastic ruins, and a town wall, whose line is still in a great measure unbroken. Roman relics are abundant, and there is a pervading air of antiquity in the town, which is highly interesting to the visitor.

From Colchester the river flows for the remainder of its course in a south-eastern direction. Passing near WIVENHOE and Park, its channel just above this large village receives a tributary stream from the west called the Roman river, which passes to the north-east of MARK TEY. At Wivenhoe, the Colne begins to expand into an estuary, and the higher parts of the village command a fine prospect, down to Mersea Island. Various creeks open into this estuary, some of which have mills upon their feeders, with heads of water worth the angler's attention. The channel of the estuary is much contracted by the extensive shoals on which are the valuable oyster beds of the Colne. On the north-eastern shore is BRIGHTLINGSEA, the church of which stands on an elevated site, with a lofty tower, and forms a conspicuous sea-mark. The estuary joins the sea between the well-wooded and beautifully diversified isle of Mersea, and the large parish of St. Osyth, the latter celebrated for the extensive remains of its ancient priory, which, with modern erections, form a distinguished seat in a park of three hundred acres, at the foot of which a small affluent of the Colne flows in a semicircle.

The upper part of the Colne has every appearance of affording good quarters for trout, and would doubtless become a capital breeding water; but, although the attempt has been made more than once to stock it, the poaching element has proved too strong for the would-be conservators, who, it would appear, as many of us do in other cases, have thought their work was done when it was only commenced; turning in the fish to look after themselves. Restocking waters by artificial production or otherwise may be excellent as far as it goes—it is, however, but a preliminary step, needing constant and efficient watching, to render the trouble and expense attendant upon it successful and remunerative. The presence of a good keeper over half a dozen trout in a

few miles of water will beat, in the long run, all the breeding boxes and the hundreds expended in their hatching to boot.

There is, therefore, as a friend tells me, "no rod-fishing worth mentioning," but, as "there are some decent jack, and perch, and roach," the Colne escapes exclusion from our little work. The same kind piscator supplements our ramble by a few useful observations, from which we extract the following: "You are aware that as soon as you get outside the town the river is small and the fish, though nominally preserved by Mr. Papillin, lord of the manor of Lexden, are no doubt netted continually. In the village of Lexden, one mile up, there are some jack; but I never knew the very best of fishermen, although I have been resident thirty years, kill more than two or three fish in a day. Further up again the stream is slow, and narrow, and bushy—certainly not fishable except near a mill in places. I believe very few people go out except here and there a schoolboy and an occasional shoemaker to catch roach and perch. Eels there are in abundance, but these are rarely caught except in traps at the mills. There is a good piece of water at Wormingford, seven miles off, called the Mere, with plenty of perch and jack, in which there is no difficulty to get permission to fish from the Rev. T. P. Tufnell, the vicar, who also lends his boat." This water we allude to under the head of the "Stour."

At Mersea Island, about eight miles from Colchester, and round about the mouth of the Colne Mere is very good whiting fishing in October, and boats are to be had near the water.

THE BLYTHE.

STATION: Halesworth.

THIS stream rises at Laxfield, passes the Danish village of Ubbeston, and intersects the Park and Hall of Heveningham (Lord Huntingfield) where it forms a broad lake in front of the mansion, with pike, perch, carp, tench, &c., in abundance. The Hall is one of the finest houses of modern date in Suffolk, and is admirably placed. The park is extensive, and the well wooded avenue leading to the mansion is of great length and uncommon beauty. Lower down, in the vicinity of the town of HALESWORTH, the stream receives the tributary on which that place is situated. Halesworth lies at the bottom of an amphitheatre of

hills, and seems to have been once rich in specimens of domestic architecture, vestiges of its picturesque beauty in this respect still remaining. The Three Tuns, in the market-place, is part of an old timber-house.

The Blythe afterwards flows by Blythford and Blythborough. Considerable trade was carried on here, and there existed a priory of Augustines, or Black Canons. The parish church is a splendid edifice, majestic and beautiful even in its present state of decay. In this vicinity to the north of the Blythe the demesne of Henham, the seat of the Earl of Stradbroke, forms a fine feature; and below the village of Blythborough the river expands into a large "broad" extending two miles down to the new quay at Walberswick, whence the Blythe runs, in a straight and deepened channel of two miles more, to the piers south of Southwold, and forms a harbour to that seaport for vessels of 100 tons burthen. Southwold stands pleasantly on an eminence about two miles from Beydon, and overlooks the German Ocean, but is nearly encompassed by the river Blythe, over which a bridge leads into the town. It was originally a small place, consisting only of a few fishermen's huts; but in proportion as they were successful they built houses, and at length became rivals to Dunwich and other neighbouring towns. It is now much resorted to in summer as a bathing-place. It has a fine church.

The Blythe is navigable by small craft up to Halesworth, and its total length is about fifteen miles. Its ancient passage to the sea was further to the south, by Dunwich,

Whose scatter'd honours show the hallow'd ground,
The spoils of time and unrelenting fate.

There are several picturesque bits on the banks of the Blythe.

THE ORWELL AND GIPPING.

STATIONS: Stowmarket; Needham Market; Claydon; Bramford; Ipswich; Bealings; Manningtree; Mistley; Bradfield; Wrabness; Dovercourt; Harwich.

THE river Gipping, which is the name of the upper course of the Orwell, is formed by the streams which become confluent near **STOWMARKET**, in the centre of the county; one of these rises by a small spring in the hamlet of Gipping, and passing by Hill House, winds gradually through bright peaceful meadows between

Stowupland and Old Newton, gently descending until it enters the flat willow-covered meads to the north of the town of Stowmarket. The stream flows past the old angler's inn called the Pickerel (much degenerated of late years), and, running past the town, unites itself with a stream coming from Gedding, Rattlesden, and Finborough Hall, the seat of R. J. Pettiward, Esq., and forming one of the two other sources of the Gipping. There are other small affluents which come down to the north of Stowmarket, to swell the main channel from the villages of Wetherden, Haughley, and Harleston. Just below the town there are two mills, and another, Badley Mill, still lower. The Gipping follows the course of the railway nearly the whole way to Ipswich, and at NEEDHAM MARKET is close to it. But thus far the fisheries have been much neglected, and other causes, alike discreditable to sport, have reduced the chances of angling to a very low ebb. There is, however, some symptoms of a desire to remedy so deplorable a state of things, and, with examples of success which have attended upon the efforts of the good citizens of Ipswich in districts below the locality referred to, we do not see how such causes for lament can remain much longer without a beneficial change.

From Needham Market the Gipping takes a course of sixteen miles to Ipswich, passing by the pleasant grounds of Bosmere Hall, the residence of T. W. Wing, Esq., and a mill (Mr. H. Lingwood). The mere contains large jack, perch, and bream, but cannot be fished without a boat, the permission for the key of which should be obtained with the privilege to angle. The mere is a complete circle, and sheers off immediately from the bank into water of fabulous depth. It is in the best seasons surrounded with giant reeds, over which band of aquatic vegetation it is difficult to cast, and still more difficult to recover, the line and bait. This, as we have said, renders a boat indispensable. The Gipping now courses by the finely wooded park of Shrubland, the seat of Sir George N. Broke-Middleton, C.B., and a number of villages, amongst others Coddendam, which contributes an affluent, and Darmsden another, Baylham, Barham, Great Blakenham, and CLAYDON, Akenham and BRAMFORD, with the handsome demesne of C. Paris, Esq., and mill. The Gipping then makes an elbow to the south-west, round by the village of Sproughton and the Manor House, the seat of Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, and mill (Mr. H. Neave), and afterwards passes again to the north by the exquisite grounds of the Chantry, the seat of C. B. Skinner, Esq. It then dips under the railway by Boss

Hall (Major Capel), and, after a course of about a couple of miles more, joins the basin of the Orwell to the south of Ipswich.

From BRAMFORD and Mill to the confluence of the salt water, nearly seven miles in all, if back streams are included, "The Gipping Angling Preservation Society" has, within the last two years, taken the stream under its protection, and, it is most gratifying to add, with marked and decided success. The rules of this society contain the conditions of liberality and strictness—both most essential elements—for the security of the preserves and the amusement of the anglers: liberality towards all classes of fair fishers, and stringent provisions against abuses of every description. For instance, the committee undertake, free of all charge, to protect, with the assistance of a keeper and watchers, about two miles of water close to Ipswich for the benefit of the inhabitants of the town, to prosecute poachers at their own expense, and otherwise prevent the stock of fish intended for the pleasure of the townspeople from being unduly deteriorated. They further conserve the rest of the river as far as Bramford for the use of the subscribers to the society, the funds of which are employed to protect the "free" and society's water alike. The committee being composed of gentlemen of high name and standing in Ipswich, is a guarantee of a desire to give every encouragement to those who would amuse themselves in the delightful and healthful sport of angling; and in this they are encouraged and aided by the resident gentry upon the banks of the stream, whose keepers have directions to assist the river inspectors in seeing that no breach of the law takes place.

It may be, however, as well to quote a few extracts from the rules: "That in that part of the preserved waters extending from Ipswich to Boss Hall, the inhabitants of Ipswich and the neighbourhood shall be allowed to angle free of charge, provided always that no other mode of killing fish than with rod and line is pursued; that no angling shall be allowed earlier than sunrise or later than one hour after sunset, and no angler to have more than one line in the water at a time."

The latter clauses equally apply to the whole of the preserved waters: "The annual fees for the upper waters are one guinea and ten shillings and sixpence: the former entitles to angle in the whole of the preserved waters, the latter the privilege of fishing to the first mill, that of Sproughton, only. Family tickets of one and a half guineas entitle the whole of one family living in the same household to angle. The subscriber of one guinea is

entitled to take a lady to angle, and six day tickets for the use of friends. Non-subscribers day tickets one shilling each. That fishing for pike or for perch with live-bait will not be permitted during the months of March, April, and May."

Pike and perch are plentiful, and roach most prolific and of good size, in the Society's districts, perhaps arising from the fact that they have no eel, dace, or bream to share with them their common food. A few gudgeon are found here and there, and crayfish are inhabitants of the stream, but do not thrive very well in it; eels of excellent flavour tolerably plentiful.

Although this part of the Gipping is not swift in its current, it is quite sufficiently so for the roach-fisher, who, if from London, will be closely reminded of his favourite Lea. There is a back-water or two of greater sharpness, and the falls are high, and must have a tendency, when in action, from their aerating power, to keep the stream in excellent and healthful condition. We were much surprised to find that there were neither trout nor grayling; but this is partly explained by the current being diverted in dry seasons from the more natural and congenial resorts of this handsome and valuable fish for the urgent requirements of the mills. The two mill-pools and tails, with their waste-water sluices, are all that an angler need desire, and they are equally open to him as is the rest of the surrounding stream. We cannot but think trout, if placed in these scowers, would soon become familiar to them, and find in the holes and under the aprons of the weirs ample shelter in time of drought, as they do elsewhere, more particularly if a few artificial havens of refuge were created.

Sproughton is a neat Suffolk village, forming, with its elevated church, several pretty tableaux, as we wind round the Gipping. Its principal inn is the Wild Man, the sign depicting an Orson, slightly clad in skins, wringing a rabbit as a scullery wench would a dishcloth. It is clean in its interior; the hostess is attentive, and the malt excellent.

Sproughton Mill-tail is a picture in water-colours which the angler cannot fail to enjoy. Looking down the river from the waste-water gate, we have on our left the old camp-sheeting bursting and jutting streamward, with its weight of garden mould dropping through its yawning timbers, as the undermining stream threadles in and out, and robs the miller's cabbage-garden of its alluvial wealth; the trees, the roots of which, half-immersed and bare in the current, and half-embedded and tenaciously

clinging to the soil, with their trunks impending threateningly, cross the landscape in the truest harmony of composition, while the mill, with the ever picturesque accessories of such structures—the wooden, white handrailed bridge straddling the shallows with its moss-grown starlings; the handsome church, proud, noble, and majestic, on the rising knoll, backed by bare trellised limbs of stately elms, through which we get peeps of the immortal hills and perishable lattice-paned and straw-clad cots, with the shimmering and reflective water bringing down blue bits of sky and fleecy clouds into its bosom—are all present to the eye from one stand-point. Yet each spring day will change all this. The same objects will be there, but, like the pieces of coloured and shapeless glass in the kaleidoscope, every recurring tremulous touch of Nature's mysterious hand will clothe it in a varied beauty equally rustic, sylvan, and enchanting. What could art-angler desire more than to sit amongst such scenery and fish, or to be lulled into a holy half-dream by the monotonous fall to which the mill-wheel beats harmonious time, and to which the winds, as they catch the descending waters, and furtively arrest its torrent, give a wild cadence like the weird complaints of an *Æolian harp*? How much of this we met with in our agreeable ramble with those who were equally alive to the interest of riverside villages and their many charms—albeit the flooded meadows forced us here and there, in our drawing-room boots, to ape an effeminate step, and pick our way like the daintily-shod maiden visitor crossing yon farmyard. Such scenes, with the perfume of the humble wallflower; the trill of the wing-poised chorister rising towards heaven like melodious incense; the flowery banks at our feet; the nooks and copses within ken; the homes of the peasantry, small and embowered, “all snug and clean within”—are mostly the pleasurable accompaniments of these streamside hamlets, and of which our darling English water-courses are so prodigal, and yet which, common as they are, are never vulgar, but are especially acceptable as serving to flatter us into the fond notion that they are feasts purposely set forth for the rambler's especial delectation and delight.

BRAMFORD, the next village, boasts its railway-station, besides having a comfortable inn, the Angel. The next village—Barham—has some very interesting associations as the place where for sixty-eight years the Rev. William Kirby, the entomologist, was resident minister, and where he died, aged ninety years, in 1850. Here, again, the scenery presents many rural enticements

to linger and admire; and, doubtless, Mr. Kirby culled much experience of that unerring skill and wisdom he so delighted in describing in the abundant scope at his disposal amidst the adjacent woods and meadows.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was, according to ancient topographers, unquestionably a navigable channel from Ipswich to a bridge near Battlesden; and in the seventeenth century we find that some of the bells for Stowmarket Church, which had been recast at Ipswich, were taken by boats up to the town. But as the river was unaided by the hand of art, and retained all its natural windings in its rich oozy bed, it would seem to have been left to enjoy its own quiet to nearly the end of the last century, when it was rendered navigable up to Stowmarket. Till thus disturbed, the Gipping presented a scene of retired beauty, and, amid the quivering shades of its poplars and willows, preserved those deep pools of rest in which the voracious pike and unwieldy bream delight to live. "The meditative angler may even now," says Lewis, "find much to soothe and cheer him on its banks. The fish in which the Gipping waters abound are pike, perch, roach, tench, gudgeon, carp, horned carp, eels, and bream, the last between the Mere, at Bosmere, and the town of Ipswich, but not between the Mere and Stowmarket." What is meant here by *horned* carp we are at a loss to guess, and all our inquiries upon the Gipping have failed to satisfy our curiosity.

IPSWICH has been the abode of several men of eminence, among them Cardinal Wolsey, who was born here in the year 1471. Of its recent worthies may be mentioned Gainsborough, who resided at Ipswich for some time; in reference to which circumstance another distinguished painter, John Constable, when staying here for a while at a later period, writes: "It is a most delightful country for a painter. I fancy I see Gainsborough in every hedge and hollow tree." Bernard Barton, the well-known Quaker poet, was educated at Ipswich, and in many effusions of his muse he displays his early predilection in favour of the picturesque beauties of nature so conspicuous in the vicinity of this town.

There is a mere close by BEALINGS, that formerly stood high in the estimation of anglers, and it is possible is yet worthy of that distinction.

We now get into salt water, and, after leaving Ipswich and its spacious wet dock, begin to think of our deep-sea lines, and if all be true of the vast quantities of fish that are taken at some

seasons from a boat about here, when we have our doubts so far put at rest by noticing a man fishing for butts (a large description of flounder), which he is hauling aboard at the rate of about one in every two or three minutes. The scenery of Drayton's "princely river," however, must first claim the attention of the angler-tourist, as it is well described as a noble estuary, extending about ten miles in length, and forming one of the most beautiful salt water rivers in the kingdom. It is certainly a great and startling change from the narrow, but pretty stream (our "dear little Gip") we have so lately left, and has especial claims upon our gratitude for the pleasure it affords the eye the whole of the way down, it being bordered by gently rising hills, enriched with various gentlemen's seats, all boasting their own lovely "bits" which coyly creep to the very edge of the water, as if to greet us and make us welcome. Nothing can indeed be more graceful and more agreeably diversified than are these nature's fringes and festoons, which, while decorating the border of this sylvan mantle, give grace and beauty to the terminal edges of the water's flow. We pass on our way by Wherstead, and its pleasant demesne, a favourite retreat of the famous Lord Chief Justice Coke, and "The Lodge" was once the residence of William Scrope, author of "Days of Deer Stalking." Then follows Freston Tower still on our right, a lane leading from which is known as "Gainsborough's Lane," and we catch sight of the noble park of Woolverstone, the seat of John Berners, Esq., which is said, in Gough's edition of Camden, to be the finest spot in the east of England. Opposite this are two lovely residences—Orwell Park, the seat of George Tomline, Esq., and Broke Hall—the former once the residence of Admiral Vernon, and the latter Sir Philip Broke, who, as commander of the Shannon, captured the American frigate, the Chesapeake, in 1813. Flowing then between Chelmondiston and Levington, Collimer Point opens up, and the noble estuary formed by the Orwell and Stour presents itself, Harwich being right in front of us, and beyond it the ocean; on the left is Landguard Fort, guarding the river's mouth, and the high land of Walton and Felixstowe forming the background.

The Orwell is mentioned by Chaucer as well as Drayton, and many a minor poet has also sung of

Orwell, delightful stream, whose waters flow,
Fringed with luxuriant beauty, to the main.

Harwich, with its magnificent opening to the sea, and a harbour

commanding a depth of water always available to vessels of large tonnage, holds an important position on this coast. Lord Burleigh laid great stress on the necessity of fortifying it; and in the days of Marlborough much money was spent in the purchase of land for the erection of defences. The Eastern Counties Railway system at MANNINGTREE skirting the right bank of the Stour, passes through MISTLEY, BRADFIELD, WRABNESS, DOVERCOURT, and on to HARWICH. A fine hotel has been built here by the company for the accommodation of the steam-boat passengers from and to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Grestmond for Bremen and Harlingen, &c. The other hotels are the Three Cups and White Hart. There is likewise a Royal Yacht Club, of which Mr. James Ashbury, the owner of the celebrated Cambria, is the commodore.

The Ostrich Inn on the right from Ipswich is a favourite resort, and is surrounded with picturesque attractions.

THE DEBEN.

STATIONS: Melton; Campsey Ash; Woodbridge.

THE Deben rises in a central part of Suffolk, more than a mile northward of the pleasant little town of Debenham, to which place tradition asserts it was navigable in Saxon times. After passing the villages of Ashfield, Winston, the Swan inn, close to the river at Ashfield Place, Creetingham, and Brandeston, where it receives a brook from Earl Soham, it turns by the Nunnery and Brandeston Hall (Charles Austin, Esq.), wriggles about a good deal by and after passing between Hoo Hall and Kettleburgh Hall, on to Letheringham, where we halt awhile at the fine demesne of Easton (the Duke of Hamilton's). Some extremely pretty water succeeds this, and the Patford Brook from Charsfield, when we reach Glevering Hall, the seat of the Rev. J. Williams, and, rambling on, come to Wickham Mill and the small town of Wickham Market. A little below this it separates into two streams for a couple of miles, and altering its south-eastward course pursues in the main a southerly one, flowing by the Parks of CAMPSEY ASH (J. G. Sheppard, Esq.), and Rendlesham House (Lord Rendlesham), where the Deben rivers unite but to part again and re-unite a little above Ufford Bridge, not far from Eyke. Thence the Deben leaves Bromwell on our left and approaches to MELTON, at Wilford Bridge, and thus on by the

Coach and Horses inn to WOODBRIDGE, where it becomes a navigable river. There are fish more or less all the way up, but we have found the sport, except in exclusive waters, most uncertain. The angler may pitch upon an open spot to-day, and take his thirty pounds of roach and perch; he may return the next day and find his success has brought the poacher and his net.

At Woodbridge it expands into a channel from a quarter to half a mile wide, which falls into the sea about nine miles below, and the estuary mixes its waters with the sea between Bawdsey and Felixstow. The latter place affords an interesting coast scene, and has been celebrated in poetry by Bernard Barton. King's Fleet, opposite Bawdsey, is a very large piece of water with a comparatively narrow outlet into the main channel, and is the property of Colonel Tomlin. It is very muddy, but it harbours pike of a large size, with other fish habited to such waters. There are two or three other similar lagoons, but smaller, near this, in which the angler, in the absence of brighter and more congenial streams, may essay his art. Alderton would perhaps be the best spot to make for, and a boat will be indispensable. The total length of the Deben is from twenty-five to thirty miles.

THE YOX OR MINSMERE.

STATION: Darsham.

THE little river Yox or Minsmere rises amongst some high ground near Great Boats Hall, to the east of Baddingham Wood, not far from the source of the Blyth, to the south of the village of Ubbeston in Suffolk, and after a circuitous course makes for Peasanhall, and runs by the ruins of Sibton Abbey and Wood, and thence through Sibton Park, the seat of J. W. Brooke, Esq. It next chases through the demesne of Sir John Blois, at Cockfield Hall, a fine Tudor mansion, and thus on to Yoxford, hence one of its names. Yoxford is a picturesque town, on the old turnpike road, and about a mile distant from DARSHAM on the East Suffolk Railway. The country around is pleasingly diversified with hill and dale, and beautifully wooded. "Indeed, so fine is the scenery, the soil, and the general aspect of the country," says Knight's Handbook of Suffolk, "in and around Yoxford, that it has been aptly termed 'the garden of Suffolk.'" Our little river is now left pretty well to itself until it reaches

Middleton-cum-Fordley and Backford Bridge, near Westleton Moor, not far from which will be found the Plough Inn, about which, and by East Bridge and over Minsmere Level to its outfall by a sluice-gate into the sea, it is of an artificial character, being called "the New Cut." There is no fish to speak of in its tiny embrace, but it is capable of being utilised, and will doubtless prove productive ere long, as water is assuming everywhere its due value for sport and production. Still we would mildly protest against the Yox being termed a "river," for the torpor of this listless stream would be beaten in the race by many canals. Hawthorne's description of the Concord would suit it to a trickle. "But, taking the river for all in all, I can find nothing to compare with it, but one of the half-torpid earth-worms which I dig up for bait. The worm is sluggish, and so is the river; the river is muddy, and so is the worm. You hardly know whether either of them be alive or dead; but still in the course of time they both manage to creep away. The best aspect is when there is a north-western breeze curling its surface, on a bright, sunshiny day, it then assumes a vivacity not its own. Moonlight also gives it beauty, as it does to all scenery of earth and water." This simile of the worm is true of our river, and when we see the sluice which prevents its escape, we are reminded of the ruthless spade of the gardener which appears to have descended upon the reptile's head; and we look back in expectation of seeing the little Yox writhing in many folds.

THE ALDE AND ORE.

STATIONS: Framlingham; Parham; Marlesford; Snape; Aldborough.

THIS stream rises at Brundish, in the county of Suffolk, and thence flows past Dennington, Bruisyard, below which latter it runs between Rendham and Sweffling, and afterwards between the demesnes of Benhall (Rev. E. Hollond) and Great Glemham (A. Garrett, Esq.) and the villages of Stratford St. Andrew and Farnham, about a mile below which it is joined by the river Ore at Beversham Bridge. Renham, Sweffling, and Great Glemham are all of them names intimately associated with the life of Crabbe, the poet; and the scenery of Great Glemham, where he resided, is particularly interesting. Near the confluence of the Alde with the Ore stood the priory of SNAPE, and at Snape

Bridge, where an affluent joins it from Kelsale, Saxmundham, and Sternfield, our river begins to expand into a broad tidal stream, and becomes navigable for vessels of 100 tons burthen. About five miles below Snape the channel of the Alde washes the south side of the town of ALDBOROUGH,

The borough that a bard hath sung.

This place derives its chief interest from its proximity to the sea, and from the circumstance of its having given birth to Crabbe. It is situated on the side of a pleasant acclivity rising boldly from the German Ocean. Its neighbourhood supplied the poet with many of his happiest and most graphic descriptions; and the same may be said of the whole line of coast from Orfordness to Dunwich, every feature of which has been reproduced in his writings. Since "The Borough" was written the town of Aldborough has much improved, and numerous visitors now resort to it in summer as a watering-place. Indeed, it holds out many inducements to invalids to seek health on its shore, scarcely equalled, and certainly not excelled, by any which the most fashionable places can boast. The strand is not more than forty or fifty yards from most of the lodging houses; and during ebb-tide, and frequently for weeks together, it is peculiarly adapted for walking and bathing, as the sand is very hard and firm, and its beauty well merited the encomiums of those poets who have sung its praises. To the lover of nature, Aldborough holds out another attraction, besides the convenience of its beach; the magnificent terrace on the summit of the hill behind the town commands a view that embraces many features of the sublime and beautiful; not only does the eye wander over the boundless expanse of ocean, Aldeburgh and Hollesly Bays, which are richly studded with their own moving treasures, and separated from each other by Orfordness, but it is also gratified with the view of a rich country, through which runs the capacious Ore, adding beauty of no common character to the scene, for there exists a great confusion in the distinctive nomenclature of the two streams.

The Alde or Ore here approaches within a few hundred yards of the sea, but at once abandons its intention of forming a junction at this spot, and, bending suddenly southward, runs parallel to the shore for about nine miles, being separated from the ocean merely by a narrow peninsula of marsh and pebbles. This part of the Alde's course is called the Vale of Slaughden, and has been cele-

brated as lovely and delightful in a poem by Mr. James Bird. Old Camden also speaks of "the beautiful Vale of Slaughden;" but there appears to be little ground for such encomiums. The river, in its course from Aldborough, passes by the town of Orford, whose stately castle—majestic in decay—rises conspicuous to view. It then receives the tributary estuary called the river Butley, a place once the site of a wealthy priory, whose gatehouse yet remains, rich in heraldic sculpture.

The story told by Ralph Coggeshall, of a wild man caught by the fishermen of Orford, concerns the angler, as, should he get this rum fish on the hook, he may know who he is playing with. The circumstance, however, is said to have taken place in the year 1204, or the sixth of King John, and, therefore, by this time, although we have but little knowledge of these mermen, he would now be tolerably old, despite the conservative nature of salt water. This sea monster, it is said, resembled a man in size and figure. He had hair on those parts of the body where it usually grows, except in the crown of the head, which was bald, which inclines many people to think he must have been a monk-fish, intensely fond of maigre days, and his beard was long and ragged. But then, when ashore he ate either fish or flesh, raw or ready cooked; but when raw he first pressed it in his hands, perhaps asking a blessing upon it, or forgiveness for taking it too fresh. He was given to the governor of Orford Castle, who kept him some time, during which the servants tied up the poor stranger by the heels, and cruelly tormented him to make him speak. He lay down on his couch at sunset, and rose at sunrise. The fishermen, it is said, carried him one day to the sea, and let him go, having first spread three rows of strong nets to prevent his escape; but, diving under them, he appeared beyond their barriers, and seemed to deride his astonished keepers, who, giving him up for lost, returned home; whither, however, they were soon followed by the monster, who continued with them some time; but, being, it is said, weary of living alone, and treated as a turtle—hung up head downwards—he stole away to sea, and was heard of no more. What a fortune must this marine have carried in his experiences of the mysteries and treasures of the deep; and how invaluable his knowledge of the habits of the salmon, the eel, and other fish. Perhaps he is only waiting for the full development of the Brighton Aquarium to come ashore again and smoke a pipe and chaw a weed with his oceanic brethren.

The grey mullet is taken in the river Alde in the greatest perfection.

The Ore—thus named on some maps—takes its rise to the north-west of the town of **FRAMLINGHAM**, and about three miles below its source intersects that small but thriving place. Framlingham contains a stately church, and the ruined walls and crumbling towers of its proud castle remind us of the days when the imperious family of the Bigods, earls of Norfolk, kept their rule over the district. After receiving the Parham Brook and passing the Broadwater, we come to **PABHAM**, and Hall (F. Corrance, Esq.), in which village Crabbe first saw the object of his affections, won her heart, and afterwards resided. Next are the villages of Hacheston and **MABLESFORD**, and about two miles and a half lower down our little river loses itself in the Alde.

Aldborough : White Lion Hotel.

THE CAM (or GRANTA).

STATIONS: Newport; Wenden; Audley End; Saffron Walden; Chesterford; Whittlesford; Shelford; Bartlow; Linton; Abington; Meldreth, Foxton, Shepreth, Harston, and Barlow (Hitchin and Cambridge line); Cambridge; Waterbeach; Ely; Chatteris; March; Wisbeach; Lynn; Wimblington; Doddington; Watlington; Downham; Hilgay Fen; Littleport; Walsoken; Emneth; Smeeth; Middlerove; Magdalen Gate; Watlington; St. Germain's; Stonea; Manea; Fulbourn.

THE Cam is a tributary of the Ouse, in the counties of Essex and Cambridge. This classic river has its source to the east of Quendon, near Thristley Hall, and taking a south-westerly direction, the infant stream passes Little Henham, and then turning sharp round the hill at Ugley-gate, at once assumes a direct northerly course to the large village of **NEWPORT**. Just below which it receives an affluent from the west passing Arkesdon and Wicken Bonnett. It then leaves the base of the commanding eminence of Shortgrove Hall, and proceeds to **WENDEN** and mill, where the Audley and Bartlow branch crosses it. Lower down it flows through the highly ornamented grounds of **AUDLEY END**, where its clear waters form a wide canal in front of the house. The mansion of Audley End, raised on the site of an ancient abbey, is said to have been equal in extent to the palace of Hampton Court. Even what now remains is large and magnificent, and the scenery of the park is varied and finely wooded.

Eastward of the park stands SAFFRON WALDEN, delightfully placed on a bold eminence rising from an affluent of the Cam, called the Slade Brook, which comes down from Burnt Wood End, Little Walden, and leaving the old ruins of the castle of Saffron Walden, passes through Audley Park below the lake spoken of, and falls into the main stream. The town possesses one of the handsomest churches in the country, and its vicinity affords charming walks, especially towards Audley End, where the scenery is richly diversified. After passing Littlebury, Springwell, and Little and GREAT CHESTERFORD our river quits the county of Essex. It then flows by Ickleton, Hinxton, and Duxford, works a mill at the latter village, and at WHITTLESFORD where it splits up into several threads, repeatedly separating and uniting again. There used to be some good trout in the river at Whittlesford, but of late years they have been almost entirely destroyed by the chemical matters allowed to flow into the water from the large Sawston Paper Mills. On our right is Pampisford and mill and Sawston Hall, and we pass an oil mill, the Borough Mill, the Nine Wells at Dernford, and Dernford Mill, and come to GREAT SHELFORD and its mill. A little above this the Cam receives the Bourn river, a feeder on the right from Ashdown Street and BARTLOW, a place on the borders of the two counties, remarkable for the Roman barrows to be seen there. This affluent then waters the grounds of Barham Hall, and wriggles in and through the heart of LINTON, after which it passes Hildersham and its hall, and under the Newmarket Railway at LITTLE ABINGTON, then on to Babraham and Stapleford. The Cam now makes a bold but somewhat sinuous detour to the left, passing Hinxton village, mill, and bridge, and just before it reaches the Bedford and Cambridge line, it receives the river Rhee, which, from its comparative size, many have claimed as the true Cam or Greta. Some trout are to be found above Hinxton; the fishing belongs to Pembroke College, Cambridge, and is strictly preserved.

The Rhee belongs to both Hertford and Cambridge, and claims two branches; one, taking its rise in the village of Ashwell, Hertfordshire, gushes out from several apertures in the lower part of a chalky declivity. It soon after enters Cambridgeshire, on the borders of Bedfordshire, and proceeds in a north-easterly direction by Tadlow, Shingay, and Wendy, and crosses, about a mile to the south of Wimpole Park, and its magnificent avenue near the Octagon Pond. At Malton it receives its other arm, which supplies and comes down from the reservoir above the park, and

filling the lakes of that splendid demesne, courses on to Orwell, and thence to the united branches of the Rhee, after which it takes in three feeders from the south in a short distance—one passing by Melbourn and MELDRITH (Hitchin and Cambridge Railway) and mill, another by SHEPRETH, Hitchin, the third by FOXTON, and a fourth from Newton, Fox Hole, and Hoffer Bridge. We have passed Barrington and its mill, the Moats, Quakers' Mill, and get on to new water at HARSTON and mill. The Rhee forms an elbow to and past Haslingfield and Burnt Mill Bridges, and, as if to make up for past inflections, starts right straight away for the Cam near the farm of Cantalupe.

The Cam passes under the Bedford and Cambridge Railway, two miles to the right of its station at BARTON, and a little below, at the Old Mills, it is joined by a second Bourn Brook, from this time from the left, and which flowing near, or not far off, the villages of Bourn, Kingston, Toft, Comberton, and Barton, follows almost throughout its length the course of the Hitchin and Cambridge railway.

The Cam now flows between the villages of Trumpington and Grantchester, and approaches the town and university of CAMBRIDGE, "the garden of great intellects" for "the culture of minds."

The fishing below Cambridge used to be preserved by the "Cam Angling Association," now, we believe, extinct.

The poet Gray, who spent much of his time at Pembroke Hall, speaks of "the quiet ugliness of Cambridge;" and certainly, if we exclude the University and college buildings, the town is wholly devoid of dignity or beauty, while the country around it is tame in the extreme. Cambridge is full of attraction, however, as a seat of learning, and as the intellectual birth-place of Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Newton, Wordsworth, and other illustrious men.

Soon after it leaves the city, the Cam passes Chesterton and its paper mill, touches Fen Ditton, keeps to the right of Milton Park and its lake, and thence on to WATERBEACH enters the district of the fens. To the left of its course there are still existing some ruins of Denny Abbey, and lower down, on the opposite side of the river, is the place called Spinney Abbey, where Oliver Cromwell's fourth son, Henry, was once visited by Charles II. : Henry died here, and was buried in the neighbouring church of Wicken. Below this at Upware is an inn and ferry. It should be observed that the stanches are always the best places

for fishing, as the fish head up to the brisker water thus caused by these structures to keep up the stream for navigation. At Barroway, the Cam joins, a little below Thetford Ferry and Inn, the Ouse, with no particular scenic features, except that the proud towers of Ely Cathedral appear to the north, finely elevated above the level where the junction takes place. The Cam is sometimes flooded to a great extent, and is navigable up to the bridge of Queen's College, Cambridge.

The greater part of the north-west of Norfolk, and the whole of the north-east of Cambridgeshire, are intersected and gridironed with drains, dykes, creeks, and sluices, many of which contain fish in liberal quantities. The further you go from the towns or villages the more you are likely to come home well loaded with jack, perch, &c. The best plan, however, is to take up your headquarters at a good and comfortable hotel, if it be winter; in the summer you may do as you please, and any humble cot in the vicinity of your "hunting grounds" will suffice, if you are a keen sportsman, and provided the crib is clean. These drains, drowes, dykes, creeks, sluices, &c., flow into one or other of the main rivers, and at particular seasons the fish run up them in shoals, many of them being left in pits, holes, and deeps, where, with ordinary judgment, they may be taken, very often to the astonishment of the angler, of individual weight in remarkable and favourable contrast to the size of the waters they have chosen or been compelled to select for their habitation. Perhaps ELY, CHATTERIS, MARCH, WISBEACH in Cambridgeshire, LYNN, WIMBLINGTON for DODDINGTON, WATLINGTON, DOWNHAM, HILGAY-FEN or LITTLE-PORT, are eligible stations to put up at in turn, should the angler determine with his rod thoroughly to explore (if after coarse fish only) a most interesting district. Here we will guarantee him an aching back if he does not go accompanied by some fen-man, ever in readiness to act as guide through the mazes of these marshes, to carry the heaviest of bags, and to feel satisfied and grateful with one-third the dole a southern puntsman would scarcely accept for beer money. From the chief railway stations we have mentioned, smaller ones may, in most cases, be reached, such as WALSOKEN, EMNETH, SMEETH, MIDDLE DROVE, MAGDALEN GATE, on the Ouse; WATLINGTON and ST. GERMAINS, all on the Wisbeach and Lynn Railway; or the STONEA, MANEA, &c.

It would be well to procure an ordnance map of this district, as we are inclined to believe, from the bare nature of the sheet in reference to villages and farms, more than usual pains have

been taken to garnish it, and thus every public-house—a matter of no little importance to the wanderer without a compass or guide—is distinctly marked. Thus we have, as we have said, the Jolly Anglers, and beside this, the Wheatsheaf, Crown Public House, the Chequers, the Plough, the Windmill, the Three Horse Shoes, the Dog and Duck, &c., &c., denoted with an accuracy which is a guarantee that the wayfarer need not be lost upon the fens, or sink for the want of sustaining malt.

There is a feeder of the Cam which enters from the south-east, a little below Waterbeach, at Bottisham Locks, which most topographers appear to have ignored. It is called the Bottisham Load, which rises at Shardelow's Well, near FULBOURN, and passing east, under the Newmarket Railway, takes in a streamlet at Hawk Mill, which flows from "The Temple" (seat of Edward Hicks, Esq.), between Little and Great Wilbraham. It then joins the Caudle Ditch, near Quaywater Bridges, works Quay Mill, and passes Quay Hall (seat of Clement Francis, Esq., and then to Anglesea Abbey (seat of Rev. J. Hailstone). Here are the remains of the old abbey, the Priory of Anglesea, founded by Henry I.—the remains consist of a vaulted room and graduated corbel table: the room now forms the entrance hall. It joins a brook from Bottisham Village, which skirts Bottisham Load, turning its mill-wheel on its way, and goes straight off to the Cam, which it enters by Bottisham Lock.

A second feeder, named Swaffham Bulbeck Load, still lower down the Cam, rising at Spring Hall, receiving Whiteland Springs to the south of Bottisham Hall, through the grounds of which it passes, after which it visits Swaffham Bulbeck and its mill and Abbey grounds, and thus on by Hop-corner, enters the Cam at Swaffham Bridge and Lock. There are pike in plenty throughout the above, with large quantities of other coarse fish.

THE OUSE.

STATIONS: Buckingham; Sharnbrook; Wolverton; Bedford; Lidlington; Ampthill; Oakley; Tomsford; St. Neots; Offord; Brampton; St. Ives; Swavesey; Somersham; Huntingdon; Denver; Stretham; Ely; Littleport; Manea; Black Bank; Lynn; Market Downham.

As we shall have much to do with this river, it may be well to trace its course through the counties of Northampton, Oxford, Buckingham, Bedford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk.

Thus, in touching upon most of our railways west, north-west, and east of the Metropolis, it cannot well be disentangled or dis-associated from them.

We shall give, however, as we proceed, the stations, and their respective lines, which are nearest to the different parts of the river; and it will be observed that, in some instances, two, or even three, means of conveyance are offered to the angler-tourist to get from or to the same place—no slight advantage!

The Ouse traverses a very considerable part of the Midland shires of England, and, though its stream is lazy, and neither gives nor receives much beauty in the great tract through which it passes, it is in many respects an interesting river to the angler. It flows through the largest extent of level country, and has the most tortuous course, of any river in the island.

The Ouse rises in the south-western part of Northamptonshire, at Ouse Well, a spring in Ouse Close, adjoining the turnpike-road, at the foot of the hill descending eastward from the village of Farthingho. It skirts Steane Park, and directs its course to Brackley, a town whose principal street is particularly wide, "and goeth up upon a pretty hill." In this vicinity is the seat of Everley Hall. For a short space the Ouse divides the county of Northampton from that of Buckingham, and it then separates that of Oxford for a longer distance from Buckinghamshire. Penetrating into this latter county, it proceeds by a rambling course, and with a sluggish stream, to the unattractive town of BUCKINGHAM, leaving the princely territory of Stowe at some distance on the left. Buckingham is nearly surrounded by the Ouse; and two miles below it the river is joined by the Padbury Brook. This tributary rises in Oxfordshire, to the west of Ardley Castle, and within a mile of the bed of the Cherwell, a feeder of the Thames. From Thornton Hall, below the junction of the Padbury, the Ouse again divides Buckinghamshire from Northamptonshire, till, having passed near the town of Stoney Stratford, it receives the river Tove, or Tow, from the north, when it once more intersects the county of Bucks. The Ouse, however, is considered by some map makers to rise in two branches, one of which is this river Tove, Tow, or Weedon, which gives its name to the town of Towcester, through which it passes. The Ouse, down to this point, and the Tow—which takes its course from the same vicinity as the Ouse—form two corresponding bends, inclosing a considerable oval tract of country, in the centre of which rises the high land of Whittlebury Forest.

Robert Bloomfield, the poet, alludes to Whittlebury Forest, in the following lines :

When morning still unclouded rose,
 Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,
 Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,
 I traced the births of various streams.
 From beds of clay here creeping rills,
 Unseen to parent Ouse, would steal ;
 Or, gushing from the northward hills,
 Would glitter through Tove's winding dale.
 But, ah ! ye cooling springs, farewell !
 Herds. I no more your freedom share ;
 But long my grateful tongue shall tell
 What brought your gazing stranger there.
 "Genius of the forest shades,"
 Lend thy power, and lend thine ear ;
 Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
 And bring thy peace and silence here.

From the Tove Junction, near WOLVERTON, the Ouse flows onward, south of Haversham, in a wide stream which is sometimes swollen into a large river, and thence proceeds by Little Linford House, to the town of Newport-Pagnall, where it receives the tributary waters of the Ousel, from the south. In its approach to, and departure from, Newport-Pagnall, it makes some very remarkable turns, running towards every point of the compass within the course of a few miles. About three miles and a half below this town, the Ouse flows between the demesnes of Tyringham and Gayhurst ; and, lower down, on the left, is the pretty village of Weston, with its woods ; its little church-tower overlooking the valley of the Ouse. Here dwelt the poet Cowper, enjoying the friendship of the Throckmorton family, and ranging freely over their delightful park and its neighbourhood, whence he drew much of the imagery of his poetry. Further on, between Weston* and Olney, may be observed the "eminence" where his "pace" oftentimes "slackened to a pause," that he might gaze upon the scene below.

Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
 Of spacious mead, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
 Delighted. There, fast-rooted in their bank,
 Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,

* W. Hayley's Account of a Visit to Weston.

That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds.

Vide Cowper's "Dog and Waterlily."

The town of Olney, where Cowper lived nearly twenty years before he removed to Weston, lies to the east, upon the same side of the river. Its situation is flat, and the country is by no means striking. The bridge here over the Ouse consists of four arches, with upwards of twenty land arches across the meadows, rendered necessary by the increased size of the river after rain. Cowper alludes to it as the structure

That with its wearisome, but needful, length
Bestrides the wintry flood.

The Ouse next passes on the west of Clifton Reynes—the attempt to walk to which, when the paths were in a bad state, forms the subject of Cowper's humorous piece of "The Distressed Travellers." Flowing onward, the river skirts the pleasure grounds of Brayfield, and then for a short distance separates the shires of Buckingham and Bedford, having the Bedfordshire village of Turvey, with its gentlemen's seats, on the right. The course of the Ouse within, or upon the verge of, the county of Bucks is nearly fifty miles.

The windings of our river, in the former part of its progress through the county of Bedford, are still more remarkable than those about Newport-Pagnall and Olney. They were too peculiar to escape the notice of Drayton, who tells us, in his "Polyolbion," that Ouse

In meand' red gyres doth whirl herself about,
And this way, here and there, back, forward, in and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gait,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through these rich fields doth run; till lastly, in her pride,
The shire's hospitious town she in her course divides.

The river in its progress to the "hospitious" town of BEDFORD passes, besides Turvey already mentioned, Charlton, Harold, Odell, Felmersham, and nearly touches upon SHARNBROOK, on the Midland Railway, when the river suddenly turns back and threads the Midland Railway for seven miles of its course down to Bedford.

Although this portion of the water is exclusively private, it deserves especial mention, there being no very great difficulty, with a proper introduction, to get a day or two's permission to fish, from the proprietors or farmers.

From Felmersham we come down to Bletsoe, and then to Melton Ernest, pass Stafford Bridge, and round by Stevington, back to the Railway, and to Clapham. Between the first and last of these three places is OAKLEY. Near to Oakley station, and likewise close to the water, is the village of Hall Cross. The Ouse then passes by Bromhall Hall (Lady Dinover's, whose agent is Mr. Golding) and Bridge, three miles from Bedford, where there is an excellent and commodious hotel, the Swan, kept by Mr. Harrison; and the superb water of Captain Bringham Newland commences, and runs for about three miles to and below Kempston. At Kempston there are three public houses: Half Moon (Titus Cherry), Crown (Thomas Dewberry), and Three Fishes (W. Francis). The acute angle which this piece of water makes incloses Beddenham in its embrace. After passing Caldwell Priory we reach Bedford.

From Bedford to the sea the Ouse is navigable; but, although there is little or no interruption to the angler, it must be borne in mind that generally where private rights exist, if there be a careful supervision, you find the best fishing; but where no trouble is taken for the preservation of the fishery, poaching by the net will be most at work, provided always there is anything to take worth a poacher's while—which again argues there may be enough for the rodster.

The county town of Bedford, with its fine parish churches and other public buildings, stands principally on the north bank of the Ouse, in the midst of the rich tract of land called the Vale of Bedford. It is a place of great antiquity, and is remarkable for its ample endowments. The greatest name connected with it is that of Bunyan, the prince of allegorists. Here, for preaching the truths of the gospel, John Bunyan was imprisoned upwards of twelve years, partly in the town gaol on the former bridge over the Ouse, and partly in the gaol of the county; and it was during his imprisonment, with a library consisting of but two books, the Bible and Fox's Martyrs, that the glorious dreamer composed the Pilgrim's Progress.

At Bedford, the Ouse becomes navigable for small boats. Below that town it passes Newnham Priory and Goldington; then near Howbury House, or Hall; and before it gets to Willington is joined by the stream of Hyzz, which takes its rise in Brogborough Park, about eight miles below Bedford, and following the course of the railway by LIDLINGTON and AMPHILL, passing Marston, receiving the mill brook which flows by Elstow

—Bunyan's birth-place, although this is much questioned—falls into the Ouse. The river now starts off at another angle to follow almost due north the St. Neots line of railway, passing Great Barford; but, ere it gets to TEMPSFORD and its Hall, it is caught up by the navigable river Ivel. Thus augmented it passes Little Barford, near which it borders Huntingdonshire—at Little Barford was the birth-place of Rowe, the poet—and Eaton Socon, and on to St. NEOTS. St. Neots is a considerable place. The town is seated on the eastern bank of the river Ouse, which is crossed by a handsome bridge, with three low towers, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the station. The Ouse is here pretty wide, and, gently meandering through the meadows, forms, in combination with the surrounding objects, some very beautiful scenes. The name of St. Neots recalls its monastic origin, being derived from St. Neots, a learned Christian missionary, who died about 880, and whose remains were transferred from Cornwall to this place. In the church—a fine specimen of the later English style of architecture, and considered the noblest building in the whole county of Huntingdon—is a beautiful timber roof and ancient scroll work. Paper is manufactured at St. Neots to a considerable extent. •

Below St. Neots the Ouse penetrates the shire of Huntingdon, at the point where its waters are joined by those of the river Kym, which comes down from the town of Kimbolton, Kimbolton Castle is the seat of the Duke of Manchester, and is celebrated as the residence of Catherine of Arragon, after her divorce from Henry VIII. until her death. It is surrounded by a spacious and beautiful park. The parish church is very ancient, and has castellated battlements, deep buttresses, and a lofty spire.

Thus increased, our river passes on by Paxton-place, Great Paxton, and the two OFFFORDS—Offord D'Arcy and Offord Cluny. The church of the former displays some remains of Norman architecture in the columns and arches of the north aisle. The Ouse then, as it approaches "goodly Huntingdon," flows near BRAMPTON and its picturesque park.

For about a mile above and below Brampton Mill (Brampton station, and about a mile from Huntingdon station, G. N. R.) is, perhaps, the most "fishy" looking water to be found in the Ouse, and is as good as it looks. For some distance above the sluice gates, at the back of Brampton Mill, the west side of the river is shallow, gradually deepening to nine or ten feet, or more on the east side, where it is fringed with reeds and rushes. Here lurks

many a monster "pike, fell tyrant of the watery plain;" one was caught a few years ago that weighed upwards of 26lbs., trolling with a gorge dead bait. The sluice-pit is a large piece of water, a gravelly shallow, a forest of rushes in summer, shelving down to a large deep hole. There are, surrounding Brampton Mill, three large pits—the mill-pit, the old mill-pit, and the sluice pits—containing some fine specimens of pike, perch, and chub; a back-water, flowing round Portholme (the Huntingdon racecourse), from this mill-pit to Huntingdon, contains fine chub. The fishing between Brampton and Huntingdon is hired by some gentlemen of Huntingdon, in order to stop the netting; the angling is free, and no respectable person would be grudged a day's pike-fishing.

The village of Godmanchester, formerly a Roman station, is close at hand. Huntingdon stands on the north side of the Ouse, on gently rising ground, and is nearly connected by a bridge of three beautiful arches with Godmanchester, "whence," says Camden, "it sprang." It was the birthplace of Cromwell, and here also he received his education, first under a Mr. Long of Huntingdon, and then with the learned Dr. Beard, master of the grammar school, whence he proceeded to Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. His boyhood seems to have been marked more by mischievous daring than by studious contemplations; and on his father's death, having spent fourteen months at college, he removed to St. Ives, lower down our river, and stocked a grazing farm in the skirts of that place, and subsequently went to reside at the Glebe House, in the city of Ely, still further down the Ouse. About half-a-mile westward of Huntingdon, on elevated ground commanding views over a fine expanse of country, and particularly the rich vale fertilised by the Ouse, stands Hinchinbrook, once the seat of the loyal Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle and godfather to the Protector. It is now a residence of the Earl of Sandwich. Sir Oliver Cromwell here entertained James I. on his royal progress from Scotland to London. The grounds are skirted by a small tributary of the Ouse, that comes down from the Giddings, one of which grew into much notice in the time of Charles I., from being the religious retreat of Nicholas Ferrar.

From HUNTINGDON the Ouse flows past Hartford Church, washing the churchyard wall, at which point some fine perch are to be found, and through the villages of Witton and Houghton (mill and sluice), the water between Hartford and Houghton is wide and very deep. Heavy pike are to be taken in what is

called Houghton Wale, and any number of "grandfather" bream. It then turns Hemingfield Mill. In this mill-pit several sturgeon have been caught, one (in a cast-net) weighing over 112lb. At Holywell Ferry there is an inn kept by Metcalf, who hires a part of the water, and would supply bait. Good pike fishing is to be had for about a quarter of a mile above Swavesey gravel or sheep-wash. Also at and near Over Cote, where is an inn, and bait may be obtained (little more than a mile from Swavesey station). A pike of over 25lb. weight was caught near Over Cote with a spoon bait. Just above Over Stanch the water is very deep, immense quantities of bream are caught here in the autumn, over eighteen stone weight have been taken by three rods on one evening, many fish being above six pounds in weight. The tide flows up to Over Stanch or Sluice.

Below this the Ouse divides the county of Cambridgeshire for some miles, till at Earith it wholly quits Huntingdonshire. In the neighbourhood of St. IVES, the Ouse after flowing between Holywell and Fenny Drayton, and leaving Swavesey to the south, and Over on our right, enters the great level of the fens, and at Earith, three miles from SOMERSHAM, commence the two well known parallel drains called the old and new Bedford Rivers (or Levels), both extending in straight lines for upwards of twenty miles across that part of Cambridgeshire called the Isle of Ely, and into Norfolk, where they terminate at DENVER on the Ouse.

The Ouse, from Huntingdon to St. Ives, extends about seven miles, and is for the most part a tame river running pretty straight, with here and there a greater width, a few sedgy islands, and some two or three locks, with as many flour mills upon its banks. The mill-tails are shallow now (October, 1870), and can scarcely be termed deep pools even in their full condition—at least according to southern notions of such places. The water was clear in the main-stream, and offered more temptations for spinning than for trolling, as the total absence of bends or holes did not give those facilities for the exercise of judgment in finding fish, so grateful to the troller. There are, however, some "lurky" old back waters running from the main stream, offering in their skulking way little temptation but to an angler, to whom they suggest at every turn the harbours of goodly pike, and many of these sly places really are the coverts—more particularly in the deeper water—for heavy jack. As these old and picturesque water courses of the Ouse are supplied from above when water is abundant in the main channel, and are thus roused into

life, and set in their active career to join again the navigation below, the best time to fish them is when sufficient spate is on, and not too much, to bring their tenants out to feed. The water in the comparatively shallower pools of these now quiet streams, in contrast to the navigable river, where a turbid condition might be looked for from the passage of barges, is remarkable, as it is much coloured and indeed much thicker than in the "cuts." This is an evidence of the presence of fish, which by a natural instinct rout about at the bottom partly in search of food and partly to hide themselves from their natural enemies. The chub here run to an enormous size, one was taken by a net on the Saturday previous to our visit which weighed 6½ lb., and was sold for sixpence. Bream are of an average size, from two to three pound, and are literally taken with rod and line by the bushel. There are but few gudgeons in this district, but what there are are large. Perch seldom reach more than three-quarters of a pound, but perch of a quarter of a pound are plentiful. Dace are exceedingly handsome, and many of seven to ten ounces are often taken while roach fishing; the latter fish are plentiful, but do not attain so large a size as in many other parts of the Ouse.

The remains of ancient Roman fortifications are to be seen at Earith. The entire plan of one large work, called "The Bulwarks," is still to be clearly traced.

The New Bedford River is navigable the whole distance, and thus enables craft to avoid the great bend which the river Ouse makes in its course from Earith, by Ely, to Denver. The natural river—termed the Old or West river—which is still navigable, proceeds from Earith in a channel northward of the villages of Willingham and Cottenham, and southward of those of Haddenham, Wilburton, Cottenham, and STRETHAM.

Good pike and perch fishing may be had at Lockspit Hall and Twenty-pence Ferry. Not far from Cottenham and Willingham was a Roman station.

Cottenham deserves especial mention as the birthplace of Archbishop Tenison. Below Stretham the river is joined by the classic Cam, and then flows onward to the city of ELY, whose interest arises from its venerable cathedral.

The fishing between Ely and LITTLEPORT is preserved by the Ely Angling Association. A subscription of five shillings obtains a right to fish with rod and line for one year.

The Ouse afterwards receives the tributary Lark, passes Littleport, and enters the shire of Norfolk, having in its course from

Earth to this point in part formed the boundary of, and in part intersected, the Isle of Ely. On account of the circuitous course of the river below Ely, a cut of about four miles and a half long, called Sandy's, or Sandell's, Cut, was made. This is a very fine stretch of water, and, as its width allows two eight-oared boats to row abreast, it is the course usually chosen to row the Cambridge University Trial Eight-oared Race. This cut contains some fine pike and perch, and absolutely swarms with roach and bream. It is preserved by the Ely Association. The river between Littleport Bridge and the mouth of the Little Ouse is free, and is netted daily in season and out of season; and, notwithstanding this, we are informed by one who frequently angles in this water that he can catch more perch here than in any other part of the river.

Hilgay Fen is one mile from the river:—"Hilton" station in the ordnance map. Ouse Bridge and Hilgay stations have ceased to exist.

As the Ouse leaves the Isle of Ely for Norfolk, its waters are increased by those of the Lesser Ouse, or Brandon river, and, passing Southery, it receives the Wissey or Stoke river, then meets the old and new Bedford rivers, at Denver Sluice. Below Southery Ferry are some fine broad deep reaches, having that "fishy" look which delights the heart of the angler. This water is strictly preserved by the lord of the manor, and contains some very large pike, perch, and bream.

Sam's Cut flows into the river Ouse, at Hunt's Sluice, about a mile above the mouth of the Wissey. The wash having passed between the two stations of MANEA and BLACK BANK, on the Ely and Peterborough Railway, flows on near to MARKET DOWNHAM, which is beautifully situated eastward of the Ouse, and commands an extensive prospect over the fens. From Market Downham the Ouse proceeds in a straight course of about thirteen miles to the flourishing town and sea port of LYNN REGIS, where the tributary Nar falls into it. At this place the visitor finds two fine churches, and the country to the east side of the town rises in gentle swells, presenting a pleasing contrast to the flat alluvial district on the opposite or western side of the river. The "New Walk," at Lynn, also deserves notice—an avenue composed chiefly of limes, beeches, and horse-chestnuts, lofty and embowering trees, forming a promenade of great beauty. At Lynn, the Ouse is a broad river, and below this place the waters of this important stream lose themselves in the shallow estuary of the Wash. Formerly, it is believed, the Ouse

found its way to the Wash by Wisbeach, and not by Lynn, which latter was then watered by the Little Ouse merely.

Our river, the "plenteous Ouse," of Spencer's "Faery Queen," is not less than 150 miles in length; and the direction of a line drawn from its source in Northamptonshire to its mouth in Norfolk, would be north-eastward. Indeed, the river Ouse is remarkable for the slowness of its motion, and for the many turns it takes in its short course as the crow flies. In wet seasons it is subject to sudden and great inundations. In the year 1256, the town of Bedford suffered great injury from the overflowing of the river, and again in 1570. The Cambridge-shire proverb of "the Bailiff of Bedfordshire is coming," mentioned by Fuller, alludes to the inundations of the Ouse, a most rapacious distrainer of hay and cattle. Spelman tells us that the lower part of it is remarkable for its extraordinary swell at the two equinoxes, and especially at the full moon of the autumnal equinox, when a vast heap of waters or "bore" comes in from the sea upon it.

The Little Ouse or Brandon river at its lower end is full of fish, and the whole of the water is deserving of scrupulous protection. There is an excellent inn at the junction of these two streams.

THE NAR.

STATIONS: Swaffham; Narborough; Lynn.

THE Nar, or Setchy, is a tributary of the Greater Ouse, and has the reputation of holding trout in some places in its upper course in considerable numbers. It rises near Litcham, a large and well-built village, and then flows by East Lexham Hall, the residence of the Rev. W. Arnold Walpole Keppel, B.A., lord of the manor. The Chequers (W. Smith). Then by West Lexham (Red Lion, Thomas Bailey), and on to Newton and Mill (George Inn, Sarah Palmer), and Newton Mill to Castle Acre (four miles from SWAFFHAM), where the Nar is still an insignificant stream, although at one time it was considerably broader and easily navigable for small craft. Castle Acre is a large village, and is distinguished for the remains of its once impregnable castle, and the venerable ruins of its magnificent priory. There are five inns in the village. At West Acre, an ancient village lying in a secluded dell lower down on the north side of the Nar, are the ruins of another wealthy priory.

Mr. Anthony Hamond, of High House, is lord of the manor. There are no inns. The stream thence flows to Narford, of which the chief feature is the Hall, surrounded by stately trees, the residence of Mr. Andrew Fountaine, lord of the manor. The Hall has extensive pleasure grounds, and a richly-wooded park, containing a large artificial lake well-stocked with trout and other fish, and frequented by wild fowl. No inn; but the village is only two miles east of NARBOROUGH, Lynn and Dereham Branch. A little farther on stands the village of Narborough, or Narburgh, where the winding stream is beautifully fringed with willow trees. Here also is a handsome hall built by Judge Spelman, in the reign of Henry VIII., and formerly surrounded by a moat, with noble trees, the residence of Mr. Robert Marriott, lord of the manor. At this village the Nar becomes navigable for small craft from Lynn, and has a water mill and wharf, the property of Messrs. Marriott. From this the rivers take a somewhat uninteresting course of about thirteen miles through a level marshy district; and here is sometimes called the river Setchy, as it passes that village a little above where the St. Germain's Station formerly stood. After coursing by Pentney Hall, Priory (in ruins), and mill, and refreshing the decoy ponds near Blackburgh, and dipping under the Downham and Lynn Railway, by White House Farm, it loses itself in the channel of the Ouse at the south end of the town of Lynn Regis. At Setch there is a spacious inn called the Lynn Arms, with a large farm attached, belonging to the Corporation of Lynn, and occupied by Thomas Allday. Fish everywhere in their season.

THE IVEL.

STATIONS: Henlow; Arlesey; Ampthill; Shefford; Biggleswade;
Sandy; Tempsford.

WE have spoken of the Ivel as a tributary of the Ouse. It waters the country of Hertford and Bedford. It rises in the parish of Radwell, near Baldock, Hertfordshire; and at a distance of about a mile from its source, after passing by the villages of Newnham and Caldecote, leaves that county for Bedfordshire, in some maps marked "The Rhea." It then passes by Stotfold and Astwick, and at HENLOW GRANGE, it receives the Pirral Stream, which rises in the parish of Ippolits, and increased by the little river Hiz from the town of Hitchin, and by another small stream penetrates the county of Bedfordshire, and passes

ARLESEY BURY to augment the Ivel. From **HENLOW** the Ivel flows northward to **Langford**, where it is joined by a stream sometimes called the Ivel, from a district of Bedfordshire, which is adorned with the large parks of **AMPTHILL**, **Hawnes**, **Wrest**, **Chicksands**, and **South Hill**. **Amphill** is a spot of great historic interest, as the retreat of **Queen Catherine**. The church is a handsome edifice. The demesne of **Chicksands** lies immediately on the banks of this accessory stream, and its mansion, styled **Chicksands Priory**, presents much of a monastic appearance, and exhibits considerable remains of the priory that flourished there. Below **Chicksands**, the same branch stream receives at **Shefford** a tributary that passes through the south side of **Wrest Park**, and by the two **Gravenhursts** and **Campton**. There are several minor streams and brooks about this. The neighbourhood is interesting to the admirers of poetic genius. **Sir Robert Bloomfield** died at **SHEFFORD**, and was buried at **Campton**, where a stone was erected to his memory by the **Venerable Archdeacon Bonney**. From **Shefford** the stream proceeds by **Clifton** to **Langford**, above named, whence the augmented Ivel takes its course to **BIGGLESWADE**, and there becomes navigable, if not long before.

Biggleswade is noted for fruit and vegetables which are produced here in great abundance, and sent to the London markets. The air is pure and salubrious, and there is an ample supply of excellent water. The environs abound in picturesque scenery. The church is an ancient structure, founded about the year 1230, formerly collegiate, in the early style of English architecture. The chancel was erected in 1467, by **John Reeding**, Archdeacon of Bedford, whose arms are carved on some wooden stalls in the north aisle. We ought not to omit that **Stratton Park** is, amongst other handsome mansions, in the neighbourhood, for it was here that the valuable **Cottonian Library** was preserved after its removal from **Connington**, during the civil wars of **Charles I**.

It afterwarde flows by **SANDY**, anciently a British city, and supposed on good grounds to have been subsequently a Roman station; it is now, however, a railway one. Here is the demesne of **Sandy Place**. The Ivel, lower down, passes under the **Bedford and Potton Branch Railway**, and close to the **South Mills**, passes **Blumham Park and Mill**, and, flowing onwards, it loses itself near **TEMPSFORD**, in the river **Ouse**, which it resembles in its sluggishness. It abounds with pike, perch, and other coarse fish.

THE LARK.

STATIONS: Bury; Ditto, East Gate; Mildenhall; Kennet.

THE LARK, or BURN, is a tributary of the Greater Ouse of Suffolk and Cambridge. This small river has its sources in the district southward of BURY ST. EDMUND'S, near the White Horse Inn, at Whipstead. One of its threads flows on by Harram Bottom, Pinford End, and Hall Farm, uniting with its fellow from Stan-ningfield at the Wash, to the west of Great Welnetham. The Lark then takes a direction by the side of the railway, passing on the right the park of Bushbrooke (Major R. F. B. Rushbrooke), and on the left that of Hardwick, to the charming town of Bury St. Edmund's. Bury stands on the west side of the stream, and was anciently celebrated for its wealthy and magnificent abbey, of which the gate or grand entrance yet remains, and forms a principal ornament of the town. The bell tower of St. James's Church is an unusually fine specimen of Norman architecture, and altogether Bury is one of the most pleasing market-towns in England. The Linnett, from the great park of Ickworth (the Marquis of Bristol's), in which there is a large lake, here joins our river. Bury possesses two railway stations—that of EAST GATE being one of them.

The Lark, about a mile below Bury St. Edmund's, becomes a navigable stream, and flows between the three Fornham villages (St. Martin, All Saints, and St. Geneviève), the latter celebrated in history as the spot where, in 1173, the peaceable retention of the English Crown in the person of Henry II. was decided by a bloody battle. At this place is the well-wooded park of Fornham, the residence of W. Gelstrap, Esq., while, on the other side of the Lark, is the beautiful park containing the remarkable, fine old mansion of Hengrave Hall, the seat of Sir Thomas Rokewood Gage, Bart. Culford (the seat of the Rev. E. R. Benyon) is another beautiful park near the river, in which there is a fine lake, supplied by a streamlet which again, in its turn, is fed by another sheet of water yet more extensive, above the village of Timworth, in Livermere Park, the seat of Captain W. Horton, R.N. Chimney Mill is to the west of this demesne, on the main river. The Lark, then taking in a small affluent from West Stow and its Hall, and skirting Dale Pond and Leech Moor, where there is another pond near Lackford Bridge, flows on to the two Icklinghams (All Saints and St. James), collecting near the former the waters of a trifling brook from Cavenham Hall (Mr.

H. S. Waddington), and turning the mill wheel about a mile below that seat; and at the latter is another mill on the Lark. It now courses over fen land past Little Barton, its Hall (Sir C. J. F. Bunbury, Bart.), and mills, on to **MILDENHALL** (station, seven miles and a quarter), and on by Wammell Hall, Worlington and House, West Row and Ferry, and, just before reaching Isleham, it takes in a feeder of some length, which, flowing from the south, passes Castle Lidgate, Ousden and Hall (Mr. B. J. M. Praed), Dalham and Hall (Sir Robert Afflick, Bart.), Moulton and Hall, Kentford, **KENNET**, with Chippenham Park and Hall, and Freckenham, and joins the Lark. After this, we pass the Anchor, the Cock, and the Dog and Duck public-houses, all the latter in the fen country, when it loses itself in the ample waters of the Great Ouse at Prickwillow, north-eastward of the city of Ely. The entire course of the Lark is about thirty miles.

THE WISSEY.

STATIONS: Dunham; Fransham; Brandon; Swaffham; Downham Market.

THE WISSEY, Winson, or Stoke, is a tributary of the Greater Ouse. The first threads of this stream rise in the vicinity of Necton, West Bradenham, and Holme Dale, forming together Erneford Brook, about three or four miles from **DUNHAM** and **FRANSHAM**, on the Lynn and Dereham branch, and to the east of the elegant town of Swaffham; and Necton Park abounds in old magnificent oak-trees. It then flows past North Pickenham Hall, Dickmalaw Wood, Great Cressingham, and, near Hilborough House is joined by a tributary—the Blackwater—from beyond the town of Walton, on the east, working a mill or two, skirting Little Cressington and Hopton House. After coursing by the village of Bodney, and Bodney Hall, it touches the village of Langford, and partly embraces the large park of Buckingham, turning a mill-wheel before it reaches Ickborough, a village below. Buckingham Park is the residence of Lord Ashburton. The hall was founded in the reign of Charles II. The lake is a magnificent piece of water communicating with the Wissey—full of fish. The fine plantations of Lynford Hall succeed, just above Mundford, five miles north by east of **BRANDON**. The greater part of Mundford belongs to Mrs. S. Lyne Stephens, who is lady of the manor, and resides at West Hall, said to be held by the service of a rose and “spar-hawk.” The Crown Inn

(Dinah Eastwick) and King's Head (Daniel Death). The Wissey doubles up towards the north-west, and leaving Cranwich—inn, Leather Bottle (Mrs. Sarah Quibell)—two miles below Lynford, passes Northwold Water-mills (Miss Susan Coker), and on to Didlington Hall—with its heronry, well-wooded park, lime trees, and beautiful sheet, or rather sheets, of water—the residence of Mr. William Amhurst Tyssen Amhurst, who is lord of the manor. Inn, White Hart (David Hardy). Now on to Northwold, of which manor Mr. Henry Thomas Partridge, is lord. Messrs. Whitbread and Co., the great London brewers, have an extensive malt-house here, with five cisterns, capable of steeping 1700 bushels of barley at one time. Inns: Crown (Anthony Harrison), George the Fourth (William Jolly), Bell (James Rickward). The gardens at this little village are numerous, and its trees remarkable for their size and beauty. About two miles and a half more brings us to Oxborough Ferry, after passing a tributary on our left admirably adapted for the breeding of some species of trout. In the parish of Oxborough, six miles and a half from SWAFFHAM, is one of the most perfect specimens of ancient castellated mansions in the kingdom. There are attractions here, within and without, to detain an antiquarian for a week. It is, with the surrounding land, the property of Sir Henry George Pastow Bedingfield, Bart., and is encompassed by a moat fifty-two feet broad and ten feet deep. The rivulet which supplies the moat, and keeps it full, falls into our river about a mile and a half below the hall, after passing the Hithe, and near to the ferry. Inn, Spread Eagle (Jacob Boyce). Our river now skirts Whittington, and crosses the road close to the large village of Stoke Ferry—seven miles east-south-east of Downham; Bell Inn (John Lock, mail contractor), and four others—where it becomes navigable. The Wissey, after this, runs between the villages of Hilgay and Fordham. There are eight inns and taverns in the former village, of which the Jolly Anglers (Robert Harnwell) will naturally be preferred. In the latter the Hare's Arms (George Seal, farmer) is the only one. After this the Wissey loses itself in the Ouse at DOWNHAM MARKET.

THE WELSH HARP FISHERY.

STATION: Hendon.

A STATION has recently been erected for the Welsh Harp on the Midland Line, and frequent trains, calling at the Metropolitan

stations, run to and fro at low fares. The fishery is more than a mile and a half in circumference from the Edgeware Road (under which the water comes down from the Finchley district) to the sluice gates, built in 1837 by Sir W. Armstrong to form a feeder and reservoir to the Grand Junction Canal. The banks of the lake have a bare appearance from the absence of all trees, rush or flag beds, and we should like to see such vegetation encouraged in moderation, as it offers shelter in hot weather besides insect food and spawning facilities to the fish. The crescent-shaped masonry of the floodgates is very massive, and the cascade must be a grand one when in action, as it falls over many steps of considerable altitude. This formidable artificial barrier burst in 1837, and the inundations exposed the foundations of houses sacked and razed by Cromwell, on its way, and in the end swamped half the town of Brentford, eight miles off. From the embankment we look over Wembley Park and the villages of Perrivale and Greenford, the Brent flowing here and there, through an undulating and richly-wooded valley, pleasantly associated with the name of dear old Izaak Walton. In the foreground is the tower and spire of Kingbury Church, surrounded with rustic farms, cottages, and homesteads embowered in trees. It is said that the Brent was once navigable as far as this. The bottom of the lake is part gravel and part clay, the jack partaking in colour of the soil from which they are removed. In the house there are several specimens of fish taken in these waters—a pike of 20lb., a carp of 11½lb., bream of 6½lb., and some fine roach and perch. It is a subscription water, and has much improved of late years, under the strict watchfulness of the keeper and his assistants. It contains pike, perch, roach, bream, &c.

NOTES ON THE LEA.

SINCE our first number of "The Rail and the Rod" a few changes have taken place on the river Lea which may be here briefly alluded to.

The Metropolitan line, almost in conjunction with the St. Pancras and Tottenham line, which goes on to Cambridge or Hertford without a change of carriage, gives now great facilities of transit to the two best stations on the Lea, Broxbourne and the Bye House. St. Pancras to Tottenham occupies but twelve minutes, and another half-hour brings the angler in sight of either of these waters. Thus may the Eastern Counties be said

for the first time to have made a West-end alliance. These facilities will likewise be greatly increased when the extension—in rapid progress—from Shoreditch to the Broad-street station is completed. The gardens at both Broxbourne and the Rye are still cultivated to the highest degree which floriculture is capable of assuming, and both fisheries continue to be jealously guarded. At the Rye the most recent attraction is the Great Bed of Ware, which antique piece of furniture with its needle worked counterpane reposes in a house purposely built and decorated for its reception. This bed was celebrated in the time of Shakespeare (*vide* Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night"); Charney likewise mentions it in his "Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire" as one of the wonders of the fifteenth century. It is in excellent preservation considering its great age—time about the latter end of the fourteenth century. It is well that this interesting relic, so long associated with the Lea and its vicinity, has not left the neighbourhood, it having reposed at an inn at Hertford for time out of mind. The island formed by the Stort and Brook has been purchased by Mr. Teale, and an angler's cottage built thereon, which is to serve likewise as a keeper's lodge, the trout having increased in Batty's weir to an extent and size which fully warrants every care and watchfulness. The two adjoining aits in the pool have likewise fallen in to the Rye House property, and a swim from the near one for roach is well spoken of; the other commanding as fine and lively a scower of fly water as the Lea can boast. The weight of the roach in this district have greatly improved, one take on the 17th of April, 1871, showing twenty fish weighing twenty-seven pounds. It must be understood that the roach in the Lea are full six weeks later in spawning than in the Thames. Of those we saw on the 29th of April, 1871, there was not one but was in excellent condition, and not the slightest appearance of roughness. Trout fishing is not allowed in the Rye House water until the 1st of May, and it is the intention to have in future a close time for jack.* The Pike and Eels, at Ponder's End, has been burned down. The landlord of the Britannia Inn, near Waltham station, can now issue cards for Clarke's water, which still sustains its great reputation.

* The largest accredited roach is here preserved. It weighed 2lb. 9oz. when taken from the waters at Wilton, near Salisbury, a tributary of the Wiltshire Avon. It is well named "the Champion Roach," and was presented by ourselves to the Rye House collection.

THE RAIL AND THE ROD;

OR,

TOURIST-ANGLER'S GUIDE

TO MANY OF THE

WATERS AND QUARTERS

ON THE

GREAT EASTERN,
MIDLAND, LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN, AND
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAYS.

No. VI.

By GREVILLE F. (BARNES),

PISCATORIAL CORRESPONDENT TO "THE FIELD" NEWSPAPER.

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P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH any prefatory remarks are scarcely needed to our present number, which completes the series of six as originally designed, we cannot refrain from alluding with great pride to the compliment which has been paid to our pleasurable labours in the most appreciable of shapes; the large and sterling sale which the preceding five books have met with, and which fully convinces us that we were perfectly correct in pronouncing that such a want existed, and that it would be commensurately acknowledged. It may be still better, however, if we take this opportunity to observe that angling associations are growing up almost everywhere around us, and that with such associations increasing in their strength, so will the value of the various waters now lying waste and neglected call for greater care and protection, resulting in the production of food and the extension of universal and healthful recreation. We are, therefore, happy to add to the existing societies two more but recently formed, and which possess all the elements of permanency and usefulness. The Boston Angling Society is one of these, which has for its patrons the Mayor and the Members of Parliament of that town; as president, F. L. Hopkins, Esq., and as vice-presidents, a long list of the clergy and principal gentry of the county. The committee of management is likewise both practical and powerful, and it

is further happy in the appointments of Mr. W. H. B. Bratley, and Mr. R. H. Belton, as honorary secretaries. The other is the Spalding Angling Protection Society, of which Mr. J. G. Calthrop is the honorary secretary. The subscriptions to both are fair and moderate, and the rules appear framed with a view of carrying out the objects and purposes of the respective associations in the fullest integrity.

TO
R. R. B. NORMAN, Esq., M.R.C.S.,
THE REMEMBRANCE
OF
WHOSE KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY
FOR
HIS FELLOW MAN
IS
GRATEFULLY OHERISHED IN THE
HEARTS AND HOMES
OF
FISHERMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES
IN
GREAT YARMOUTH,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INSCRIBED
BY ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS SKILL AND DELIGHT
IN ANGLING.

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THE RAIL AND THE ROD.

No. VI.

THE GREAT EASTERN, MIDLAND, LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN, AND GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

HAD our introduction been written previously, instead of subsequently, to the rest of this number, we might have dilated upon the many attractions, in a sporting and tourist sense, which the rivers and broads of Norfolk offer to its inhabitants and visitors, but in this we have "anticipated anticipation," having, under varied heads, gone as far as space and requirement justified. We must, therefore, say, with O'Shaughnessy, that "our prologue is to be found in our play," and complete this Hibernian figure of speech by requesting our readers to take these few introductory lines as our postscript.

We must, however, acknowledge, with thanks, the assistance Murray's Handbook, together with Nall's "Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft,"—the latter an exhaustive work of 728 pages—have been to us, for, although they do not possess much of our own peculiar watery text, they have stuff and substance within to render them companions, the reader who is more than a fisher will not be sorry to find in his wallet or under his arm during his rambles through these interesting counties now entered upon.

THE NENE.

STATIONS: Overton; Peterborough; Whittlesea; Northampton; Wellingborough; Castle Ashby; Ditchford; Higham Ferrers; Irthlingborough; Thrapston; Oundle; Thorpe; Barnwell; Elton; Wansford; Castor.

• THE source of the Nene has been disputed by several villages but it is now generally admitted that the northern branch springs

from Chapel Well at Naseby, and the western from Hartwell, near Staverton, and, uniting at Northampton, form no inconsiderable river. It was formerly navigable no higher than Peterborough; but, after several ineffectual attempts to extend the navigation, it was accomplished in the year 1762, when boats laden with coal came up by Oundle, Thrapston, Higham Ferrers, and Wellingborough to Northampton. "The navigation," says a writer in 1855, "is still very defective, but it is capable of being rendered highly serviceable to the towns on its banks." "At the wharf" in Northampton, observed Mr. Pitt, "not a single vessel, loading or unloading, is to be seen; a crane stands solitary, and not the least stir of business; a small deposit of coals (from the railroad of course), and a few deals, comprise all the visible articles of commerce."

The town of WELLINGBOROUGH will be found the best station for the two subscription waters we are about to describe, in which any respectable angler will have little difficulty to obtain a day's fishing through one of the members, whose liberality often leads to the recipient becoming himself a subscriber. The name of Wellingborough, being Saxon, indicates that the place was of some note at that period when it appears to have been destroyed by the Danes. After the conquest it was constituted a market town, by a charter from King John, at the petition of the monks of Crowland, who were then possessed of the manor. It is principally situated on a red sandstone, of which material the houses are generally built. A dreadful fire happened here in 1738, which in six hours destroyed upwards of 800 houses. The church is worthy a visit for its sculpture and stained glass. The trade of the town is principally in corn; and it is celebrated for an excellent brewery, famous throughout the county.

The Nene Angling Club has for some years strictly protected the river from Wellingborough to NORTHAMPTON, throughout the whole of which district it is skirted by the joint line of railways of the Midland and North-Western Companies. The annual subscriptions are divided into four sums of 3 guineas, 2 guineas, 1 guinea, and half a guinea for corresponding lengths of water—nearly fifteen miles in all, besides dykes and railway cuttings—the whole being leased at nominal rents from the landowners. The club waters commence about two miles from Wellingborough, and our ramble took us through the valley in which Hervey, the author of the "Meditations," preached to overflowing congregations, and in which Cowper the poet wrote his "Yardley Oak."

The singular architecture of Earl's Barton Church, the seat of Houghton, and the elegant church of Whiston, as well as the demesne of Castle Ashby, adorn this locality.

The water, in the absence of navigation, though transparent in colour, is generally in summer very rank with vegetation, except in the deeper holes, the depth precluding its growth—the absence of weed being an almost unfailing indication of a likely hole. About 200 yards beyond the Doddington boundary, in Dan Woolston's meadow, is a remarkable place of this kind, in and out of which countless roach travel backwards and forwards from a long upper scower. The river's characteristics are bold windings, not doubling often upon itself, but showing by only a little writhing an effort to advance. It flows through meadows of great size and fertility, and at each of its bends the banks afford standing room for the angler to fish well the inevitable hole on the concave side. The first meadow is especially piky throughout; in this the towing path is scarcely indicated, so small is the present traffic. At the end of this meadow the *quasi* path is bounded on the land side by a hedge, and the stream here is pretty lively and attractive, with some deep water from which "sacks of bream" have been taken—a fact corroborated by appearances. The bream are of the golden kind, and run as heavy as 7lb. and 8lb., the silver ones, luckily, being in the minority. There are several shelves in the centre of the stream—apparently "steps," "falls," or "faults" in the oolite rock—perfect fastnesses for fish, secure from all but the skilful angler whom they serve to screen from observation.

At Doddington are some extremely pretty spots, whether in the main river, the mill head or tail, or in a backwater called the Swallow Brook. Roach, dace, chub, and gudgeons were in shoals, or rather one shoal, for they were everywhere, none amongst the myriads of the first, however, reaching a pound, the whoppers being doubtless in the deeps. Here, at the entrance of the Swallow Brook, leading to a pool termed the "Little Sea," is a mysterious hole, well protected by a dead and barkless old willow stump. This partly submerged and weird sentinel indicates the house-of-call of a pike of fabulous weight, which has long borne away the tackle of most of the members. Doddington mill pool is small, the hole under its delivery arch about twelve feet deep; its shoals and shallows court the fly. Round by the cut and locks are excellent roach and jack waters, extending up stream for a considerable distance. The pretty village of Doddington, perched

high on a hill, is on the right. From the cool shady arbour of the White Hart a view unsurpassed in the county may be obtained, including Castle Ashby, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton. The inn itself is all an angler need desire. There is another inn, half a mile from the water, close to CASTLE ASHBY railway station, which is likewise well spoken of. In Chambers's Meadow, near a solitary bush on the Doddington side, is a remarkable hole which "boils with fish."

Then comes Chain-plank Bridge, where the Higham Ferrers Club leaves off—an overlapping of the waters, tending to combine preservation by utilising the watching powers of the two clubs. The angler should not pass the "old willows" planted at right angles with the stream, without peering into its profound depths to watch the amazing number of coarse fish.

Hardwater Mill (Mr. Bishop's) is named from a spring ever running in the driest season from the ironstone of an adjoining hill. It has coated the mouth of its embouchure with a slobbering beard of petrification, resembling the hirsute appendage of a water-god. May it not have been that the ancient sculptors borrowed this poetic notion from similar natural examples? This mill is another picturesque gem. The tail is an expansive, dashing, eddying, and oily one, full of fish; but if you would take bream out of it, you must stand here opposite the flour flap, and let your float travel as far as yon green island, and then, just as it reaches the side of those quivering rushes, down it will go at almost every swim. Then wind up, and land your fish at these dip-water steps." Some heavy jack are taken here. The head of this mill is another picture. Thatched and tiled roofs commingled, dipping low into the profusely-decked flower-garden; gables of quaint design, small-paned windows, their angles cut off with rose-bushes straining the trellis with their weight of blossom, contrasted and mingled with the cooler hues of the vine, through the foliage of which the brick and rubble walls peep here and there; ramshackle eel-boxes and waste-water gates, with their lumbering cog-wheels; waggons and horses loading with sacks of flour; a distant view of the hills; a foreground made up of a rotten and rickety plank bridge; sky-reflecting water, paved with the leaves of the white and yellow lily, and their lovely classical lamp-shaped buds; not to forget a circling flight of pigeons going and coming to their picturesque dovecots, thus giving animation to the very air itself. But look at the roach! There are actually bushels and bushels of them sailing

downwards between the set of the weeds. All above this for a long distance is excellent jack water. Near this is a hole about twelve feet deep, and contains, besides roach of goodly size, a number of handsome, freely-biting tench. The latter are likewise taken in Wilson's Mead, where will be found the "Old Bream Hole"—the best place for this fish in the entire river. Many jack have plunged from the sides on our way up, say from 1lb. to 6lb., an evidence of their abundance. We now cross a small bridge over a channel from Kelham Lake, a sly piece of quiet water near the dykes, leased by the club, the possession of which has led to several convictions, which have entirely suppressed poaching. Here is Peter Bradshaw's (Earl's Barton) Mill; its tail plumbs full 15ft. There is a pretty overshot at the side, not very deep, but chub and dace get up there in shoals—the trees which overshadow it affording plenty of insect food; above is deep jack water. Now opens the largest and finest mill tail yet—that of Castle Ashby or White Mill. It is, perhaps, too crowded with roach, which appear to be accustomed, or perhaps unaccustomed, to the sight of man, as they come sailing in under the eye and over the shallows close to you in countless numbers. This pool is about eighty yards wide and a hundred and ten long, in the form of the letter V. Bream are heavy. In the back water are several good, even-bottomed roach swims. There is a nice tumbling bay. Leaving this we come upon the Cogenhoe lordship, where the river increases greatly in width, but far too foul for anything but dead gorge or livebait until October. One side only is club property; the other, in Ecton parish, belongs to Mr. A. Isted, a right hearty foxhunter, who, having a sympathy for all sport, does not ride down or over the rod. Roe's Mead affords large bream; the landscape all around very lovely, and Cogenhoe Mill tail another artistic bit. The pool is well stored with fish, and the upper water, as it glides through old orchards, is a rich and refreshing treat indeed to the eye. We now trudge over the estate of the Rev. Mr. Smyth of Brayfield, past Great Billing Mill, and then into Lord Overston's meadows—which swarm with wild fowl in winter—and are shortly afterwards in the city of Northampton.

Those who are intimately acquainted with this locality will here notice a gap in our details for which the sewage of Northampton is alone answerable. We ought to add that the whole of this walking trip by the Nene, including the journey from Surrey and back, was begun and ended easily in a day, serving to show

that a London angler, if a subscriber, can have many hours fishing in these preserved waters by quitting London early by the Midland from St. Pancras.

It afforded us infinite pleasure to find how fondly the memory of the "Old Bushman" was still cherished in this his native county.

It is remarked of Northamptonshire that in the important article of water the county may justly boast that it is entirely and completely independent; for of the six rivers which flow through or intersect it, everyone originates within its boundaries, and not a single brook, however insignificant, runs into it from any other district; whilst there is not a county bordering upon it that is not, in some degree, supplied from its numerous aquatic stores. Norton says: "The rivers of Northamptonshire are so equally and duly ranged and distributed, as if they ran in channels contrived and cut by art and labour to convey a competent share of water into every part;" and, after particularising their various courses, adds, "so that there is no town in the county five miles distant from one or other of the above-mentioned rivers or rivulets."

We now get back to Wellingborough, and renew our ramble along the river Nene, this time taking the stream down from the town as far as the water of the Higham Ferrers and Wellingborough Angling Association extends. The water for some distance from the Crown and Anchor and bridge and inn is narrow, and has little, in an artistic sense, to recommend it. It is a favourite resort for anglers to take up their quarters, when they come from any distance and wish to be early on the water in the morning. There is an apparently disused wharf and timber-yard attached to the premises, from which good bags of roach are taken. For nearly a mile from this the angling is given up to the town free of charge, but netting, trimmers, or night lines are strictly forbidden. There is an excellent place, after passing Dully's Out, for roach, with a beautifully clear bottom although of marl, at the stage and plunging steps erected by the Town Board of Health for bathing; and below this the district for some distance is considered by all the old fishermen the best bit of breeding water possessed by the members. The water widens at Kilbourne's Jump, an old wooden horse-bridge. We soon reach the Stanch Hole, a prodigiously deep pool, near the London and North-Western Railway Bridge, where the free water ends. The stream now begins to wake into life, and winding about

gracefully, becomes of greater interest. "The prettiest spire in England," with "finger pointed to Heaven," that of Ilchester, lances upwards out of a background of woods—the group of ancient walnuts on the Roman embankment scarcely conceal the gables of Ohester House, full of curious old callars and ghostly noises, all of which we fully accounted for, at least to our own satisfaction, after a groping exploration. From the ancient knoll, although much cut down by repeated ploughings, we get a good view of Wellingborough, with the sinuous course of our river. A little below Ohester House is a sly back water, noted for jack, tench, and eels. The "Old Bream Hole" is close to the Midland Viaduct, and it plumbs full 16ft. Jack of 15lb. and bream of "Chaucer's golden kind," have been taken as much as 8½lb., but they run plentifully from 2½lb. to 5lb. The water is all deep after this to Ditchford, full a mile, and averages from 8ft. to 10ft. Beds of rushes and likely lie-byes succeed very frequently, and all around looks particularly fishy. DITCHFORD is close to the river, and two miles from Wellingborough by rail; there is no public-house here. After passing this, and a second horse-bridge of wood, is another famous spot for roach, perch, and bream. There are pretty back waters about, which are, however, low, and were not running during our visit; they must afford good fly-fishing for dace and chub when the waters are lively. Ditchford Mill head and tail are much resorted to by the members of the club, and bags of heavy fish are made. Jack get a good deal up the railway dykes, and are "splashed out" to the main water by the keepers and watchers at certain seasons. This is an admirable practice. It is simply beating the dykes at the top downwards, which drives the fish before the beaters into the river, and thus beyond the reach of the wire and other poachers. A back brook seems alive with large livid-lipped chub, and many of 3lb. were making off the shallows for holes 6ft. in depth. Ditchbourne Bridge (the Nene is remarkable for its fine old bridges), with its quaint angular recesses over each of its six graceful arches, comes in sight, and Higham Ferrers steeple tops the distant view. Here is a stretch, or rather entanglement, of the old river, with beautiful bits and deeps of sharp water, where the fly deals great destruction amongst chub and dace, and in which the bushes, gnarled roots of willows, and hollow banks afford the best possible cover for the fish. One in particular, round and threadling a copse, would suggest the presence and lurking place of heavy trout; we are,

however, told that the presence of this fish is not known. This may be, but here they should be found if anywhere. Knuston Brook comes in near this from Mr. Arkwright's ponds, at Knuston Hall. Jack are very fond of getting up this affluent. A very fine length of pike and perch preserve succeeds, and a lagoon or two offer excellent shelter to the former. The bends become bolder, and the water wider. There are deeps of 16ft., with an even bottom scarcely varying an inch, and roach of a good size are in thousands. Passing this we get into another long reach of an uniform depth of 12ft., within command of the bank for a long distance, while old stumps seen above, and nearly in the centre of the stream, are suggestive of a frequent ugly "tie up," testing the philosophic temperament of the spinner or troller. This is likewise a noted place for winter roach fishing; some of the swims a little below are 15ft. deep. There is a curious story told here of how a man carrying a lot of new sheep skins over his shoulder was attacked by a raven, which kept pecking at the skins and the man's legs, crying at the same time "pork," "pork." Nor could all the efforts of the man get rid of this ravenous bird, until Mr. Dickens, the miller, came out with his gun and shot it. The only public at HIGHAM FERRERS, the Queen's Head, is a pot-house. Higham Ferrers rises on the right of the Nene, on a rocky elevation abounding in springs. It possesses a handsome church, and the town justly boasts of having produced the learned and munificent Archbishop Chichele. From Ditchbourne bridge to Higham Ferrers is a pleasant walk of a mile and a half. Here we observe a splendid offshoot of two miles from the main river, in which the constant routings of the tench in the sandy bottom, to avoid observation or in search of food, keep the water in a thick state.

The Anchor on the bank at the entrance to Wharf-lane, close to the bridge, is a clean and tidy little public, and James West (its landlord) tells us he makes up two beds for anglers. We take our bread and cheese and a glass of "lively Dully ale" here, and then skirt three-quarters of the mile of the river given up to the inhabitants of Higham Ferrers, extending to King's Bridge. Here we cross and follow a deep mill stream, and admire almost every sort of water plant indigenous to the country, which seem to vie with each other in giving a wild and reckless description of beauty to the place; then through Mr. Chowne, the miller's, yard, and up opens a dashing and expansive mill tail. This mill

is of stone, and bears the inscription, "Rebuilt by Earl Fitzwilliam, 1786." We were certainly little prepared, after emerging from the narrow feeder above, for the scene from the bridge at IREHLINGBOROUGH, a little below the mill. Water presents itself almost on every side. Two fine streams and a dyke unite above, and after passing under a beautiful bridge, form a large basin of 18ft. and 20ft. deep, near the bank, almost immediately under where we can stand in the meadow. On one corner of this pool runs the main river; and from this, just after starting on its way, another stream branches off to the right, the latter taking its way to Welford Mill, nearly another mile of exceedingly choice water, and where the club terminates.

There are two inns at Irthlingborough—the Fitzwilliam Arms; the other near the railway station, kept by Groome, who takes care of the bait-boxes of the club. Irthlingborough Bridge has nineteen arches, including ten for meadow floods, which plainly indicate to the angler the heavy inundations the Nene is subject to. This should suggest previous inquiry as to the state of the water before starting. From the dyke above alluded to jack of 17lb. have been removed into the main stream.

We return by train—still at our elbow—and get back to Wellingborough, where we gained some particulars of "Red Well," where King Charles and his Queen rusticated under tents for a whole season, in 1626, for the benefit of drinking at its source. This, a delicious spring, issues out of the rock at the foot of the hill in an open field, about half-a-mile north-west of the town, and, besides turning an overshot mill, in the head of which there are carp, has been utilised by Mr. Dully, jun., the hon. secretary of this angling club, to supply his brewery, as well as the town, (by steam power) with its water, of which previously the neighbourhood had been much in need, especially in droughty summers.

"Squiré Dalbing," of Finedon Park, about two miles from Higham Ferrers, has full five to six acres of lake water, which are let to Mr. Butlan, the iron-master of Wellingborough, whose slag wharf we passed very shortly after commencing our ramble. It is gratifying to add that the farmers unanimously acknowledge that there never was, in their memory, more grass close to the river's banks than during the time in which this angling club has been established, the members respecting the crops, and protecting, individually and by their keepers, the property against

trespass. This is by no means a solitary instance of the good consequent upon a friendly understanding between the fair fisher and the landed proprietors, who have, by such an association, one common interest.

The Nene, after passing to the left of Higham Ferrers, skirts the villages of Addington Parva and Addington Magna, Bingsstead, Woodford, and Denford, to **THRAPSTON**, below which there are two or three villages interesting for their associations. The first of these is Titmarsh, on our right, where the poet Dryden received his early education. At Aldwinkle St. Peter's, on the left bank, Fuller, the Church historian, was born, his father being rector; while Dryden was born in the rectory house of the adjacent village of Aldwinkle All Saints. But, what will be of especial interest to the angler, there are many most enticing spots that harbour jack and perch the whole of the way. After admiring the fine divisions of the river round and about Wadenhoe and Mill, we find the stream taking almost a straight line through the well-wooded grounds of Lord Lilford's seat, from whence we discern the lofty steeple of the town of **OUNDLE**, which we reach after calling at Barnwell and its Mill below Stoke Doyle. Oundle is almost surrounded by an acute bend of the Nene, and the water is of the very best character for pike; but it is said to be overfished. There is, however, choice pike fishing to be had on the Manor of Ashton, a little below Oundle, now the property of Baron Rothschild, and upon which there is a mill. The last few miles have two more stations than those mentioned—**THORPE** and **BARNWELL**. Cotterstock Hall, below this, was built by Mr. Norton, a friend of Dryden's; and the poet composed his fables, and spent the last two summers of his life, at this seat. There is an extensive back water here. Between Cotterstock and Elton the Nene is fed by some fishy-looking mill affluents, which run through Apethorpe, Wood Newton, &c. After Cotterstock and Tansor, comes Fotheringay Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots ended her life of sorrow. Then we reach Warmington and Mill; there is not a mill on the Nene but will delight the angler, and around and about which the artist will not linger. **ELTON** is the nearest station for this district. Elton Hall is the seat of the Earl of Carysfort, who possesses the manorial rights. Here are deep holes succeeded by scowers and shallows, said to be tenanted with shoals of heavy perch. The Earl is a thorough and liberal sportsman; and, although he does not include fishing in his list of out-of-door pursuits, he fully recognises its beneficial tendencies,

and bears a good character with all fair fishermen, whose presence is not discountenanced upon his fine estate.

The river about WANSFORD, our next station, and Stebbington, where the Nene forms almost a circle, is the property of the Duke of Bedford, and is let to Mr. J. M. Vivian, J.P., from whom there is no difficulty in procuring permission for one rod. The water is excellent. We may not quit Wansford without relating the anecdote that seems an evergreen in respect to this place, and firmly believed in by the country folks. A flood coming hastily down the river Nene picked up a haycock on its way, upon which a labourer was asleep. When passing Wisbeach, many miles down in the fens, he was rowed after almost to the open sea, and, waking up bewildered, was asked where he lived. "At Wansford, in England," was the reply; by which distinction it is now always recognised. The Haycock Inn—named after this circumstance—is a house worthy the angler's support, and the host (Percival) will give him any information he may require in respect to the surrounding waters. If he is after bream, there is a famous hole at Water Newton, which may be easily pointed out. It should be mentioned that the Nene abounds in various parts with river carp of a handsome character and goodly weight. It is difficult, however, to define with any exactness their particular resorts, as this fish often shifts its quarters in herds from various circumstances, the principal cause apparently being any unusual disturbance of the waters, as they love quiet and retirement, and prefer almost a monastic existence, which they can readily attain in such an extent of water as the Nene can boast of. As a general rule, therefore, the river carp anglers should select the most sequestered and least frequented portions of the river, and there bring his fish together by baiting the spot every evening for at least a fortnight before he commences angling, making little or no disturbance when he hooks and lands a fish, and keeping altogether out of sight of his prey.

We now pass under the junction of the branch lines of the Stamford and Wansford and the Northampton and Peterborough Railway, and shortly after reach the Wheatsheaf Inn, close to the river, which hereabout is noteworthy for its piscatory resources. Water Newton now follows, and is a reach of surpassing attraction to the angler's eye. Mr. Knife is the lord of the manor, and, as far as can be learned, there is little restriction used against our legitimate sport.

The river Nene in its progress from Wansford divides the

village of CASTOR, in Northamptonshire, from that of Chesterton, in the county of Huntingdon. We believe that the old and well-known inn called Kate's Cabin still holds out a sign near this; but we did not quit the stream to ascertain the fact, nor do we know anything of its capabilities of accommodation.

About half-way between Castor and Chesterton is the site of the Roman Durobrivæ, the fort of which stood on the Hunts side of the Nene, while the ancient city appears to have spread itself principally on the north side of the river, extending towards Castor, now one of the most beautiful villages in England. The fishing at Castor-cum-Milton, which belongs to the Earl Fitzwilliam, is very good, and Castor Mill stream equally so. In Milton Park there is a series of lakes which the angler will most likely look at, as the park is full of artistic bits, and the noble proprietor is very kind in permitting the considerate lover of sylvan scenery to ramble where he pleases, without a sense of anticipated interruption or the chance of untimely hindrance. There is a large piece of water in the open to the west of the park called "Old Field Pond," and two or three ponds to the south, between the road and the river, which appear to hold tench. OVERTON station is just below Milton and close to the river. At Chesterton Dryden translated part of "Virgil." The pike fishing in this district has a very high reputation, and belongs to the Marquis of Huntly. There is no inn near. Further down the stream Earl Fitzwilliam's fine old seat of Milton rises lovingly amidst the universal flat around, and covers a long waving ridge with its foliage—a complete and exquisite oasis in the desert of the fens. After running by the pleasant seat of Overton or Orton Waterville, where there is a railway station, and Orton Longueville, we catch a view of the well-built town of PETERBOROUGH, above which the magnificent pile of its cathedral rises with great grandeur.

From the boundaries of Long Overton, Woodstone, and Fletton, Peterborough used to claim the right of fishery on the Northampton side; and the Dean and Chapter had the royalty from Wansford Bridge to the new-cut mouth below Peterborough, on the Hunts side—say for six miles—and it was their custom to maintain their right by fishing it twice a year, at Lady-day and Michaelmas. Earl Fitzwilliam was many years lessee of that right, and which now, as far as we can learn, is vested in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Quitting the city, the Nene enters the northern part of the fenny districts of the Isle of Ely, in

Cambridgeshire, and flowing by WHITTLESEA, which was once famous for its two meres—one called Whittlesea, the other the Ugg Mere. The former was five miles in length, and between two and three in breadth. "This clear lake," says Camden, "extends itself in a very fenny part of the county; but the inhabitants reckon that the thickness of the air is compensated by the advantages of the fishery, the plentiful pasturage, and the quantity of turf so fit for firing." There are some curious tales told of the pranks these waters used to play, and Holland tells us: "This mere is frequently agitated in a violent manner, as if by a tempest; it does sometimes in calms and faire weather, sodainly rise tempestuously, as it were, into violent waterquakes, to the danger of the poore fishermen, by reason, as some thinke, of evaporations breaking violently out of the bowels of the earthe."

"Whittlesea Mere," says Cooke, "affords excellent sailing and fishing, and is in the summer season much frequented by parties of pleasure. Some ideas of draining it have been entertained, and the scheme is not deemed impracticable, though it is opposed by many persons from an unwillingness of being deprived of so beautiful a piece of water, or of losing the excellent fish it produces." This, as all know, has since been effected, and the mere "improved off the face of the earth." There are those* who still lament over their favourite lake, and question whether a time will not come when it will be acknowledged that the

* A fen poet of past times, differing in this respect, seemed to anticipate a golden age:—

"I sing floods muzzled and the ocean tam'd,
Luxurious rivers govern'd and reclaim'd,
Waters with banks confined, as in a gaol,
Till kinder sluices let them go on bail;
Streams, curb'd with dams like bridles, taught t' obey,
And run as straight as if they saw their way:

* * * * *
Meadows so blest with grass, so charg'd with hay;
With goodly kine and beeves replenish'd so,
As if they stood upon the banks of Po.

* * * * *
Then with a change of elements, suddenly
There shall a change of men and manners be;
Hearts thick and tough as hides shall feel remorse,
And souls of sedge shall understand discourse;
New hands shall learn to work, forget to steal;
New legs shall go to church, new knees shall kneel:
What greater satisfaction? What reward
Of higher price can all the world afford?"

money expended in its removal was unwisely spent, and which all the crops of its black soil will never repay. These notions seem in part to be founded on the conviction that fish-farming will one day be in the ascendant, and that all large pieces of water will, as Boccicus and other piscicultural writers have attempted to prove, become more valuable for their produce and the sport to be obtained therefrom than land, acreage for acreage. This view, it is urged, is considerably strengthened when it is considered that the Nene is made to contribute the greater part of its flow for the purposes of irrigating the recovered lands, and that the river from Wisbeach to Peterborough is thus impoverished and rendered unnavigable for large vessels by the want of a compensating flushing power against the accumulation of silt, and, in consequence, that city suffers a constant depreciatory influence as a port and ocean market. Peterborough has two railway stations, that of the London and North-Western and of the Great Eastern Railways; the former is likewise used by the Great Northern Railway Company for their main and direct line.

The whole of the waters above and below Peterborough are eminently worthy the consideration of the fish-farmer and those who would increase the aquatic resources for either profit or sport; for, contrary to a pretty prevailing notion of the nature of the soil through which these waters run, and the character of the water itself, the streams travel for a great part over a gravelly bottom, and are tolerably clear and free from injurious impurities. The "Muscat River" or "Cat's Water" was anciently a branch of the Nene; this, with the old river Nene from Yaxley and Tarcet, and the King's Dyke and Thorney river would, if near London, be rapidly seized upon and utilised; and it seems a great pity that such a wealth of productive running, clear, and deep water—little more than an hour and a half's ride from King's Cross by the Great Northern Railway—should thus be confined to the mere mechanical office of irrigation, without a thought of or an effort to resolve it towards other obligations which, by the assistance of man, would so considerably contribute to the support of his body and the amusement of his mind.

There is one important point regarding the past and present of the Nene from Oundle to Peterborough which should be approached with becoming delicacy; yet, being matter now of notoriety, needs no great excuse for its introduction here, as it is really the pivot upon which the fortunes of this portion of the Nene turned from a high state of preservation to a very low scale

of neglect. Some years ago, in John the great Earl of Westmorland's time, from and below Oundle the river used to be greatly protected and the manorial rights watched very strictly, in consequence of which game became abundant, and pike and perch fishing as fine as any in England—a state of affairs which was the pride of everyone concerned, from the under watchers to their noble master; all, indeed, seemed to take a delight in the success of the angler, to whom the old-fashioned hospitality of the county was shown, and a welcome freely given. This character would then equally apply to the adjoining waters (above Oundle) of Nassington and Yarwell. It is true the rights are still kept up, and no lack of liberality exercised towards the legitimate fisher. Then whence the alteration? Simply that, when the railways were introduced into this part of the country, great facilities ensued for procuring sea fish from London, and a system of exchange was instituted from that date between the stewards of the large estates and the metropolitan fishmonger. Game, pike, perch, and eels were readily converted by a journey up to town into salmon, turbot, cod, and other fish of the ocean. Formerly, a Nene pike always appeared upon the tables of the Earls of Westmorland and Fitzwilliam, whether touched by the guests or not; but after this they changed their *venue* for the marble slabs of Bond and Coventry streets, quitting their native waters, shaded by the ancestral woods of Northamptonshire, for the Groves and Willows of the West End. The inauguration of this system of exchange was a fatal blow to the pike and perch preservers, as it introduced, for an occasional and judicious draw with the net, under proper surveillance, its constant and unlimited use, which soon told upon the stock; and with the fall of the keepers' boast of abundance came that supineness which is always the forerunner or attendant upon utter failure. With a cessation, however, of the system, the river has greatly recovered, but it is said to be far from what it was in times past. At the present day a very laudable desire prevails to utilise this handsome river, in which Mr. G. Ward Hunt, M.P., the Hon. C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, M.P., and others, are practically interested in introducing young salmon into the stream, with what ultimate success may be imagined, when it has been said that the Duke of Bedford's Act takes one-half the water from the Nene for the irrigation of the fens, and in droughty seasons the other half finds its way by the same channel; so that from Peterborough, as far as the Dog-in-a-Doublet, the bed of the river has silted up to such an extent

that boys can ford it easily in a dry summer. Such neglect of first-rate pike waters to perform salmon conjurations are not uncommon, but they are not the less to be regretted.

Our brother anglers will find Mr. Mullon, of the *Peterborough Times*, and Mr. Wilkinson, the town clerk of Peterborough, ready and willing to afford them every information and assistance in reference to the fishing.

The length of the river Nene is about 100 miles from its source to the ocean.

We think it not unlikely that by the time this little work is in the hands of the public an influential association will have been formed to take the Nene for some miles above Peterborough under its protecting influence—by which means it hoped the river will be saved from the visits of poachers, and a suitable distance within the city boundaries reserved as free water for the inhabitants and the public to fish with rod only—with every chance of success.

It is, moreover, but right to state that there exists a disposition on the part of the Bedford family to entertain any suggestion whereby the thorough irrigation of the fens should be rendered independent of the Nene. A speculative company has obtained Parliamentary powers for waterworks for Peterborough, but shareholders are diffident. The water is intended to be taken from the Peakirk gravel pits (railway excavations), about five miles from Peterborough. There is a project (immatured) to bore near Marholm, where it is believed sufficient water can be obtained for Peterborough and Thorney, which would be desirable, and this would save taking the water from the Nene, besides being more healthy for the inhabitants. Stanground Sluice, it should be stated, is about half a mile below the bridge, and supplies the middle level (Whittlesea, &c.), whilst the north level (Duke of Bedford's) is supplied by a sluice at the Dog-in-a-Doublet. In summer when the water in the Nene is low the tide rises above the Dog-in-a-Doublet, and consequently the water at Thorney is strongly impregnated with salt. If water is obtained from Marholm, the Bedford family, it is said, would surrender the title to the water of the Nene. A few years ago as many as thirty barge horses were stabled nightly at the Dog-in-a-Doublet, but now navigation is closed. Mr. Whalley, M.P., has strongly advised the re-opening by deepening the Nene, which would be a great boon to Peterborough and the upper waters.

Robert Hobbs, M.A., of Northamptonshire, in his "Compleat

Troller," speaks of this river as "the neighbouring Avon," and adds, "some call it by the name of Nine, because it hath its origin from nine fountains, though I cannot discover above five rivulets that flow into the increasing of it: springs, indeed, there are many, that join forces to augment it, the first of which rises about Daventry." The Avon and Nene rise not far off each other, but take a different course; but, doubtless, hence the confusion scarcely pardonable in a native.

THE WAVENEY.

STATIONS: Diss; Burston; Finningham; Mellis; Harleston; Redenhall; Wortwell; Homersfield; Earsham; Bungay; Ditchingham; Mutford; Carlton; Ellingham; Geldeston; Beccles; St. Olaves.

THE Waveney is a tributary of the Yare, in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the waters in its upper course are singularly transparent. Every weed in its bed may be seen, even where the channel is deep, and "the fishes," says Suckling, "may be discerned sporting in shoals. It may venture to vie in this respect with the Dove, so celebrated by Cotton."

Agnes Strickland thus writes of this river:

Sweet stream of my childhood! still fancy will fly
 To thy green sunny vales with a pensive delight;
 There memory wanders, and pours forth her sigh,
 To the spot that no longer may gladden my sight.
 Thy soft verdant meadows, when Spring was at hand,
 Were tinted with tenderer, lovelier green;
 At her earliest visit each bud would expand,
 And vary with fresh opening beauties the scene.
 How my bosom has bounded when Summer drew near,
 With her long sunny season so balmy and mild;
 Oh, ne'er to my spirit was Summer so dear,
 As when o'er thy waters, sweet Waveney, she smiled.

It has its source on the east side of the two Lophams, near Redgrave and Park, in Norfolk, where, in the swampy grounds termed Lopham Gate, are two copious springs, giving rise to the Waveney and the Little Ouse; the one stream flowing eastward, the other westward, and both forming boundary lines between the shires of Norfolk and Suffolk. The first town that occurs near the banks of the Waveney, after passing the village of Roydon and its Hall, is that of Diss, "which," says Lewis, "is beautifully situated on an eminence, having a large basin of water, of about

five acres, on its south side. The steep banks of this lake are overlaid with gardens, forming a delightful contrast to the expansive sheet of water below, and the buildings of the town above."

This lake which was once a deserved and a great ornament to the town of Diss is now a thorough disgrace to the authorities, who have gradually permitted its clear waters to become thick and putrescent with every abomination the inhabitants have had the power to sewer into it. It is so bad, indeed, that upon our last visit we had the temerity to set aside some of its foetid scum with our walking stick, and it sent forth so powerful an odour that we were compelled literally to take to our heels to get out of the neighbourhood of its pestiferous atmosphere. Yet this *cloethea* is in the High-street, open to the observation of every stranger—five acres of the rankest filth, and no one seems to know what in depth—we have heard 18ft. ! While this lasts we cannot recommend hotel or inn.

A little below Diss two tributaries enter, one on either side; the former from Palgrave, and the other from near BURSTON, Shrimpling and its Hall, the seat of the Duke of Grafton, and Frenze and its Hall. Scole (or Osmondiston) a little lower down the river, "is a sweet ancient-like village," and for its size has many elegant gardens; Sir Edward Kerrison is lord of the manor. Scole House, a large handsome mansion, is the seat of Mr. Frederick Crawshay. Scole Inn is a spacious brick building, adorned with imagery and carved work; it was formerly noted for a large sign containing a great number of colossal statues, executed by Fairchild, in 1655, at a cost of 1057*l*. Here was a round bed big enough to hold fifteen to twenty couples, but this and the courtly sign were destroyed about eighty years ago.

We pass Shillingford and its Hall, and at Hoxne the Waveney is joined by the small river Dove, which has its source in the vicinity of Wetheringsett, where Hakluyt, the naval historian, held the rectory during a period of eleven years, closing with his life, and by the villages of Westhorpe, FINNINGHAM, Wickham, Skeith, Thornham Magna, and Stoke Ash, with its Hall, Thorndon Pool, Braiseworth Hall, and the borough town of Eye, where Edmund the Martyr's oak stood till 1848. From Eye, MELLIS is four miles, to the left of which lies Bedgrave Hall, the old seat of Lord Bacon's father, and Chief Justice Holt, both of whom, as well as Lord Bacon, lie buried in Bedgrave Church. There is a fine lake said to be well stocked with fish in Bedgrave Park, the residence of G. H. Wilson, Esq.

Near Eye the Dove receives a brook from Yaxley and its Hall. It then flows on with much beauty through the noble demesne of Hoxne Park. There is good reason for believing that, inconsiderable as it now is, the Dove was formerly navigable up to Eye; and it is thought that the valleys of the Waveney and the Little Ouse formed one connected navigation from Yarmouth to Lynn.

A few miles below the village of Hoxne and its flax mill, the Waveney passes Syleham and its canvas mills and Brockdish village, coursing on by Low Mill to a mill a little above Needham, where an affluent from Fressingfield and Weybread falls in on our right. Below this is another water-mill, near Shotford Bridge, and we approach within little more than a mile of HARLESTON. Shotford Hall is on the borders of our stream, which, after passing the site of Mendham Priory, flows close upon that village, and afterwards that of REDENHALL, remarkable for its fine church tower, and yet closer to that of WORTWELL and its Hall, after which it actually touches the banks of HOMESFIELD, the church of which is very picturesquely situated on a bold knoll of land, encompassed on the west and north by the meanders of the river, making three railway stations in less than four miles. Now it follows the rail by Denton and Denton House, Flixton Hall, the seat of the Hon. Robert Shafto Adair, Bart., "with its deep glades and sportive deer," EARSHAM and Park, where it runs off, but to take a bold plunge beneath the railway to the west of the neat town of BUNGAY. Another extraordinary bend succeeds in the shape of a horseshoe, sweeping northward and returning southward, which again dives beneath the railway, so as almost to meet the spot from which it diverged, and thus nipping the town as in the ends of a pair of forceps. The ruins of Bungay Castle still remind us of the turbulent period in which its lord could bid defiance to the crown; and of the two parish churches of Bungay, that of St. Mary was connected with a nunnery. From this town the river becomes navigable.

The Waveney now courses by Falcon Bridge, the paper mill, Wainford Mills, near Mettingham, about a mile from DITCHINGHAM, and its meadows continue in sight of the railway by ELLINGHAM between GELDESTON and the rustic scenes of Shipmeadow, near to Barsham and Gillingham, on past the ancient house of Roos Hall to BECCLES.

Roos Hall was built in 1583. It is a brick mansion and has a

fine oak staircase, wainscotted rooms, and some portions of a moat. Eachard, the ecclesiastical historian, was born at Barsham in the year 1671; and in Barsham Hall, a commodious old rectory house, finely embowered in trees, was born, on the 27th of May, 1725, Catherine Suckling, the mother of Nelson; and in the same chamber, Maurice Suckling, her brother, first saw the light. He was the early patron and professional tutor of the great Admiral, his nephew; and when in command of the *Dreadnought*, of 60 guns, attended by the *Augusta* of the same class, and the *Edinburgh*, 64, fought an action off Cape François, in 1757, paralleled only by his nephew's own achievements. With these three ships carrying only 184 guns, and 1232 seaman, he defeated a French squadron bearing 366 guns, of much heavier metal, and worked by 3440 men. This action was fought on the 21st of October; and it is not a little singular that the great victory of Trafalgar was gained on the same day of the month; and to this coincidence Nelson alluded at the commencement of that memorable engagement. The reader may exclaim, what has this to do with angling? Everything, for Nelson was a good fly-fisher; and if he had never handled a rod, we are, it must be admitted, still upon the waters.

The right of free-fishing and swannery in the river Waveney belonging to this manor extends from a certain part of the river, now known as Moll's Locks, to Roos Hall Fleet, and the swan mark, as preserved on an old roll, bearing date 1498, and still in existence, is a diagonal cross on the left side of the beak of the bird, with a blot on the upper part of the lower angle.

The manor at this place belonged to Sir John Suckling, the poet. From the bold promontory on which the town stands, the spectator beholds a wide and fertile valley, smiling under the industry of man, and having churches, villages, and mansions thickly studded along its woody banks. The silvery stream pursues a winding course, and adds a charm to the landscape. Here and there appears the silken pennon of the pleasure boat fluttering in the breeze, or the patient angler pursuing his recreation. "There is no subject more pleasing to the thoughtful mind," says Suckling, "than a contemplation of the changes wrought by time on the face of Nature; and few places present a more ample field for such retrospective meditation than the sight of Beccles." A fine spacious church, encircled by a thriving well-built town, bounds the nearer view, and completes the picture of the present day. In remote times this tranquil valley lay buried beneath a broad

impetuous arm of the sea, whose mighty tides bore along the hostile bark of the ruthless Dane, intent on violence and plunder, but that day has long since passed, and a rough estuary has now subsided into a peaceful river. But "the contemplative recreation of the angler" alluded to by the poet, appears to be likely to flow with the retiring sea into the past. Upon which subject we cannot do better than quote from an article in the *East Suffolk Gazette*.

"This river from the Shipmeadow Locks to Oulton Dyke—a remarkably fine piece of water, navigable by vessels of a hundred tons for a great portion of the way, capable of supporting a vast quantity of fish, affording a means of livelihood to a good many people in catching and selling them—is now nothing but a bait pond to supply bait for cod. The small mesh poachers ought to be debarred from their selfish gains, as they moreover destroy more than they catch. Given the number of cubic feet of water that will support one fish—say of about two pounds weight—and it might be easily shown what an immense amount of wholesome food is annually lost to us by the greed of three or four not particularly reputable individuals. The subject of over preservation of game has been pretty well ventilated lately. The want of preservation of fish ought to receive a like share of attention: land produces the bread we eat, and feeds the cattle that furnish us with meat; but land is only food-producing to the extent of six or eight inches below the surface, while water supports living *pabulum* to a great depth; consequently, every surface-acre of water is equal in flesh-sustaining power to a much larger extent than land."

Another writes: "I rowed slowly up the river the other day, when the fierce sun shot down through the water to the very roots of the weeds, showing every scale of the finny tribes below. Alas! the places where I have caught fishes of pounds' weight now show nothing but pigmies of a few ounces; and the rush of a good pike I have not heard for years. A good many roach still exist, partly through the almost entire destruction of their great enemy, the pike, and the scarcity of large perch; also, being subject to so many enemies, Nature has endowed them with great fecundity; but they are all very small, and as soon as the weeds are cut, the great smelt nets will sweep them out of the river by tons, leaving nothing but the smallest of the small behind, ready to be caught in their turn as soon as they are a little larger."

The above and similar remonstrances from personal friends in Norfolk induced us to visit Beccles, in the month of October, 1870, and form a small deputation of anglers to the mayor of that town. During this interview it was stated that but a few years ago any of the inhabitants whose gardens extended down to the water-side could, from their summer-houses, take in an hour or two a handsome basket of jack and perch, but that now they might fish for a day without doing anything, and they have to go full twelve miles down the river if they desire sport. Before quitting Beccles we had a pull over the horse-shoe bend which skirts the town, and gives so much of a picturesque character to every yard of the town water. This afforded us the opportunity of seeing the nets used on this river. They are of a formidable character, capable of extending completely across the Waveney at its widest part; and as its banks close in sheer into some eight or ten feet of water, the nets can be handled with the greatest possible effect. When we returned, as we had promised, to afford our brother anglers at Beccles every practical assistance in our power, we went to the libraries to search for precedents, hoping to find something which would serve as a clue to put down the poaching. Although we could not discover any direct information, we were fortunate enough to find the following in relation to the borough of Yarmouth; and as this completely sets at rest the powers of that corporation over a certain distance of the Yare, Waveney, and Bure, it is not unlikely that other corporate towns possess similar privileges if they were but looked up. As a matter of principle, there cannot be two opinions upon the wisdom of checking the wholesale mischief of one or two individuals, who would destroy, for their own profit, a source of amusement and recreation to the many. But the Beccles authorities very properly desire to correct even mischief by unquestionably lawful means, and this fact is the best assurance that they will ultimately succeed. The following are the extracts alluded to:—"The liberties of the borough of Yarmouth by water extend to St. Olave's Bridge, on the Waveney, to Hardley Cross on the Yare, and to Weybridge on the Bure. The custom of the corporation to go up these rivers annually has been adopted for centuries past, and was anciently kept up by our forefathers with as much spirit as at the present day; for it appears by Swinden's history of the town, after giving a long detail relative to the rights of the river, &c., that about the year 1577 (the nineteenth of Elizabeth) the ceremonies of the aquatic

excursions by the corporation at that time were observed in the following manner, viz :—To the end that good order and the liberties of the town may be better preserved, the bailiffs for the time being, with most of the corporation, together with the inquest of the liberties, and many other gentlemen and inhabitants of the town adjoining them in boats, to the number of eighty or one hundred, with drums, French horns, fifes, and other musical instruments, with flags and colours displayed, 'go up the rivers two several days in the year, carrying shales and brass measures with them, to try if the nets of the fishermen be lawful ;' if not, they are punished according to the quality of the offence committed. The two bailiffs taking their course together the first day till they arrive at Norwich Water mouth, where they separate ; the senior bailiff going to St. Olave's, and the junior to Hardley Cross ; then at each place a proclamation is made," &c.

In John Preston's "Picture of Yarmouth, 1819," the Comptroller of the Customs of that port, this ceremony is alluded to, he says : "The custom was continued till 1748, when it was relinquished for some years, but was afterwards revived, with all its usual ceremonies till the year 1793, when, a gentleman on board the mayor's barge being killed, this annual regatta was suspended till the year 1816, in the mayoralty of Robert Cory, jun., Esq., at which period it was again revived in its original splendour, and has since been continued ; for at this time the mayor and corporation, with the request, in their respective barges, attended by a great number of boats, and accompanied by bands of music, &c., in the latter end of July or beginning of August, celebrate this "water frolic," and when the wind and weather are favourable it is certainly a delightful and gratifying spectacle. On the arrival of the mayor at the several limits before mentioned, the usual proclamation is read by the town clerk, after which the barges, boats, &c., repair to a place called Burgh Cage, near the ruins of the castle, where the company dine, and remain till the proper time of tide, when they return to Yarmouth, amidst the congratulations of all ranks of the inhabitants, who are assembled in great numbers on the adjacent banks to witness the conclusion of this festivity. Nothing can be more pleasing or interesting than the scenes on the return of the little fleet towards the town, the gardens of individuals, and such places as are best accommodated to a view of the river, presenting groups of elegantly dressed females, with the youth of both sexes, attended by such of the gentry who, from age or other

causes, are deterred from accompanying their brethren on the water."

In a note in another work we find: "We call upon the mayor, who is undoubtedly the conservator of the waters, to look to this. It is evident that the exercise of his authority never was more requisite than at present. It cannot be doubted that if the use of unlawful nets were strictly prohibited, and the legal regulations enforced, this would be one of the most productive rivers for fish in the kingdom."*

The tide runs four miles above Beccles, and maintains its wondrous purity the whole of the way. About a mile and a half below the town, on the Waveney, is Boat-house Hill, the property of Admiral Eaden, to which the inhabitants resort very frequently in the summer for a cool and delightful pic-nic retreat.†

* Since writing the above we have found the following, which it is possible may have an important bearing upon the subject of the injurious netting practised in the Waveney, to the injury of the town as a resort for anglers: "The abbot, as lord of the manor, had a right of free-warren in Beccles, but whether this was exercised by grant or prescription does not appear. He also possessed the right of free-fishery in the waters of the Waveney, from Gerald's fleet to Beccles bridge, a privilege which was afterwards extended as far as St. Olave's, with a *leet* or power of electing officers for the management and controul of the fishery, for the fixing the size of the meshes of the fishing-nets used in the above waters, and for preventing nuisances committed therein." This right of free-fishery, which was obtained by the abbot in 1268, from John le Bigot, does not seem to have been an exclusive grant, but extended to all the inhabitants of the town, *they being subject to the regulations of the leet*. The words of the grant are as follows: "Anno 53, Hen. 3, John le Bigot legavit finem Abbati de Bury, et hominibus de Beccles communis piscarias in aqua de Beccles a ponte de Beccles usque ad Gerard's fleet:" (MS. British Museum.)

In the eighth of Elizabeth, Nicholas Bacon occurs as lord and patron of the church, with "right of free-fishing in the waters of Bungay, Ship-Meadow, Barsham, and Beccles, with licence of alienation to Sir Robert Catlin:" (Suckling, p. 168, vol. i.)

The netters are aptly called Skinners, at Beccles.

† Beccles is generally pronounced to be one of the most pleasantly situated towns in Suffolk, and is the third in size in the county. The angler-tourist should make for its churchyard, where he may overlook the marshes of the Waveney, and the glorious bend of that noble river, with its banks here and there fringed with fine timber to the water's edge. There can be no doubt that as far as the eye can reach from this elevated spot, the marshes were once covered by the sea, for we read in old books of enormous shoals of herrings frequenting the estuary. A chapel dedicated to St. Peter, the prince of fishermen, was built in the old market-place at Beccles, for the convenience of the herring-traders, and it is stated that ancient documents likewise refer to this ocean trade. Crabbe, the poet,

The Waveney produces eels of a delicate flavour, with pike, perch, and roach—formerly in abundance. Smelts are taken in the season; and occasionally a salmon strays up its channel. The perch are unrivalled for the brilliancy of their colours, and sometimes attain a considerable weight. Six of these fish, according to Sackling, were caught near Warlingham Staithe, four miles below Beccles, by Henry Francis, Esq., of that town, on the 9th of August, 1844, which averaged 3lb. each. One measured 18in. in length, 5½in. in depth, and weighed 3¼lb. It was what sportsmen call an "empty fish," but had it been taken in full season it would have weighed nearly five pounds. We have caught eels herein exceeding six pounds in weight. "A pike was captured near Ellingham Water-mills, and kept for a considerable time in a tank as an extraordinary specimen. He weighed 44lb." A sturgeon measuring 7ft. 8in. has been taken, and lampreys of large size are frequently caught.

Oulton High House, to the east of the expansive broad of Oulton, was built about 1500 by the Hobarts. It retains a fine mantelpiece of the period and some curious carved-work. It was long known as the "haunted house," where some deed of darkness had been committed. At midnight a wild huntsman and his hounds, and a white lady carrying a poisoned cup, were believed to issue and go their fiendish rounds. According to the legend, the spectre, in the time of George II., was the wife of a roystering squire, who, returning unexpectedly from the chase, surprised her toying with an officer, his guest, whose pity for her had ripened into guilty love. High words followed, and, when the husband struck the suitor of his wife, the paramour drove his sword through his heart. The murderer and lady fled with her jewels and the gold of the murdered man. Years after, her daughter, who had been forgotten in the haste of departure, having grown up into a beautiful woman, was affianced to a young farmer of the neighbourhood. Being on the eve of marriage, she was sitting with him in the old hall one bleak November night, when a carriage, black as a hearse, its curtains closely drawn, and with servants dressed in sable liveries, stopped at the door. The was married in the church, 1783. At an earlier period he had narrowly escaped drowning while bathing in the Waveney, near this place. Residents for a certain time in the town have special privileges of exemption from rates, which the feu dues are sufficient to meet, and high-class free education for their children. Inn: King's Head. Mr. Scott (draper), or Mr. Ward (wine merchant), are both anglers, and will give every information.

masked men rushed in and carried off the young girl to her proud and unnatural mother, having stabbed the lover, who had endeavoured in vain to rescue her. In a convent cemetery at Namur was a grave said to cover the unhappy daughter, who had been poisoned by her mother. It is to be hoped that if any rush is made by the ghostly party to encounter the angler returning from his recreation in the broad, they may carry something more hospitable and acceptable in the cup alluded to.

Oulton Broad is close to the railway-stations of MUTFORD and CARLTON, and a short walk from Lowestoft. There are two inns at Oulton Broad, near the bridge. In its progress from Oulton to the Yare, the Waveney passes not far from the well-planted park of Somerleyton; and near ST. OLAVES and bridge, where it is 120ft. in width, it flows past the ruined site of an ancient priory, and receives a narrow creek from Fritton Decoy. Our river then passes on, as already stated, to join the Yare at Burgh Castle, where the Roman station points to a far-off antiquity.

We should state that the angling above Bungay, in the Waveney, is almost worthless, being shamefully netted, and the river very shallow. The latter fact is in singular contrast with the great depth of the river about Beccles, where the water plumbed eight to ten feet perpendicular depth close to the banks.

Mr. Powell, of the Hydrographical Office, Admiralty, caught a roach at Beccles weighing 2½lb.

THE BURE.

ALTHOUGH the Bure does not touch upon any of the stations of the Great Eastern system, or, in fact, of any other line, being in the north-east district of Norfolk, into which the iron road has not penetrated, it is a stream of too great an importance to anglers for us to omit a few particulars. We should premise that the only angling in many of the districts of the Bure is in private waters. It contains some fair trout at its source and in its tributaries. Pike and the usual Norfolk river fish in its deeper waters. Most of the land on the banks at the head of the stream belongs to Lord Orford and the Marchioness of Lothian; and the fish are preserved. It can, therefore, be only through private interest that leave to fish can be obtained. It is the opinion of some that were the pike killed down it

might be a very good trout stream, though it is rather sluggish in most parts. We ourselves much doubt this, having, to our sorrow, seen some of the finest pike preserves in England—for it is not enough to exterminate these fish in the shallows, but likewise in the deeps below, from whence they come—sacrificed under a similar impression; and now their owners find, after years of waiting, that they are only very indifferent trout waters. We would, therefore, have all who meditate killing down the pike, pause before so uncertain an experiment is resorted to. It may be here remarked how prone are the majority of people—setting aside the natural hatred the fly-fisher has against pike—to fall into the views of others, in which destruction, or, in other words, a bit of mischief, is to be accomplished. The majority throw up their caps and strip off their outer garments for the work, while the angler looks helplessly on, knowing full well that the chances are that Man is about to interfere with Nature's laws, to his own undoing. In a stream, however, clearly and manifestly adapted to trout, there we would have not the slightest mercy upon pike, or, indeed, almost every other fish not of its kind, treating the whole, excepting very small fry, for food, as intruders.

The Bure is a tributary of the river Yare, and pursues a south-eastern course, and presents much picturesque scenery, having its rise near Melton Constable, where Melton Park, the seat of Lord Hastings, with its bold masses of woodland glade, its quiet resplendent lake teeming with fish, and herds of innumerable deer, give material value and poetic sentiment to a fine and noble seat. From hence the stream flows by Hindolveston and the grounds of Thurning Hall to Saxthorpe and Corpusty, thence by Irmingham Hall to Itteringham, below which, after passing two mills, it is skirted on the north by the Earl of Orford's park and pleasure grounds of Wolterton, which afford a scene of varied excellence, with its small lakes abounding in fish, and fine trees, On the opposite side of the river is Blicking Hall and Park, the seat of the Marchioness of Lothian. It is a very ancient moated demesne, possessing extensive aquatic preserves, which feed, or are fed by, the Bure. The lake is of a crescent shape, about one mile in length, and 400 yards in its greatest breadth, skirted by lawns and thickly-wooded hills, "clad in especial grandeur," verdant with splendid trees. The park is about a mile and a half from Aylsham, and the hall is "set in history," from the fact that Anne Boleyn was born here. "There is a local tradition,"

says Murray, "that Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Queen Anne, drives forth once a year, carrying his own head under his arm, in a coach drawn by four headless horses, and makes a circuit of twelve bridges near Blickling."

An affluent comes in from the north near this, from Aylmerton, filling Felbrigge Ponds (J. Ketton, Esq.), which are well stored with pike, perch, tench, carp, eels, and immense numbers of bream; and afterwards touches the villages of Sustead, Metton, Harnworth (where there are two good ponds in the pear plantation), then on by Alborough (Norfolk) and Calthorpe.

After passing Ingworth, we come to the town of Aylsham, which has always been justly celebrated for its happy situation, with the Bure winding pleasantly below it. At Aylsham our river becomes navigable. There is a very good inn at Aylsham—the Black Boys. The road from Aylsham to Cromer is eleven miles, and passes through a richly-wooded and fertile landscape. The last mile will be found yet more picturesque, lying through a deep and romantic hollow shaded by trees. Aylsham is called "The Garden of Norfolk."

As the angler and the artist will always make for a mill, they will find their favourite objects just above Blickling Park, and another at Ingworth. Town Barningham, the seat of J. T. Mott, Esq., north of the park, has likewise a fine sheet of water.

Near Mannington, five miles north-north-west of Aylsham, is "the Mere," a large moated mansion, so called from a pond which is supplied by several copious springs, and is occupied by Mr. John Crowe.

The Bure winds onward for some miles to the obscure village of Burgh, anciently a town of note, and after passing the villages of Bampton and Oxnead, it receives an affluent. This tributary is fed by "the Great Water," "the Decoy," "Suffield Water," and "Suffield Pond," all either in or near Lord Suffield's Park, at Gunton. In the principal of these preserves are very large pike—the Rev. J. G. Nelson has killed them of 24lb.—perch, tench, carp, eels, and immense numbers of bream and other fish. We regret to learn that leave to angle has been shamefully abused in these truly noble waters, by the use of "liggers," and that it is possible it will be long before any but intimate friends or thoroughly accredited persons will be permitted to fish again. We are confident we are not recording the acts of anglers, nor of anyone of the slightest pretension to the character of a sportsman, when we state that, on one occasion the fish were literally

caught *wholesale* and sold in Norwich market! Can anyone, therefore, be surprised that Lord Suffield, or other owners of waters worth holding a rod over, should hesitate to grant permission to strangers as hitherto, when such wanton and mercenary havoc is made of that which has been protected at no little expense and care for the amusement of the really legitimate lovers of our art.

The tributary from Gunton likewise passes between Suffield and Felmingham, and Coleby, Banningham, Tuttington, and Skeyton, below which, and near Oxnead, it joins the main stream. The Bure then glides on by Lammas, Buxton and Mill, Little and Great Hautboys, and Horstead and Coltishall, where the stream divides the two parishes. In the former of these are some of the finest specimens of sweet chesnut in the county.* An island, with a lock and water-mill, affords a favourable example of the quiet rural scenery of the Bure, the general character of which is, however, inferior to that presented by the valleys of its sister streams, Yare and Waveney, especially to that of the Yare in the neighbourhood of Norwich. A little below Coltishall, at the southern extremity of the pleasant peninsula of Belaugh, the Bure receives a tributary stream from the west. This stream rises at Felthorpe, where a dreary waste has been converted into a smiling landscape, and thence proceeds to the village of Horsford and Hall, supplies a water-mill, and lower down passes by Spixworth Park, and then by Crostwick to join the Bure.

The latter river then flows onward, with the Belaugh peninsula on its left, and on its right the church of Wroxham, which stands on a very beautiful knoll, with the stream winding like a silver cord at the foot. We now come to a district marked by many of those "broads" or lakes for which the eastern part of Norfolk is remarkable. Firstly, we have several small broads at Belaugh, then a small one at Wroxham Bridge, and after the Bure passes Wroxham Park, the river flows between the extensive broads of Wroxham and "Hoveton Great Broad." The Wroxham broads are the property of Mr. Blake Humphrey. Salhouse and Woodbastwick Decoy Broad follow, and then Little Hoveton Broad. The best quarters for these broads is either Wroxham, Woodbastwick, or Horning Ferry, the whole district of which is most pleasing. Lower down we have the village of Horning, Banworth, with its extensive broads, one of them a

* Lewis's "Book of English Rivers."

decoy, and then a tributary, which, rising near Cottenham Hall, supplies a pretty piece of water at Peaty Mill-dam, and passing by Panxworth forms Walsham Broad, and enters the Bure by Fleet Ditch, nearly opposite to where the tributary Ant comes in from the north near St. Bennet's Abbey. There are other broads, large and small, belonging to Rev. J. Blofield, Messrs. N. H. Trafford, A. Cates, J. Kerrison, H. W. Burroughs, and others.

The abbey is surrounded by a level tract of marshes, intersected by the Bure, which flows along the northern side of the ancient Holme. "A causeway built by the monks still renders these swamps passable to Horning; the foundations may be traced, the extent of its gardens, and some fragments of its battlemented and loopholed wall, which also served as a barrier against the winter flood. The Gate House, of the period of Henry VII., flanked by two octagonal turrets, still stands, though deformed by an unsightly mill; but it is a striking and impressive ruin, seen in that expanse of solitude, when the last rich mellow tints of sunset light it up with a brief glory, and the shadows lengthen round it in approaching night. The abbey was more like a castle than a cloister." Half way between St. Bennet's and the Thurne Mouth, roach of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb., measuring sixteen inches, are said to be often taken. After passing Thurne Mouth, which is a good fishing ground, but has no inns near, the Bure flows on to Acle Bridge, and a short distance beyond it, in the parish of Stokesby, receives the filthy stream, or rather dyke, called Muck Fleet, which is about two miles long, but not navigable, although it is the outlet of nearly 700 acres of water, viz., the Filby, Burgh, Rollesby, and Ormesby Broad, also the Water-works Broad, on the banks of which the works for the supply of Great Yarmouth are erected. The Bure then runs in a remarkably winding stream by Bunham, Mautby, and Caister, through wide-spread marshes formerly covered by the sea. Caister was once a Roman station, and afterwards celebrated as the residence of the brave and munificent Sir John Fastolf; a piece of water of which anglers speak as once containing fabulously weighty carp and tench, and called in old deeds "Mother's Milk," by the side of the Caister-road, and commonly known as "the Moat," was only filled up recently.

The ample river then washes the western limit of the common, called the North Denes, and falls into the river Yare, on the north-western side of the town of Great Yarmouth.

Jack-o'-Lantern haunts the marshes at Horning, and torments

homeward bound farmers, knocking them down and dismounting them. Hob-in-the-Hurst frequents farmhouses. When a farmer was determined to escape his tormentors, he quickly packed his goods and prepared for a start before break of day. As he was congratulating himself upon his ingenious mode of escape, he was arrested by a voice quietly saying, "Ah, you're flutting early." The farmer at once resigned himself to his fate, and did not flit after all.

The *Ant* has its rise in the extensive ponds at Artingham, and thence flows onward below the eminence on which the town of North Walsham is built. It passes afterwards between the villages of Honing and Dilham, and opens out into the broads of Stalham and Barton, on quitting which it flows past Irstead Church. The rectory of Irstead was held in the middle of the fourteenth century by William de Wykeham. The *Ant* below this place passes between the parishes of Ludham and Horning, and joins the river Bure in the vicinity of the ruins of St. Bennet's Priory. The river was formerly navigable only as high as Dilham and its lake, but, by deepening the channel, and cutting a canal upwards of seven miles in length, the navigation has been extended to North Walsham and the bounds of Artingham.

Lord Suffield, the trustees of Mr. W. H. Windham, Sir J. H. Preston, Mr. J. C. Webb, and Mrs. Cubitt, are the principal owners of the waters.

Worstead, on the *Ant*, was formerly a town of considerable trade, and celebrated as the first manufactory of *worsted stuffs*, to which it gave name; it is now reduced to the rank of an agricultural village, pleasantly situated on gently rising ground, near a small rivulet running into the river *Ant*, three miles south by east of North Walsham, thirteen miles north-north-east of Norwich, and twenty-one miles north-east of Yarmouth. Worstead House is a handsome mansion of red brick, the seat of the Hon. Wm. Rufus Rous (brother of the Earl of Stradbroke). It is about half-a-mile east of the village, in a finely wooded park of about three hundred acres, where the rivulet expands into a beautiful lake. There are three public houses in the village: White Horse, King's Head, and New Inn.

THE YARE.

STATIONS: Hardingham; Yaxham; Thuxton; Kimberley; Wymondham; Flordon; Fornsett St. Mary; Brundall; Buckenham; Cantley; Reedham; Fakenham; Ryburghs; Elmham; Dereham; Trowse.

THIS river rises near Shipdam, and flows a little to the south of Letton Park by Cranworth, and Woodrising, passes Southburgh and Reymerstone to HARDINGHAM, where it is joined by an affluent from the north-north-west, rising a little below YAXHAM, and, following the East Dereham line, passes THUXTON. It then flows between Bunhall and Coston, on to Barham Broom and Barford, and makes a great bow round a hill to Marlingford. But before arriving at this village the river Beck comes in from Hingham Mere or Sea-Mere, a lake which covers more than twenty acres, abounds in pike and other fish, and is supplied by several copious springs. It is fourteen miles west-south-west of Norwich, and the property of Alfred Mushett, Esq. The nearest inn is the Cock (John Gricks). This tributary, at KIMBERLEY PARK, is joined by a stream with three branches; the Tiffey. Bays River, and the Dyke Beck, from the town of WYMONDHAM and expands into a lake. Kimberley was the seat of the Wodehouse family, and is a demesne of which Norfolk may be justly proud, abounding, as it does, in all those scenes which have conferred upon English residences, as a body, such a character for beauty and grandeur. It has since become the property of the Earl of Kimberley. The *carr* or *wood* of oaks, rising from the margin of a lake of twenty-eight acres, is considered the finest in Norfolk. From hence this affluent flows on to Wramplingham, and under Barford Bridge, to its junction with the Yare. Passing from this vicinity, the Yare flows by Bauburgh, and then rambles below the mansion of Colney Hall, which occupies a spot highly favoured by nature, and presenting scenery of a bolder kind than is usual in this generally level country. The breezy heights of the park, and the delightful prospects which they command, are points in favour of this seat which are seldom met with in the east of England. Our river now begins to form the southern boundary of the liberties of Norwich. On its left bank are the sylvan grounds of Earlham Hall, the seat of the Gurneys, and the birthplace of Elizabeth Fry, whence it winds round by Cringleford and Mills, Eaton and Keswick, past two or three mills, to the suburban village of Lakenham with its rising grounds, and there receives the tributary Tas. The small river

Tas is formed by three streams which intersect a fertile and well-wooded district and have their confluence at Tasburgh Ford, near FLORDON (Inn: Bird-in-Hand, Reynolds). One of these feeders comes south-west by the two FORNCETTS—St. Peter and St. MARY; another from Hempnall, and the third works Flordon Mills. It then flows by the fine demesne of Shottesham—the property of Mr. Robert Fellows, lately destroyed by fire—and Mill. on to Swainsthorp Hall; and as it approaches the Yare works Stoke Mill, a little above Dunston, waters the little village of Caistor-cum-Marshall, once a flourishing British city, and afterwards a formidable Roman fortress, of which it is boastingly said by its residents that

Caistor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich is built of Caistor stone.

We then approach the rising grounds of Trowse and Crown-Point, and a little below the latter the Yare receives the navigable river Wensum, from the city of Norwich, and becomes itself navigable.

There are several anglers in Norwich, who display a friendly spirit; and it is for the visitor to find out the name of any one who carries a rod, to receive the kindest recognition and the most ample hints, more than sufficient for the especial purpose which may have brought him into the neighbourhood of the fine Norfolk rivers and broads.*

The tide of the Yare flows to Norwich and rises there about one foot.

Spencer, in his fanciful account of the rivers which attended the marriage of the Thames and Medway, introduces the

Yare, soft washing Norwich wall,
as bringing a present

Of his own fish unto the festivall,
Whose like none else could show, the which they ruffins call.

“The ruffin is a species of perch (*Perca canua*), having a remarkable line drawn down the back.”

We are told that there is excellent trout fishing at Horningham Hall, the seat of Lady Payn, but that her ladyship is extremely

* There is a Yare Angling Protection Society at Norwich, which, having obtained the sanction of Parliament to certain bye-laws affecting the river, is making strenuous efforts to suppress every description of illegal netting, &c. The subscription for membership is but five shillings a year, and this would give the angler at once a *locus standi* amongst his brethren of the rod, and entitle him to the minutest information.

chary of giving an angler permission to throw a fly over that water. A bull-trout is shewn at Mr. Green's, of London-street, the fishing tackle maker, and one of the hon. secs. to the Yare Angling Society, which was caught in a smelt net opposite the New Mills, Norwich, Jan. 15, 1869, which weighed 15lb., and measured 38½ inches.

The city of Norwich is bound yearly to supply Her Majesty's table with twenty-four herring pies or pasties, being the ancient fee-farm rent of the city, before its incorporation, when it was a great place of fishing before the foundation of Yarmouth. The Conqueror added several acres to the manor of East Carlton, on condition that the lords of it should carry these pasties to the king's house. This manor has passed into the possession of the city, who, by their sheriffs, execute the conditions of the joint tenures. They were to be "one hundred herrings by the great hundred, viz., of the first new herrings that came to the city, in twenty-four pies or pasties, well-seasoned with the following spices, viz., half a pound of ginger, half a pound of pepper, a quarter of pound of cinnamon, one pound of cloves, an ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of grains of paradise, and half an ounce of galangals* ; which said pies are to be brought to the king's house, wherever he is in England ; for which service the person carrying them shall receive there six white loaves, six dishes of meat out of the king's kitchen, one flagon of wine, one flagon of beer, one truss of hay, one bushel of oats, one pricket of wax, and six tallow candles." But the Norwich cooks, either from want of skill or a just appreciation of the royal palate, exposed themselves to severe censure in 1629, when "divers just exceptions against the goodness of these pies, were made by the officers of the King's household, dating from Hampton Court, Oct. 4. The complaints specified, moreover, involved the charge that the first new herrings were not taken ; that they were not well baked in good and strong pastye, so as to endure carriage ; that in place of six score herrings to the hundred, which would give five to each pie, diverse had but four ; that the number of pyes were fewer than heretofore, and divers much broken ; and, lastly, that the bringer was constrained to make several journeys before he could have them. The sheriffs of Norwich were charged to take such order that the same may be amended for the future." Similar disputes as to the quality of a last of herrings given to

* An Asiatic plant, whose roots have an aromatic smell and a hot spicy taste.

the College of Poor Knights at Windsor, by grant in 1352, from the Yarmouth Corporation were not unfrequent, and in 1718 the delivery was commuted for a yearly payment of £8, which is still received by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor. During the Commonwealth they discontinued them, until Colonel Sparrow, the purchaser of the grant, had their bailiff arrested.

The above is a somewhat expensive recipe for a herring pie; but perhaps the following, obtained from a first-rate Norwich cook, may be more in accordance with the economical tendencies of a well ordered household—we can vouch for its excellence: Scale, &c., cut off the heads, fins, and tails; lay a crust at the bottom of the dish, which strew with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, put in a layer of apples and onions sliced, then herrings, and some water and butter, cover the pie, and bake it well. We have but little space for fish cookery, but cannot refrain from alluding to a dish of which we have often partaken with great relish, either when yachting or after a ramble along the coast at some fisherman's hut. This has been simply herrings boiled with potatoes. The great secret, however, of eating and enjoying herring—or, indeed, sprats and pilchards—is to do so close to the fire by which they are cooked.

Volumes could be culled from the highest authorities in favour of the herring, and therefore any remarks on the contrary side become the more curious; one of the very few we have met with we give from "The Haven of Health," written by Thomas Cohan, M.A., 1636. "Herring is a fish most common, and best cheap. Yet it is not very wholesome, as it is often proved by them who through eating of fresh herring fall into fevers, yet they may not well be spared of poore folks, who regard not so much the wholesomenesse of meats. Pilchards bee of like nature to herrings; which kinde of fishes, as they be small in quantity, so be they small in value. As for red herrings and sprattes they be much worse, and they give as good nourishment to the body as restie bacon."

With the diversion of the sewage from the Yare, at Norwich, we may expect to find the river again returning to its former high character as a fishing district, and hear of the shoals of fish heading up to Norwich Bridge, in the countless numbers they used to do of yore. This effected, the lovely village of Thorpe, that greets the gratified eye for more than a mile on the Yarmouth line, will be well deserving its old compliment of the "Richmond of Norfolk." Then, likewise, we may hope to see,

as used to be the case, half a dozen rods projecting over the stream from the old Thorpe Gardens, where Mrs. Cattermole so long presided, but now kept by Mr. John Hart. The King's Head here is likewise a good house. There is an artificial cut at Thorpe to facilitate the navigation, as the river is somewhat sinuous, and any alteration otherwise would have involved a lock, none of which exist between Norwich and Yarmouth. J. W. Robberds, after speaking with animation regarding the sailing and rowing matches which take place at Thorpe, says, "contrasted with the bustling vivacity of such a scene, is the appearance of the same spot to those who approach it by water from Whitlingham, a little lower down, at the close of a beautiful summer's evening. Before them extends the clearly defined and wavy outline of the wooded uplands, which at that period of the year is here marked, after sunset, with a peculiar striking and vivid effect upon the lingering brightness of the north-western sky; at the same time, the gray shadows of these dark masses, strongly thrown forward over the humble village at the foot, spread around it the dimness of twilight and all the quiet solemnity of nature's repose; while in front, the glassy surface of the river, reflecting the softened radiance of the heavens, harmonizes with the sacred stillness of the hour, and the calm tranquillity of the scene."

The grove embosomed seats,
 The tufted hill, the valley flour-bedight,
 The silver shinnings of my winding Yare,
 The corn green springing, and the fallows sear,
 The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,
 From hence enchant the sight,
 And wake the shrilly pipe, and tempt to sing:
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountains ring!

Thorpe certainly affords several lovely pictures, and none finer than when viewed from the bend of the river below. Then the hills of Thorpe form the back ground covered with groves and interspersed with cottages and villas, from the foot of which the Yare, in its diversified and mazy course, winds about the valley, and for a short space veils the brightness of its waters under the deep shadow thrown from the dark overhanging woods of the opposite rising grounds,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
 Wanders the gentle Yare along
 His silver winding way.

The grounds of Whitlingham add much to the beauty of this

valley ; the woods of Crown Point, sometimes bordering on its meadows, and sometimes overshadowing the reaches of the river, contrast agreeably their deep green foliage with the livelier verdure of the one, and the sparkling brightness of the other ; while on the skirts of the dark mass, the grey ruins of the village church form a striking object among the scattered trees on the summit of a slope, that rises gently from the waters' edge. This church is none the less picturesque for being in ruins. The aspect of Thorpe from the railway, either approaching or quitting Norwich, is equally beautiful.

Whitlingham is now on our right hand side, and is about to be devoted to villa sites and cottage *ornée*, to become in fact an opposite rival to her sister Thorpe, with whom she can scarcely quarrel, being so gracefully parted by the beauteous Yare. There is some very good fishing here in the spring, more particularly near the brick-kilns, before we come to Surlingham and its ferry, where those who knew this vicinity in times by-gone must not look for the White House, or the pic-nics at Postwick Grove, for they are of the past.

BRUNDALL is close to the river, which is followed along its banks for about a third of a mile, when we arrive at the ferry, the inn being the ferry house, called Coldham Hall, where good fishing punts may be hired, and every accommodation obtained at very reasonable rates. "B.," a correspondent to the *Field*, says, "This station I should strongly recommend for good roach fishing, and as a very pleasant and convenient spot for boating." We differ with "B." so far as the fishing is concerned, as the mud from the sewage of Norwich, or some other cause, must be exceedingly detrimental to comfort, more particularly at low water, as we have experienced ; and we cannot believe that any fish of delicate tastes would choose such a locality in preference to the clearer waters lower down. It is possible, however, the roach may head up at certain times of tide to meet the food, which is ever mixed in the contamination of a city, but we much doubt whether they could stay there after the ebb.* Mr. Robert Francis, the landlord of the house, is an angler, and combines a good deal of individual character with his knowledge of the vicinity. Surlingham Broad, of about 100 acres, is close to this ; and the next large lake-like piece of water on the right is Rock-

* Perhaps a few years or less will remedy this objection, as the contract for the removal of the sewage from the river is proceeding very rapidly at the time we write.

land Broad, fifty acres, with its five dyke communications with the Yare. The New Inn is near Rockland Mill, where there is excellent snipe shooting. Stumpshaw Dyke is about a mile nearer Yarmouth from Coldham.

BUCKENHAM is three miles from Brundall, and is close to the Three Horseshoes, kept by young John Garrett, of whom we have reason to speak elsewhere in terms of commendation. A little further down is Buckenham Ferry, where the ferry-barge is worked across the river by the use of an ingenious chain-catch, swung by the hand of the ferryman round the cable moored on either side, and self-attaches itself, being tight and secure while in the act of pulling, but falls loose and away from the rope to be reattached when the hold is relaxed. Here is the Beauchamp Arms, kept by John Garrett (the father of the young man already mentioned), and this is considered the best station for fishing on the Yare. There is a civil fisherman generally in attendance, who will place a novice in a good swim, and look after his creature comforts while afloat. Just below this is Hetheringham Dyke, good for perch, and near it a celebrated swim for bream, where a dozen or more boats may moor without interfering with the occupiers of either. Hasingham Hobbs, a mile down, and at the entrance to Sir Thomas Beauchamp's private broad, which is nearly grown up with weeds and shallow, is very good for roach for a long distance, where both that fish and bream are taken in great quantities with red paste. We pass Langley Priory on the right, and Langley Dyke on our left.

CANTLEY (Red House Inn, Walter Crowe).—Many of the Norwich anglers consider this decidedly the best fishing district on the river, taking the year all round, and is the nearest inn to a railway station. Crowe's Hole, below this, is celebrated for its large bream, and the bottom is so hard it is a job to get the poles down—which is, certainly, a strong evidence of the presence of fish. The boats are, for the most part, good on the Yare, and here especially so. We pass a steam engine on the left, and come to Cantley Long-reach, the Devil's House Beach, and Devil's Round-house, on the right, and another engine-house. Bream are hereabout more plentiful than roach.

The little river Chet, or Ket, comes in below this, at Hardley Cross, from Loddon, and near the former place is the Cookatrice Inn. Hardley Cross is a pillar of masonry, and marks the jurisdiction of the corporations of Yarmouth and Norwich, as conservators of the river Yare.

REEDHAM and Ferry is next, and on our right Norton Staithe, and a little below we reach the new cut, near the junction of the Yarmouth and Lowestoft railways, which aquatic cut avoids some miles of the Yare and Waveney navigation, all in favour of the latter. The village of Reedham occupies a point of rising ground which stands like a promontory amidst the surrounding marshes, where the valleys of the Yare and the Waveney meet. At a short distance they expand into a wide, fenny tract, which reaches to the very verge of the German Ocean. The scenery around must recal to every artistic observer the paintings of Ruysdael and Van Goyen. We still follow the Yare, pass Upper Seven Mile House (an inn on our right), Mill House and Reedham Mills, where we have the Berney Arms inn, and the Dickey Works, which takes its name after the engineer who suggested and carried out this "cobbler" for the purpose of causing the river to keep a certain channel, which it effectually does; and thus, after passing Burgh Castle, into the Breydon Waters, within sight of Yarmouth.

The grasses of the river scenery here, luxuriant, and interspersed with the salt water vegetation, subject also to the action of the sea breezes, have a surprising variety of green tints, from dull yellows to dark browns, not to be witnessed in inland districts, where the conditions of nature are simpler and less conflicting.

The course of the Yare, between Yarmouth and Norwich, is very devious, presenting a succession of projections and indentations, varying from $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. to 9ft.; from Whitlingham to Burgh Seats, at the mouth of the Yare, a distance of twenty-two miles, is an abundant depth of water, nowhere less than 10ft., and in many places 15ft. At the Burgh Flats, the junction of the river with Breydon, the water suddenly shoals from 13ft. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. within a distance of 200 yards.*

The depth of the Breydon water varies considerably. Along the south side the channel is 9ft. to 10ft. deep at low water. A large portion of the north-eastern end, lying along the railway, is dry at low water; in others the depth varies from 10ft. in the channel to 3ft. on the north-west side. At the western end it becomes very shallow over a wide extent called the Burgh Flats, lying below Burgh Castle. This shoaling has been termed the bar of the Yare or Norwich river, and is caused by the junction of the Yare and Waveney, which meet at right angles, thereby diminishing the force of the stream, and causing the deposition,

* J. G. Nall's "Great Yarmouth."

in the ebbs, of the mud previously carried down in suspension between the two streams. Another shoal, called the Knowl, produced by similar causes, lies at the junction of the Bure with the Breydon. Of late years, the Breydon is believed to have become shallower, but dredging to a considerable extent has been carried on under the direction of Captain Smyth.

The *Wensum* (tributary of the Yare) rises at Wick-end Pond, near Syderstone, a short distance north-east of the demesne of Houghton, the seat of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, where the celebrated statesman Sir Robert Walpole (a native) raised a magnificent mansion in his prosperity, and passed the closing years of his life in retirement. Flowing past one or two villages, the *Wensum* is afterwards skirted on the south by the fine park of Rainham, which is watered by a tributary of our river. Rainham Park presents a beautiful picture of cultivated nature, and for its lofty ash-trees is unequalled in the county. The splendid mansion was erected under the direction of Inigo Jones, and has been since enlarged. This seat, like Houghton Hall, was the property of an eminent minister of State, the second Viscount Townshend, Walpole's brother-in-law, who, on retiring from office, spent the remainder of his life here. It is now the residence of the Marquis of Townshend. From hence the *Wensum* winds onward, passing Shereford, to the town of FAKENHAM, which stands pleasantly on a bold acclivity on its north side. There is an extensive corn-mill, the property of Mr. Joseph Fyson, situated below the town. It afterwards passes between the two—Little and Great—BYBURGHs and mill, and bounds the demesnes of Sennowe Lodge, a neat white mansion, embowered in plantations, overlooking a long reach of the stream. After working Bintree Mill and skirting Yarrow, and then under Guist Bridge, the village of ELMHAM, the stream passes once a place of consideration. It is situated on the west side of the vale, and Elmham Park, the seat of Lord Sondes, may be regarded as, in some respects, one of the finest in the county. It boasts a good piece of water. At Billingford the *Wensum* receives a tributary from the handsome market-town of EAST DEREHAM—hotels: King's Arms; Eagle—where the poet Cowper spent his last days, in 1800, and there sleeps on the breast of a sunny bank in one of the richest spots of rural Norfolk. The tides are said to have anciently flowed up the *Wensum* as far as Billingford. Worthing and Chapel Mills are on this tributary, which comes in near Grint Mill and Bridge.

Thus augmented by the Dereham stream, our river rambles on past Swanston Paper Mill, the site of Swanston Castle, Bylaugh and Hall, Elsing Mill, Lyng, to Lenwade Bridge. In this vicinity, on the right of the Wensum, are the park of Weston Hall and the house of Weston Old Hall, the latter of which, now occupied by a farmer, is surrounded by some picturesque specimens of the elm tribe. On the left side the Wensum is joined by a stream about seven miles in length. The tributary rises a little to the south of Heydon Park, which, with its thick woody scenes, is interesting as the seat of the Bulwers. The stream is also skirted by the demesnes of Salle and Booton, and by the small market-town of Beepham, the native place of Richard Westall, the painter. The whole neighbourhood is pleasant, and the brook descends from it in a southern course. Anne Boleyn's body is said to have been brought to Salle Church, and buried there in the night.

The united stream, immediately after the junction, flows near Great Witchingham Hall. Further down the church of Attlebridge occupies its bank, and we then come to Morton. The hall here, seated on a green throne or natural terrace, commands a wide extent of country. Mr. Gregor says this "may well occupy a place along with the richest of Scottish scenery;" and he boldly takes the liberty of designating it at once as the "Windsor of Norfolk." Below Morton and Ringland the river winds considerably, with the charming scenes of Easton Lodge, Costessy Park, on its right, and on its left the house of Taverham, adorned with some very fine old trees. The new hall and residence of the Rev. John Micklethwait, M.A., built a few years since by Mr. Brandon, the architect, does not stand on the old site, which is a great improvement. We followed the banks of the Wensum here throughout the whole of its course to the end of the park, and thus learned how admirably the modern building has been placed, as it permits of almost any portion of the extensive bend of the river being reached from the mansion within the same distance of time. Trout and grayling are artificially bred in large numbers above Lord Stafford's—the opposite estate—and, lower down, at Mr. J. J. Coleman's mustard mills, near Norwich, from which they are transported, when large enough, to very eligible waters close to Taverham, so that their increase is looked forward to in the Wensum. The Wensum is afterwards joined by a small stream from the west, which, at some distance from its source, flows by Honingham Hall (Lord Bayning), a fine Elizabethan mansion, where horticulture has

received much attention ; then by Easton Lodge, with its lovely sylvan scenery, and through the large park of Costessey and Drayton village. Cossey Park, as it is sometimes called (the seat of Lord Stafford), is a place highly favoured by nature, possessing something of the hill and dale of northern counties. It is a fine English park scene, and the hall, in its wilderness of architecture, in the Elizabethan style, stands in a well-chosen site near the rivulet. Mr. Cully, of Costessey Mill, will occasionally give an angler a days' fishing provided the water is not already occupied by a rod ; but all who are thus favoured should be most particular in fishing fair, as this worthy miller has a most wholesome detestation of all liggers, night-lines, &c., unquestionably the curse of Norfolk, as they are most detrimental to the extension of that liberality which would otherwise almost universally obtain throughout the county. Two bream were netted here which weighed 18lb. The largest, over 9lb., is at Mr. Green's shop, in Norwich.

We now enter the liberties of Norwich, and as we approach the city pass by Heigham, where there are many sweet suburban residences. This place is interesting as having been the retreat of Bishop Hall, who, when dispossessed of his bishopric, retired to a small estate here, and at his death was interred in the village churchyard. Norwich is intersected by the river ; the river, "so wanton that it knoweth not its own mind which way to go," is a pleasant feature from the heights around, and the suburbs are richly wooded and very cheerful. Sir Thomas Browne lived and was buried at Norwich, where it is said he wrote his "Religio Medici." The Wensum joins the Yare at Trows-EYE, a little below the city, and sea-vessels not drawing above ten feet of water may ascend to NORWICH. White speaks of the Wensum as the Yare. He says, "Bauburgh is a village and parish on both sides the river Yare, five miles west of Norwich. Here is a water-mill for the manufacture of paper. Another paper mill is that of Messrs. Delane, Magnay, and Co., at Taverham," in which a large portion of the paper used for printing the *Times* newspaper is made. "On Mr. Bleakley's farm, is St. Walstan's Well, supposed to possess extraordinary healing powers." These waters above Norwich are marked upon most maps as the Wensum, but there are residents in its vale who speak of the stream as the Yare proper, and we think with some reason, as it is deeper, wider, clearer, longer, and in every respect the most important feeder of the Yarmouth river. While there are those, however,

who would claim for the upper waters of the Wensum the name of Yare, there are others, on the contrary, equally desirous of giving the title of Wensum to the whole of the main channel. Upon this head, Robberds says, "Wensum is an Anglo-Saxon term, derived from *Wendan*, to turn or wind; and it is generally understood that the colonist of East Anglia bestowed the characteristic appellation of *wendsome ea*, or winding water, upon the floods, whose sinuous bed strengthened their important castle, and protected their infant metropolis of Northwic. Hence this name appears to have been extended to the whole inland course of the river, up to its source in the neighbourhood of Fakenham; but, below Norwich it has usually retained the more Celtic name of Yare. The proper limits of either appellation have not, however, been clearly settled; while Dr. Sayers has carried that of Wensome further in one direction than it has commonly been used, the Rev. Mr. Potter, on the contrary, in his poem, describes the higher portion of the river in the more western districts of the county, as

The silver Yare,*
Which gently murmurs here,
A babbling brook.

"Where such authorities are thus at variance," says Robberds, "custom is the only umpire that can be called in to decide between them; the result of that appeal would be to fix the name of Wensome to this river until it is joined by the small stream at Trowse, and to allow it to proceed from thence to the ocean under that of Yare, as the Thames was anciently called the Isis, as far as the point where it receives the tributary waters of the Thame." The reader will at once perceive the weakness of this suggestion, the Isis being now universally recognised as the Thames, and "Thames Head" is placed at its source.

We spent in 1870 five weeks in all upon the Norfolk rivers, and most of the anglers and keepers agreed that it had been one of the worst seasons—with now and then an occasional, but not a permanent, spurt—they could recollect. This was far from

* *Gar* is the original name of the river on which Yarmouth is built, softened by the Anglo-Saxons into *Yar*. *Gar* is the name of rivers in all Celtic countries; thus we have *Gar-onne* in France, and *Gar-ry* in Blair Athol. This syllable *Gar*, may be referred to the word *gair*, a noise; *gar-ion*, "the noisy or swelling river," would be equivalent to *gar-onne*; and *gar-mud* (the Teutonic *d* being pronounced like *th*) "the noisy or swelling mouth," is expressive of the wide and boisterous estuary which existed in the Anglo-Saxon times.—*Palmer*.

cheering, but, as we had got a presumptuous notion or two we were desirous to carry out, we determined that this depressing fact should not prejudice their trial. Our idea was, and is, that the Norfolk anglers leave off the pursuit of roach fishing far too soon, and do not go to work after jack in a manner which these peculiar waters ought to suggest. We determined, therefore, to put these facts to the test, and sent to London for our own fisherman, Harry Crystal, to come down, as we would not be influenced by the men who generally, and, be it said, well and faithfully, attend upon visitors. From Reedham, Cantley, Buckenham, and Brundall stations, we learned that the fishing season was all over, and the fact of the disappearance of rods with the swallows apparently confirmed this information. The landlords of the several fishing cribs politely told us, moreover, that "we might go out and try—that we might perhaps get a roach or two, but—we should soon return again!" True, there may be some drawback on these waters on account of the winds, exposed as they are to hundreds of acres of shelterless fens, but their sinuous course, and in many places tall and strong groves of reeds, afford, if sought for, a lee screen under which the angler may sit as snug as on the Thames.

Our first essay after roach—bream had ceased to feed—was at Buckenham, where, at the Three Horse Shoes, at the bottom of the pretty avenue, kept by young Garrett, we got our boat, and upon the first occasion, by the pilotage of this attentive man, we found a swim, and he left us to our own devices, after planting the "spoles" (poles) as we desired. Instead, however, of following out the universal plan as adopted here, of mooring the boat well out into the stream, stem and stern with the tide, in ten and twelve feet of water, and fishing with a heavy float and coarse tackle, we placed our boat, a craft as firm as a barge, and more handy than a punt, athwart the current with her stern touching the reeds—even there five feet deep—and angled in a hard oozy even bottom, our bait nearly upon it. After a dumpling or two of ground bait had broken up, the roach, accepting the invitation, came on the feed with a will, and we both had enough to do to look to ourselves and our hooks. For some time, more particularly when the tide was ebbing at flood, we had a bite and mostly a fish at every swim, and, having filled the bag, we emptied the luncheon basket and filled that, when presently there was little heed to keep the fish in a handsome condition, and we are ashamed to say they were allowed to fall where they were

taken off the hooks to the bottom of the boat and there flap about in most admired disorder. We commenced at twelve noon and left off at four p.m., taking altogether about a bushel of fish. All under-sized ones were thrown back, but the largest did not weigh more than a pound, and they were mostly from a quarter to half that weight. We fished with gentles, and tried both worms and paste without the slightest touch, even when the experiment was made during their dinner hour. Upon a second occasion here we had like success in numbers, but no fish of any great size; and upon the third we had a very fair and excellent opportunity of testing our plan against the Norfolk method, and pursued by one of the best bottom fishers in Norwich. This gentleman had heard of our sport, and we found him, upon our arrival, moored with his attendant pretty close to the drift where we had left our ground bait, with his boat out in the stream in at least ten feet of water, which is the usual custom here. We therefore took up fresh quarters, perhaps fifty yards away, partly upon mud, which was of course against us, but yet in such a position as we could both see each other's operations. We had scarcely got well to work when the roach commenced, and while the other boat took five we took fifty-two. This so disgusted the "Knights of the Yar," that they up-poles and floated quietly off. Upon this we shifted into the set of our ancient ground bait, in five feet of water, and were well rewarded with the sport; for, although not large, the Yar roach are exceedingly game fish, and our single hair gave excellent play. Harry Crystall went to these swims afterwards alone with the same result, while we found at Cantley and a little below Brundall the most conclusive proofs that, instead of bottom fishing being in Norfolk exclusively a summer sport, and only to be pursued up to September, that the contrary is the fact, and, indeed, that even in November it was only just coming on. Let the Norwich anglers—who are an excellent and worthy sort, full of good brotherhood and friendliness—try our Thames plan, and fish fine in a steady, quiet current, of not more than 5ft. in depth, with the hardest bottom they can get, and take care to strike gently, for otherwise they will lose both patience and lines, and we will insure them sport even greater—as they are ever on the spot—than that we met with after but a few hours a day devoted to their magnificent rivers. The charges of the innkeepers on the Yare, &c., are reasonable and fair, and there is not much fear of their increase, as the regular county anglers know the tariff to a fraction, and their

cosmopolitan *esprit de corps* will not permit a stranger to be over-taxed. The fee for a boat for a day is but a shilling, and with ground bait good and in plenty, and worms, a couple of shillings elicits respect and thanks. There are some long stretches of good roach swims below, with bottoms so hard that it is a job to get the mooring poles down, but it is on such a platform, as we have before said, the best roach are met with.

Harry Crystall took a heavy bag of roach and perch at Oulton, near Lowestoft, during his visit to Norfolk, but they all ran about a quarter of a pound. Upon showing them to Stebbings, the proprietor of the comfortable Ferry House Hotel, he was "astonished at the quantity for the lateness of the season;" and upon Crystall telling him he was sure the river was scandalously netted, from the evenness of the size of the fish, he admitted that such was the case, and said he would willingly join, by purse and person, in any movement which would tend to check and stop the practice. We are, however, decidedly of opinion that if the rivers were fished later in the year the roach would be found, as elsewhere, to increase greatly in weight.

THE GLAVEN.

THE river Glaven pursues a very circuitous course in the northern part of the county of Norfolk. Its extent is about thirteen miles, and it waters a picturesque and well wooded valley, and giving motion in its progress to four mills. It rises at Bodham (Inn, Red Hart—Thomas Douglas), and a little below its source expands into a lake, called Selbrigg Pond, serving as a decoy. The rivulet then for several miles winds round the elevated ground, on which the town of Holt occupies a salubrious position. On Spout Common, on the south-west side of Holt; a copious spring issues out of the gravel hill, and affords an abundant supply of pure soft water. The spring-head is walled round, and is visited by many as a natural curiosity, as well as for the purpose of enjoying the fine prospect which it commands over the romantic valley of the Glaven. Brinton Hall, the residence of Mrs. A. E. Brereton, four miles south-west of Holt, has a small lake. The river quits the vicinity of Holt, and thence proceeds to the beautiful park of Bayfield Hall, and on to Letheringsett, where there is a pleasant seat belonging to Mr. W.

H. C. Hardy. Inn, King's Head (Mary White). Glandford and mill is afterwards passed, and lower down the small town and port of Cley, about a mile below which the river loses itself in the sea. At Holt, the inn is the Feathers.

We know but little of the piscatorial resources of the Glaven, of late, but it held trout at one time. Holkham is not far from this, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. A lake near the house is nearly a mile long and in which we have had extraordinary sport.

THE STIFFKEY.

STATION: New Walsingham.

THE Stiffkey, pronounced *Stewkey*, is a small but beautifully clear stream in the northern part of the county of Norfolk—(the village of the same name is seated in a deep, romantic, and well wooded dale on the banks of its little river, about three miles east of Wells)—the waters of which discharge into the ocean a mile and half to the north-east. The village had formerly a quay and harbour. Inn, Red Lion (William Burgess). The stream rises near Barney (of which Lord Hastings owns most of the soil, but Mr. J. S. Scott Chad, and Mr. W. S. Phillipps, are likewise landowners; the latter is author of "Thoughts on Fox Hunting," "The Game Laws Considered," and other works)—the Plough Inn, (Edward Russell)—and thence flows through a picturesque valley near Thursford Hall, a fine Elizabethan mansion, the residence of Mr. J. S. S. Chad. There are three public: Three Horse Shoes (Thomas Gent), Golden Lion (Robert Hill), and Crawfish (George Meadows). Great Snoring village, belonging to Mr. H. J. Lee Warner and John Dugmore, Esqrs., the latter lord of the manor, follows next on the banks of our stream. The rectory house is a fine specimen of ornamental brickwork of the time of Henry VIII., and contains a curious carved oak bedstead, said to have come from Fotheringay Castle, and to be the one on which Mary, Queen of Scots, passed the last night of her life. Unicorn (Thomas Lack), Three Tuns (Robert Southgate). To the grounds of Walsingham Abbey, and the ancient and pleasant town of NEW WALSHINGHAM, on the Wells branch of the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Henry James Lee Warner, lord of the manor. Black Lion Hotel (Jacob Miller) and several others. The abbey is a modern mansion, with many charms immediately around it. The ruins of the old abbey are strewed about in

picturesque beauty on every side, and, being interspersed with thriving evergreens and climbing ivy, produce a very pleasing effect; whilst the water, fringed with alder and, ever and anon, with a weeping willow, gives life and freshness to the scenery. In ancient times, when Popery was dominant, our Lady of Walsingham attracted an immense crowd of deluded devotees. Miracles were abundant, and a very humorous description of the superstitions practised here has been left us by Erasmus. At New Walsingham the antiquary Spelman was educated. Quitting this place, the little river passes the village of Old Walsingham, and then by Wighton to Warham, about two miles below which is placed the village of Stiffkey. Arthur Young, in his tour through the east of England, dwells with pleasure on "the ride from Warham by Stiffkey," and describes the country as being picturesque. The hills are bold, and the humble stream winds pleasantly through meadows of the finest verdure, to the romantic and well-wooded village of Stiffkey, where it soon afterwards loses itself in the sea. The Stiffkey throughout its course is said to be well-stocked with trout.

THE NORTHERN THET.

STATIONS: Eccles Road; East Harling Road.

THE THET is a tributary of the Little Ouse, in the county of Norfolk. This stream is formed by the junction of a number of rivulets, which in various directions traverse the district adorned with the seats of Shropham, Wretham, Hockham, Hargham, Eccles Hall and water, and the fine demesne of Quiddenham, near ECCLES ROAD. At EAST HARLING the stream is one, and comes pretty close to the railway station. That small market town stands on gentle acclivities above the vale; and the Thet thence proceeds westward past West Harling, where a sylvan park skirts the rivulet on the north. Lower down the Thet flows by the well-wooded demesne of Shadwell Lodge, and then divides the pleasant estates of Snarehill and Kilverstone, below which it borders the once famous, and still interesting, town of Thetford on the south-east side, and loses itself in the Little Ouse. Many portions of this river are abundantly stored with fish, and we believe there is little difficulty in getting permission to angle at most of them. There are several meres in this district, but

they are far from the railway stations, but for the most part they do not present any superior attractions over the river itself, which, possessing life and current, is always to be preferred—piscatorial resources being equal—to still or sluggish waters.

THE SOUTHERN RIVER THET.

STATION: Thetford.

THET, the Southern, is a tributary of the Little Ouse, in the county of Suffolk. This stream has its source above Drinkstone, and then flows through the well-wooded park of that name, and by the village, to Tostock Place (Mrs. Brown), and afterwards to Norton, near Little Haugh House (Mr. P. Huddleston). Near Stowlangtoft it receives a tributary which ornaments the grounds of the hall there (Major F. M. Wilson); and further down the Thet skirts the town of Ixworth, and laves the pleasure grounds of Ixworth Abbey (Mr. Edward Greene, M.P.), which occupies the site of an ancient and well endowed priory. We now enter the district which Robert Bloomfield has made poetic ground. At Sapiston the future poet commenced his career as a farmer's boy. Honington, a short distance lower down the Thet, is celebrated as the birthplace of Bloomfield; and his brother Nathaniel, who was also born here, has written an "Elegy on the Inclosure of Honington Green," a spot where grew the first daisies their feet pressed in childhood. Below this a pleasant valley contains the village of Fakenham. Bloomfield's mother first drew breath here, and the parish has furnished the scenes of several of his pieces. The meadows of the vale afford abundant pasture, and the neighbouring uplands are richly cultivated. The story of "Burnt Hall" has reference to this part of what the poet calls the

Dear green valley of his native stream,

a moated eminence near the village being supposed to be the site of a mansion destroyed by fire. Several decayed elm trees still exist near the spot, and, according to another tale of Bloomfield's, entitled the "Broken Crutch," a circle of elms once completely surrounded the mansion. Between the village of Fakenham and the junction of our stream with the Little Ouse, a delightful landscape presents itself on the right side, where the Duke of Grafton's fine demesne of Euston extends more than two miles

along the Thet. The scenery above the mansion and widely extended park affords the most charming assemblage of rural objects that can well be imagined, and is justly celebrated by the author of the "Farmer's Boy:"

Where noble Grafton spreads his rich domains
Round Euston's watered vale and sloping plains—
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise.

Below this fine seat the Thet falls into the Little Ouse, and the latter river makes a considerable curve to the town of THETFORD, which lies at some distance to the north-north-west.

There is excellent angling in most parts of the southern Thet, and we have never heard of any great difficulty in getting permission for a day, provided fair fishing was alone pursued and the crops were not standing.

The following interesting extracts are taken from old and scarce books and documents concerning this neighbourhood:—

So far back as 11 Edward I. notice was taken of the fishery within the limits of this borough. There was a plea brought before the Mayor at that time, when it was ordered that all fishers who took pike, or other fish, in the common stream, should not sell them to strangers, but expose them for sale in the town.

36 Henry VIII. it was ordained, that for any set net to be used within the liberty of this town of Thetford, within the common water there, there shall be cut twenty pole to be set before the net, and as many behind it in breadth, on forfeiture of 3s. 4d.

5 Edward VI. it was commanded that none shall fish with casting nets between Pitmill and St. Nicholas Stathe on the forfeiture of 10s.

October 6, 5 Edward VI., Simon Cage, of Bury, sold to William Mathewe, of Thetford, called the King's Poole, except a parcel thereof containing in length from south to north fourteen perches, and in breadth two perches, which fishery he had to him and his heirs of Nicholas Hare, knight, by deed dated July 13, 5 Edward VI., to hold to him and his heirs of the king by fealty, and not *in capite*. Test. John Aleyn, mayor.

6 Edward VI. it was ordered that none shall have set nets upon the common water from St. Nicholas' Stathe to the Pitmill, and to St. Audry's Mill, contrary to the good ordinances heretofore made by the headboroughs of the king's leet, for the increase of the young fry, and no ware stakes there to be set upon pain of 20s., and none to keep casting nets or other unlawful nets, upon the common water, in any place, upon like pain.

Ordered also, that none shall keep any flews or framels, from St. Nicholas Stathe to the Pitmill or St. Audry's Mill; and that no man keep any gleyves on the common water, on pain of 20s.

April 12, 7 Edward VI., William Matthew leased to Robert Clep, the King's Poole, or pond, and reeds, &c., for 20 years, at 16s. per annum. This was the place behind Pitmill.

1 & 2 Philip and Mary it was decreed, that none shall fish as common fishers on the river of this town, but such as shall be admitted by the

mayor, except with shove nets. Also none shall set nets or fish with any flews between Pitmill, St. Andry's Mill, and St. Nicholas Stathe, on pain of 18s. 4d. 2 Mary that order was executed.

Also none to use any manner of drags within or upon the common river; nor with any flews or framels wind any pool within the said river, upon pain of £5 for such drag, and for the rest 10s.

2 & 3 Philip and Mary, it was ordained, that fishers admitted by the mayor on the common water shall fish only on Mondays and Thursdays, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, and from that time till Pentecost only with set nets.

2 & 3 Philip and Mary, ordained, that no mailed or frame nets shall be used upon the river from Holyrood day next, on pain of 20s.

3 & 4 Philip and Mary, it was ordained that no one shall bury hemp (soak) in the common stream or river of Thetford, unless it be trencched from the high stream, and be not noisome, on the pain of 3s. 4d, whereof one moiety to the lord and the other to the mayor; and if the lord will not distrain, but forgive his part, nevertheless it shall be lawful for the mayor and his officers to distrain for the other part.

Old custom, that the fishers of Thetford should sell the fish that they take in the common river at the Bell Corner, and carry none to any other market, on forfeiture of 6s. 8d. In 1560, the penalty was increased to 10s.

Ordained also, that no man's farmer shall take any fish on the common days, nor fish in the common water, till he hath been in the town one whole year, on forfeiture of every offence 6s. 8d.

Presented, that it is as lawful for the inhabitants of Thetford to fish in the common water between St. Nicholas Stathe and the Pitmill as in any part of the river; forfeit 20s. for the denial.

None to fish from 1st March till the last of June, on forfeiture of every offence 10s., the offence presented 2 Eliz.

June 16, 11 Eliz., George Mathew, in consideration of £19, sold to Edmund Gascoyne, Mayor of Thetford, his fishery called the King's Pool, &c., which he had as heir to his father, William Mathew, to hold of the Queen by fealty and not in *capite*, except to Simon Cage, of Bury, fourteen perches in length and two in breadth.

34 Charles II., 1682, indenture between the now Francis Lord Howard of Effingham, Paul Rycant of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Esq., and Cuthbert Browne, of Stansworth, in the county of York, clerk, of the one part, leasing and to farm, letting all their royalty of fishing in the river Weste, alias Ouze the Lees, running through Thetford from Melford Bridge to Thetford Bridge, for twenty-one years, at 10s. per annum.

The names of such fishes as are taken in the rivers in and about Thetford:

The pike, jack, or pickerel are caught in great plenty, and of various sizes, from four or five inches to a yard in length. They come up in great shoals upon the overflowing of the neighbouring fens at Mildenhall, Methwold, Brandon, &c. Four score of them have been taken at one throw of a casting net (*sic*).

Fine eels of the white-bellied sort, in great plenty; lampreys, of late the inhabitants account them poisonous, especially so far as the holes extend on either side from the head. Seldom eel pouts; these are taken out of holes in the banks of the rivers, and are accounted very delicate and wholesome.

Salmon and salmon trouts have been taken here in great plenty, but of late years there has been rather a scarcity of them.

Chevin or chub, a kind of fish resembling a carp, but not so firm; it grows as large as the carp, and lies chiefly in holes in the banks of the river, and breeds in these waters.

Perch are often taken here by angling, carp sometimes, tench very seldom.

Roach, dace or dare, and gudgeons in great plenty.

Bleak, a small fish of a silver colour, swimming near the surface of the water, and taken by anglers with an artificial fly.

Cray fish have bred here, but of late have been rather scarce.

Muscles (*sic*) of the fresh water kind have been taken in these waters.

April 7, 1715, there was taken in the river at Thetford, a sturgeon which weighed thirteen stone ten pound, and was seven feet eight inches long, and one yard two inches about; it had three pecks of spawn in it. Since that another was taken above six feet long, weighing about eleven stone.

The last sturgeon at Thetford was caught in April, 1737, seven feet eight inches long, weight, thirteen stone ten pound and a half, a yard and three inches about. One of an extraordinary size caught in the river Severn, March 21, 1719, being above seven feet long, and presented to the King as a great rarity, was nearly the same length, but not so heavy.

THE BROADS OF NORFOLK.

THE most facile and the cheapest way to see the Norfolk rivers is to get on board one of the sailing barges, here termed wherries, when leaving any of their extreme destinations. This may be done at a very trifling expense, and, if the captain or his man is in a communicative mood, you may learn all the history of the waters and the land as far as the eye can reach. These wherries are built to carry from fifteen to twenty-five tons, with a draught of three to four feet. The mast is by the head, and so balanced that one man can raise or lower it when passing bridges. The sail, extended on a gaff at its upper edge, is hoisted by a windlass. These vessels are usually navigated by two hands, a man and a boy, or the wife of the wherryman. Sometimes their families are housed in the cabin, which is placed in the stern, and many of them have no other home.

There is no difficulty in hiring a lug-sail boat suitable both for boating and fishing, which could be taken anywhere on the Yare, Waveney, Bure, and into many of the broads, which waters offer great facilities. These rivers are of a united length of over a hundred miles, with no locks, and a very gentle tide; and accommodation

can always be obtained at inns or villages on the banks at convenient distances. The tourist might start from Norwich, and, after a voyage of sixty miles by the Yare and Bure, visiting Great Yarmouth on the way, find himself on Wroxham Broad, six miles only from his point of departure, an easy walk from Norwich. There are no railway-stations on the Bure, and, as a general rule, boats are scarce, suitable ones especially. At Horning Ferry good quarters are to be found, and boats are kept. Of course, the boat-keeper whom you take with you, would either have to get back alone the nearest way, or you might accompany him. Another friend writes us: "You may get a rare roomy, comfortable boat, of say five tons, with cabins and beds for four persons, at thirty shillings a week. The man who sails the boat will cook for you if you do not prefer to do this part of the performance, and he will expect about fourteen or fifteen shillings a week for himself."*

The Rev. Richard Lubbock, in his exceedingly interesting work upon the fauna of Norfolk, tells us much concerning these broads

* Since writing the above we have received the following letter. We should, however, advise intended excursionists by yachts to apply for information to Mr. R. R. B. Norman, of Great Yarmouth, who will recommend the best men, and, being himself an inhabitant and angler, takes a pride in seeing that visitors are properly cared for. "I have known the Norfolk broads and rivers, as a visitor, for twenty years, and never got a boat so cheap as you mention. My brother and I were out last autumn, and got a boat for forty-five shillings per week, and the owner made a great favour in letting it at that. Many owners ask three pounds and more per week, and then want a man to go with the boat. In the boat we had there was only room for two to sleep, and it was said to be of five or six tons. No more could sleep with any comfort, unless you sleep one on the floor. There certainly is a sort of shelf in the fore-peak, where a man is sometimes put, and then he has to curl himself round the step of the mast. I should be very sorry to turn in there. When a friend and myself go out we never take a man, as he is generally a nuisance, and we have been used to yachting all our lives, and so can 'reef, hand, and steer' as well as any professional. Your notion of going over the rivers with a wherryman is a very good one for a stranger, only it is well to be careful whom you go with. Old John Applegate, who lives close to Heigham Bridge on the river Thurne, is a most civil, steady, and respectable man, owns two or three wherries, and is always cruising about. I have no doubt he would, if looked up, introduce a stranger to the broads, and be able to spin him a yarn or two. When I was at the house of the rector of Horning last year, we were astonished in the middle of the night at seeing two tremendously bright lights moving about the river and marsh. On hunting them up, we found a London bird-stuffer and entomologist had chartered a boat and a lot of rustics, and had two great electric lamps, or something of that sort, catching moths, of which he said there were many rare kinds to be had that way."

and the changes they have and are undergoing. The plenty of fish and wildfowl had in former times great charms for monastic bodies. Dependent chiefly upon these for sustenance upon maigre days, they generally set up their staff where they were easy of access. The ruins of St. Bennet's Abbey, near Ludham, formerly a very large establishment, still remain. At Hickling and other places were similar endowments, such as Broomholme Priory, Weybridge Priory (near Acle), &c. Blomfield enumerates sixty five lordships in thirteen different hundreds as belonging to St. Bennet's Abbey.

The shallowness of the pools of Norfolk is remarkable. Hickling Broad, which contains more than five hundred acres of water, is, unless in a few particular spots, not above four feet and a half in depth; indeed, in the middle of summer, when a regatta takes place there, it requires care to prevent a large pleasure-boat from running aground in some parts of the open water. This shallowness of water is favourable for fish and fowl. On the continent, where they reduce fish-ponds to a complete system, they do not think more than five feet of water desirable. And to all waterfowl shallows are preferable; water weeds grow more abundantly, and are more immediately within their reach.

These pools, varying in extent from hundreds of acres to the size of a large fish-pond, are universally the haunt of fish, and sometimes of wild-fowl. In the waters least frequented they are, however, every year becoming more scarce, in consequence of drainage and improved cultivation, railways, &c. The term broad is a local one, and designates those parts of a river where the stream expands to a great width on either side. Broads are distinguished from lakes, which are receptacles of water from one or more streams, with their outlets usually larger than the inlet; and from lagoons, as pools lying near rivers, and formed by their overflowings. All of these forms are found in this district, with the term "broad" indiscriminately applied to them. The broads lie chiefly in the north-eastern part of Norfolk and a portion of Suffolk; and an ideal triangle, having for its angles Norwich, Lowestoft, and Happisburgh, will embrace the greater part of them. They are of all dimensions—from the puny pool overgrown with weeds, called there provincially a "pulk," to the wide-expanded lake. The chief are:—Hickling Broad; Horsey Mere, of which it is said, "Horsey pike none like;" Heigham Sounds; Lake Salt Lothing and the Oulton Water, separated from the former by a lock at Oulton Bridge;

Broads of Barton; Bollesby and Filby; Burgh; Ormesby; South Walsham Fritton Broad; Ranworth Broad; Hoveton Broad; and, though last, perhaps pre-eminently over all, Breydon Water, close to the town of Yarmouth, about four miles long, and in some places nearly a mile in width.

The Rev. Richard Lubbock writes: "A few years back nothing was pleasanter than a summer expedition for a few days to some of the larger broads; the preparing the pleasure-boat, the voyage, and the arrival had all their separate charms; then, when arrived, the foraging for the public good: proud was the lucky wight who returned with perch or eels—prouder still he who could boast of flappers or curlew. Then the amusement of cooking, each thinking himself the Ude of the party—and, above all, the appetite, completely superseding the French sauce, the inventor of which declared: '*Avec cela, on pouvoit manger son grandpère.*'"

This "few years back" of our author, has a melancholy sound, but what the reverend writer said in 1848 is still truer now. Should, however, the angling attractions of the rivers and their lagoons diminish in the same ratio as that of the feathered population, the inhabitants of Suffolk and Norfolk will be directly to blame in the first case, whereas in the latter the marshes being more improved and drained being the cause of the latter, has its compensation in an increased and valuable pasturage. The deterioration of the fisheries cannot be attributed, but in the smallest degree, to any such otherwise beneficial alteration, but is due to the reckless manner in which nets of every description and smallest size of mesh are allowed to be used, without control of seasons, in the dykes and narrows which are the common communications between the rivers and the broads. These outlets of late years are so beset that the smallest fry cannot perform their natural desires to rove from river to fen without falling a prey to men, who take up their residence in covered boats at the entrance to these waters, The fish thus taken, both big and little, are fetched away by agents, and sent from the several stations in the neighbourhood to Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other large manufacturing towns.

We are informed by an old Norfolk fisherman that in former times the fish were so plentiful in the broads that he has known twenty-seven bushels to be brought ashore at one haul of an ordinary-sized net, when after bait for eels, and on another

occasion—the facts of which have been placed on record—the proprietor of a large broad in Norfolk, “with one haul of the net, just to show a London friend what an outlet in the main river contained at that season of the year, brought ashore more than five thousand perch, which were all returned to the water again, with the exception of a few brace reserved for the dinner-table.” Incredible as this may appear, it was not thought very extraordinary at the time it was entered in the game book, and the fact is now fully corroborated by angler-naturalists of Norfolk. The rivers and broads must at one time have literally teemed with fish, as John Martin, in his “History of Thetford,” says, under the head of pike, “Four score of jack or pickerell have been taken at one throw of a casting net in the Little Ouse.”

No real angler can have any desire to monopolise fisheries intended to be open and free to all, but they must have, both individually and collectively, a wholesome objection to any system which has a tendency to injure, if not totally destroy, the sources of a valuable supply of food, as well as the amusement of the fair fisher. Even in Mr. Lubbock's time, as we have hinted, it was urged that “when all articles of food are dear and increasing in price, perhaps it would be wise to rely more than we do upon the neglected inhabitants of our fresh waters. A little consideration will convince any one, that freshwater fish might, with care, as to continual supply, be made of far greater utility than they are at present amongst us.” On many parts of the continent, a river seem to be regarded as a cornucopia—every one lacking dinner looks therein for it, and with great success.

It is urged that the indifference amongst us to fresh-water fish partly arises from our ignorance of the best mode of cooking some species. “Bream,” says Lubbock, “which is the most despised kind in Norfolk, is, by the Dutch kind of cookery, made really savoury meat. Just at this period, when we have a railroad completed through the centre of our fen district, the thought naturally occurs, how far this may alter the demand for, and consequently the supply of, fish? Herr Boccius's pleasing little work proves clearly that certain and considerable profit may be made by pools, properly stocked and well managed; he shows by figures that a few acres are made to produce a large rental.” The period alluded to has arrived; the railroad affords facilities to get the fish from the fens to many hungry markets; but where is the “management” to prevent thousands of acres of water which the railroad found “well stocked,” from being entirely ruined for

years, if not irretrievably destroyed? Surely there is some one whose duty it is to see to this. What are boards of conservators, corporate bodies, inspectors of fisheries about, that one of the finest counties in England should, without word or protest, lose the prestige of ages in this boast of her fresh-water fish resources? To-day their value, if developed, cannot be doubted; and, although we are told that the fishing of fifty acres of water, stored with pike, perch, tench, and eels, was formerly given to one man, in lieu of parochial relief to his family, and the individual did not appear to consider himself favoured by the arrangement, this estimate must now be enormously enlarged; but if the protection of these waters was merely to increase the area of parochial relief, sufficient reason exists for their effective protection from systematic deterioration. The same work from which we have quoted tells us that, "Indeed, the very abundance of fresh-water fish in Norfolk is the cause of the comparative indifference with which they are regarded; what is very plentiful is seldom very valuable on the spot where first produced." If the converse of this is to be accepted, we ought to find authorities bestirring themselves, anglers on the *qui vive*, and protection societies in active operation. An article some years ago, in the *Quarterly*, speaks of skate being often flung aside as soon as caught in the West of England, when the neighbouring poor are in want of food: bushels of roach, bream, and rudd are here left in the same manner because nobody will eat them, adds a writer upon Norfolk in 1848. But now, in 1871, people do eat them; and as markets are found for them at clearly remunerative prices, may we not again call upon, nay, demand that such a now acknowledged source of the food of the people should be protected under proper laws and regulations, from positive annihilation. The chief use formerly made of the coarser fish in Norfolk was as a bait for lobsters and crabs. For this purpose carts are still sent from the coast to Barton and other broads, and some years back the price of bream, the chief commodity thus dealt in, was half-a-crown a bushel; two men with a turning net have sometimes taken thirty or forty bushels a day. Large pike are almost always captured by this operation, as they accompany the shoals of bream. But, as the season of crab-catching is the height of summer, pike are, comparatively speaking, of little value, and are turned back again. We are told that men are still to be found among the broads who entirely subsist by fishing and shooting. The apparatus they deem necessary is not very complex.

Captain Tomlinson, of Quay House, Great Yarmouth, has many fine specimens of birds, fish, &c., shot, and caught, while yachting on the rivers and broads of Norfolk. Amongst these a pike of 22½ lb., a sea perch, taken upon Breydon, &c.

It should be borne in mind that some of the best pools in Norfolk are closed for six or seven months in the year on account of the wild fowl, this close time generally commencing in October.

Roach and bream are sent off to the coast for bait; tench, pike, eels, which used only to go into the Norwich market, now, by the aid of railways, all over the kingdom, where also the inferior fish find their way, and are retailed to the poor. The great eel fishery, however, is quite independent of the broads, and takes place chiefly during the autumnal migration of the fish. Besides their usual constant inhabitants, various occasional visitants at certain seasons run up the rivers of the county of Norfolk—the smelt (*Salmo eperlanus*, Linn.) regularly. This beautiful and delicious fish is now caught without any restriction as to size, and the result is most destructive, fine smelts being rarely seen.

A friend writes us: "There are very few decoys in Norfolk now. One at Langham, in the north-west, was made by the late celebrated novelist Captain Marryatt, R.N. This was originally of much greater extent, but the dam at the lower part gave way, and the water escaping drowned numerous sheep, &c., so it was then tried on a smaller scale. Ransworth Decoy is now no more, and the beautiful broad ruined by those destructive 'liggers;' some others near the coast are also *non est*. In short, drainage has completely altered the face of this once sporting territory, as it truly might be called."

Bollesby Bridge some time since was broken in by the weight of an elephant's carriage in Wombwell's travelling menagerie, and the inhabitants around, that is at Ormesby and Rollesby, were rather astonished at the extraordinary sight, free gratis for nothing, of the monster taking a bath in Ormesby Broad after he was with great difficulty extricated from the half wrecked and enormous van. Many years ago there were no bridges at Rollesby or Felby, although the fords across the broads were very dangerous to life, and in high winds from certain quarters there was literally a heavy sea running which frightened horses sometimes into the deep water on either side. What a magnificent paradise for the fisher or fowler must Norfolk have been at that time, that is before the commons were inclosed or drainage

thought of in the district of the broads! It was then free to all, and only a few years since it was such at Ormesby Common, which was one of the last inclosed; and very old men can recollect when it was all open and free as air. Then the fishing was something to talk about. "They wor big uns then," and now a 5lb. perch has not been taken during the last thirty years. We saw a brace of very fine perch at Mr. Norman's, at Collingwood House, Great Yarmouth, weighing nearly 8lb. They were taken with the worm, and he captured a monster of 5½lb. in the year 1832. He has also an enormous pike which measured four feet long when taken. This fresh water shark gulped down a 1lb. bait and gave the angler nearly an hour's hard work before he was safely landed. This fish has teeth nearly two inches long. Mr. Norman has also the largest otter ever taken in East Anglia. It was, when captured nearly four-and-a-half feet long, and weighed 30lb., although it had been without food for nearly a fortnight, owing to the intense frost prevailing at the time. In the summer it would probably have been nearly 40lb. after a good meal off pike or perch. An old hand at the gentle art is now a mortal enemy to liggers and nets—at one time he did not know better—and many of the Norfolk magnates have entirely prohibited the use of them on their magnificent sheets of water. Amongst these is the Rev. Charles Lucas, of Filby House, and head of the ancient family of that name. A great part of the broads belong to this gentleman, and he has done much for fair angling by his excellent example to other landlords. We do not hesitate to say that even with the increased facilities for tourists there would always be capital fishing for all if the sport was strictly pursued according to notions of legitimate angling. But no water, however large, can stand persistent liggering and netting, to say nothing of the cruelty of the former, as live-bait are the instruments which sometimes float about in misery for weeks together. Some of the "liggerers" pride themselves upon this, and say that their baits have been out a week or ten days. Sometimes 200 or 300 of these infernal engines of torture are laid out, that is, with two lines on a lump of rushes or wood, a lead on one, a live roach on the other, all in a line down a lake like a small fleet at anchor.

Near the edge of one of these broads was a hut, formerly occupied by old Arthur Moore, a noted fisherman, and wonderful were his stories. Old Arthur knew where the big ones were to be

found, and the best perch "hill" in the broads goes by his name. How his coarse tackle would have astonished the makers of 1871, but with it and a long ashén pole his takes were marvellous. Old Arthur was wonderfully fond of the Virginian weed, and a piscator, one day fishing near him on the old causeway, was astonished at his luck, and inquired all about the bait he used. "Wurrums," said old Arthur. "So are mine," said the piscator. "But you don't manage them right," said old Arthur. "How is that?" "Stand a pot, and you'll soon see." "All right," said the other. "Then," said old Arthur, "*you should spit on 'um, sir.*" And this was done, but without any effect, and then the old man said there was something else behind which another pot would elicit. This, too, was agreed upon, and then came the climax. "Thare," said old Arthur, taking out an enormous quid of the weed from his capacious jaws, "you must chow this here well, and if you don't you'll have no luck."

No one who goes to Great Yarmouth, and is fond of a day's angling, will omit to take a fly or walk over to the Eel's Foot, kept by Mrs. Groom, at Ormesby Broad. They will find this a sweetly pretty spot, with plenty of good pike, perch, roach, and bream fishing; and in the fulness of the season rudd will give plenty of sport with the fly. Liggering, which used to be so rife here, is now strictly prohibited, and every year will prove the wisdom of the suppression of as unfair and unsportsmanlike a pursuit as it is possible to conceive. At Martham, on Gibbet Hill, there is a glorious view of the vale of the broads, extending from Martham to Kingby and Runham; the artificial causeway at Rollesby has a bridge, so also that at Filby; formerly, all was one immense lake, and no doubt a deep part of the sea. There are numerous broads, or lakes, still on the map of Norfolk that are quite dry now from the perfect drainage. Somerton Broad is nearly choked up with weeds, and only a very narrow channel is navigable for "wherries." The Old Hundred Stream, between Martham and Horsey, is no longer navigable, indeed, it is almost entirely grown up since the improved drainage. So is Chapman's Broad, near Hickling, and all the other small broads at Winterton, Somerton, Waxham, and Palling, formerly celebrated for fish, and still on the charts. Magnificent crops of corn wave now where you could row a boat fifteen or twenty years ago. Much of this agricultural change is due to the enterprise of Mr. Bernard Cuddon Fletcher, of West Somerton Hall, who has a large estate which he has immensely improved, and now the

finest crops of wheat in the neighbourhood are grown upon the marshy portion of his estate, to the great wonder of some of those who predicted that his money might be "hulled into the deeks" he had made."

The broads, meres, and decoys of Norfolk present varied features, during each succeeding month, for the study and contemplation of the angler-naturalist. We visited a small decoy, which is situated in the heart of a pheasant covert, watched over day and night by a keeper and his assistants. We had heard of the almost fabulous weight of the pike which inhabited its waters, and this was sufficient stimulus to obtain the rare permission to enter its precincts, which we did only under the condition that the head-keeper should accompany us, that we might, as he expressed it, not get into "mischief." We little dreamed of the nature of the mischief to which this good fellow alluded, and it was, perhaps, as well that we had with us a *cicerone* who could pilot us through the many dangers which would beset a stranger in these two or three score of acres of treacherous bog and intricate underwood. We bethought us, ere we had been upon its quaking surface more than a few minutes, of the anecdote of the considerate fen-proprietor, who would not let his visitors go out snipe-shooting without a broad-brimmed straw hat (many of which hung in his hall), that, in case they got bogged and sunk much below, the hat, remaining upon the surface, would indicate where to dig for the body at leisure.

"How far should we sink," said we to our companion, "if we went through this springy crust?"

"We might, perhaps, find out in about ten days or a fortnight," was the assuring reply.

This bog, in particular, being kept as a harbour for game and ducks, is scarcely ever disturbed, and the reed, bulrush, and moss have been permitted to grow, to die, and to fall undisturbed for years out of mind. The consequence is the watery boundary is gradually getting more and more circumscribed; and we could not help, amongst other thoughts to which the place gave rise, considering what must be the reflections of some sage old pike, upon the yearly retrenchment of his watery dominions. There is a story in *Blackwood* that depicts the horrors of a prisoner in a room, upon the discovery that its four walls, ceiling, and floor, were, by some ingenious devilry of mechanism, approaching each other. Agonising sentiments, similar to these, may render horrible the existence of the piscatorial dungeons of the morass;

and a more appropriate theme for a disciple of transmigration can scarcely be conceived than that of some wretch who had passed an earthly existence in unmitigated wickedness upon dry land, being thus tortured with the ever-recurring conviction of being, inch by inch, hemmed in by bog and turf until water enough was not left to wag his tail or hide his hideous and starved lankiness.

In most of the other broads of Norfolk the pike need have no such fear. In them the reed and rush are found to be of too great a consequence to allow of their neglect and waste, and from them, such has been the great increase of the demand of late for this water vegetation, and consequent rise in their value, that these products are sent by rail as far as Northamptonshire for roofing and other purposes; whereas but a few years ago, almost their entire use and consumption was confined to their own immediate county. Yet it was the belief of our friend, the late Rev. Edward Gillett, M.A., the well-known Norfolk naturalist, that the mere fact of the decay and subsidence of vegetable matter would not for centuries have the effect, now seen so rapidly to go on, in filling up the meres in question, if the process were not very materially assisted by the washings from the high roads and uplands, and the *débris* from the ploughed fields, which comes down after thunder storms and heavy rains like a yellow Tiber, and are received in the bog, and there subjected to a course of filtration through the vegetable fibre, from which nothing escapes but the water in a state both clear and comparatively free from earthy particles. For instance, if a great quantity of reed, &c., were put into an earthen vessel, and the vessel filled with water, the vegetables would of course decay, but the greater part would go off in the shape of carbonic acid gas, whereas the presence of earthy matter tends effectually to retain this quality. The sphagnum, or bog moss, and the tussock (*Carex paniculata*) play important parts in the natural reclamation of these bogs; and, if assisted by art, it is surprising how rapidly their setting up may be effected. The tussock or hassock (for they are cut and used in the Norfolk churches as a cushion whereon to kneel) grows some four or five feet in height on the spot to which we are referring, and is continually adding to its standard by the fall of its own dead and long grassy leaves, and the excited growth caused by the deposits of birds upon its crown, and that of hares, rabbits, and game birds, under the thick and drooping shelter at its base. These tussocks, cut down, and severed laterally with a hay-knife, and placed close together,

make excellent roads across the most boggy land, bearing even the weight of a loaded cart with no more deflection than would be caused by a waggon passing over a slight suspension bridge. The angler should likewise know, that besides these bogs of rank growth being the haunt of the naturalist, they harbour vast quantities of snakes and adders; and the latter occasionally resent the intrusion upon their privacy in a manner not to be readily forgotten. It will, therefore, be seen that, although the fears of anglers, in regard to the gradual closing up of the far-famed Norfolk Broads, may be well founded with reference to some few isolated instances, there need not exist any alarm—at least for centuries to come—that such a fate awaits the larger and more important acreages of water. Indeed, on the contrary, while turf is being cut for fuel, increasing the extent of water, there is an earnest desire upon the part of several residents to preserve these splendid reservoirs, and to try the effect of stocking them with trout of an appropriate kind—a consummation which their extraordinary purity leads us to believe is far from distant.

Fritton Decoy.—This beautiful lake is stated to be nearly three miles in length and three-quarters of a mile broad. Some portions of it remind us of the far-famed Cumberland and Westmorland waters. It is not, however, a good fishing station, being closed during six winter months, and the rest of the year only a part is open for angling, as there are decoys at the two extremities. The water is of a green colour, like pea-soup. We never saw it approaching to clear, although it is said to assume a transparent hue in winter; and the bait are so numerous that pike or perch fishing with live-bait is almost unknown. Perch are not numerous, and neither in colour nor flavour will they compare with those of the Waveney or Oulton Broad. The outlet of Fritton Lake is very bad, even worse than Muck Fleet (well named) of the Ormesby Broads; and, to make it still worse, a grating has been fixed across, so as to stop all fish from ascending from the river or leaving the lake. This is a singular mistake, and is a direct proof of great ignorance regarding the habits of fish, the consequence of which is in the highest degree detrimental to the accession of fresh numbers and a healthful visitation occasionally to other waters. It may be that the proprietors, having the unattractive appearance of the element of the lake before them, give the fish therein the credit for more judgment than they actually possess, and suppose that, once escaped from the liquid

sap-green they now inhabit, they would never return. Nor perhaps would they under existing circumstances. But improve the outlet, and let in better water, as well as that which is thick to escape, and there can be no reason why this lake should not rapidly assume a more healthy complexion, and lose that green and sickly hue which, although taken for the shadow of its surroundings in spring, has an awfully weird-like appearance in the autumn months. With a full and proper outlet, and the removal of all obstruction to the free ingress and egress of the waters, the lake would at least have the chance of becoming, and continuing, pure, and the minute and microscopic weed which now flourishes so plenteously, and is held in suspension to the very surface of the lake, would by movement and agitation soon die or deposit itself for the want of that stagnation which is the very reason of its existence. We have but to instance, as a proof of the value of our convictions, the exquisite purity of those broads on the Bure where the water ebbs and flows, and where, when salt-water tides are high, the fish find a sanctuary up some tributary stream, and enter new quarters. We really are disposed to apologise for thus attempting to show what must be so self-evident. All these lakes and broads are more or less fed by springs or drainage, the water in the first instance being naturally free from impurities; and, in the second, it becomes so by a simple natural law which forces running waters to leave, as they progress, the tribute of their superabundance to the soil over which they pass. Such waters continually refreshing a lake or lagoon, in turn run over to the main branch or river, and thence to the sea. The fish in due season find out these refreshing sources of purity, and make for their channels, each fish according to its kind—the salmon and trout travelling hundreds of miles, if need be, to the head of the supply; the dace and grayling not so far; while other kinds assort themselves to various localities more or less removed from the objectionable encroachments of salt or brackish water, or the dire consequences of heavy floods bringing with them the poisonous accumulations of towns. In such matters there is throughout nature one universal sentiment of self-preservation; and the fish, under such conditions rush up these beautifully pellucid streams to the main lagoons as we should do out of a pestiferous room if we found a current of wholesome air blowing in upon us. Hence there is always the best of fishing at the entrance of these broads, near the various natural dykes when the flood tide makes. Fritton is situated about nine

miles from Lowestoft, five and a half from Yarmouth, seven from Beccles, and about twelve from Norwich. The railway stations are ST. OLAVE'S, one mile from "the Hall," and HADDISCOM, one and a half miles.

The lake, mangre its opaque green hue, is most beautifully situated, with sloping hills covered to the very water's edge with noble trees in the freshest and most luxuriant verdure. Rustic boat-houses and snug retreats, from a passing shower, adorn its banks, the latter being deeply fringed with the sedge and bulrush, and sufficiently eccentric in their outline to render them eminently picturesque. The lake has the reputation of containing enormous pike, very large perch, bream, roach, tench, carp, and eels. The assertion made to us by an attendant, that the lake possessed trout, must have been incorrect. We have had little opportunity of testing the fishing, but were much charmed upon our first visit with the holy quietude of the place, an impression which was only broken by our floating suddenly, while rowing over the placid surface of its waters, upon a heronry, the denizens of which resented our intrusion with a shout of alarm and flapping of wings which made the woods around echo again. This heronry is on the estate of Major Leathes, which gentleman shares with the proprietor of "the Hall," together with others, the right of fishing.

"The Hall" we place in inverted commas, because the house cannot fairly claim to be more than that of a small farm—but viewed in this light it has attractions of no ordinary kind, being placed high and dry, well protected from winds on its three sides, and amply roomy within. The food is homely and good—home-made bread, home-made butter, home-made bacon, home-made cream, and home-laid eggs, with scrupulous cleanliness, kindly attendance, and unsophisticated charges. It is much frequented by parties from Lowestoft and Yarmouth, who, if they affect a less simple fare, take their hampers of bottled beer and wines, and other ostentatious viands, the good people at "the Hall" providing crockery ware and cutlery. The gardens attached to the house are of a goodly size, and their fish stew and recessed brick and stone arbour speak of times of privacy and wealth. These gardens fringe the lake, and command here and there views of great sweetness. The walks and drives around Fritton are over a well-wooded and hilly country, somewhat, in its frequent fir-groves, resembling Surrey, with the exception that the plantations are bordered for miles with very

large crab-apple trees, which, when in full and heavy bearing with fruit, look very rosy and tempting to the sight, but are acrid and teeth-edging to the taste. There is nothing in the above remarks very encouraging to the angler; but a visit will afford variety, and should he not care to prolong his stay, there are bountiful resources for sport within an easy distance.

OULTON BROAD formerly resembled Slapton Lea, in Devonshire, being separated from the German Ocean by a narrow strip of land. It was then a glorious fishing pool, but now it is much circumscribed, as the greater part—that is, from Mutford Bridge,—is salt water, and forms part of the Lowestoft Harbour. This was effected by a dam and lock across the lake. The western portion is still a very beautiful sheet of fresh water, and there would be first-rate fishing but for two or three persons in Carlton Colville, who literally screen this splendid lake. Several gentlemen near have done their best to put a stop to this suicidal practice, as the broad is within three or four minutes by train from Lowestoft, and would give a first-rate return to the fishermen—anglers we do not call them—who do, indeed, kill the golden goose, as there are thousands of visitors in Lowestoft in the summer who are fond of fishing. Even Old Yarmouth has not such a chance by a long way, having no rail near the celebrated Norfolk Broads where a first-class return ticket would only be a few pence. Formerly the perch fishing in Oulton was beyond belief, and we dare not say what we have done unless in the presence of those living who have either shared our sport or seen our takes—not to them with any surprise at that time—upon our landing. Pike were likewise abundant, seven or eight brace in the day being but an average bag. The reason of this excellent sport, which might be again restored, is that the waters are clear and the bait scarce. It is a sad pity that those men, who really have almost ceased to find any profit, if they ever did, in so senseless a course, do not try a different tack, and get from Biffen of Hammersmith, of Sawyer, or others, a few comfortable boats to let out, and then count their honest gains and compare them with what they now make. There are two inns near the station, the Wherry Inn (Stebbings), and Lady of the Lake (Kemp), both near Mutford Bridge.

A pike of 36½lb., killed by Captain Barlow in Hickling Broad, and preserved by Mr. Cooper, of St. Luke's, London, has recently been placed in the bar of the Mitre Tavern, Chancery-lane, by its proprietor, Mr. Hallett.

DEEP SEA FISHING ON THE EAST COAST, &c.

THE best season, when the coast angler may fairly look for heavy takes of whiting, codlings, codfish, and skate, off the sea board of Yarmouth and its vicinity, begins early in September, and passes through several months. When we speak of "deep sea" fishing, we mean such as is pursued in the Yarmouth Roads, &c., not above a half mile, or at most a mile from the shore, and from which generally a respectable string of fish results from the operations of every line. It is as the cold weather approaches that success increases, and before Christmas, the taking as much as five or six score of the fish named in a day even by an amateur or tyro, is looked upon only as a fair allowance of ordinary sport. As this coast literally teems with fish in their due seasons, no jealousy whatever exists as to the way in which they are taken, or the quantity caught. Indeed, even without a boat, and upon one pier, the Britannia—for there are two handsome piers besides a jetty, which stretch over the splendid although somewhat loose sands of Yarmouth, and reaching far out to sea—a fishing platform has been built at its extreme termination for the express convenience of those anglers who prefer a more economical or firmer stand-point than that which a boat affords, more particularly in windy weather. A charge for the right of fishing from this platform is made of 3*d.* for one line, 6*d.* for two lines, and 1*s.* for every extra line; this disproportion in the charge for the third line being deemed but fair, to deter too great a proportion of lines to the number of anglers.

The method of fishing from these piers, and the coast, and from the sands or boat, is either by a water cord of about forty yards in length, armed with ten to sixty hooks whipped to short pieces of twisted or loose bristles, or to gimp or bristles and gimp combined. Small pieces of cork are fastened at intervals to the main line, and the hooks are dropped one by one over the pier or the boat; and when the tide has taken out and distended the whole of them, a lead which is attached to the line is dropped into the sea, and the end being made fast, the whole is left for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, according to the greed of the fish, and then hauled up. In this way we have seen a fish upon nearly every hook; whiting, codling, dog-fish, mullet, skate, crabs, &c. A line of this kind can be fitted up complete for 2*s.* or half-a-crown.

Another plan is termed the casting line. This mode is more

scientific—if the other has any claim to science at all—and consequently more in accordance with the notions of an angler, who does not associate his sport too strongly with the thought of the frying-pan or fish-kettle. A cord of forty yards is furnished with a lead of about six pounds in weight, flat, and somewhat like a heart in shape, and secured to the line by a loop of leather to prevent fretting, and three or four hooks are fastened to this line at distances about a foot apart, as in the preceding mode. Sometimes a hook is attached to the end of the lead, and serves as a tail to it. This description of line is either swung out by the hand alone, or in other cases a pole, not unlike that of a broom-handle, is used, which, having a spike on it, fits into a ring made fast to the line, or a notch in the end of the pole serves to hold a knot in the line in lieu of a ring, and then the line being oscillated once or twice backwards and forwards at arm's length, is thrown forward, quits the pole, and is thus cast out as far as the strength or knack of the angler can possibly reach. These lines are purchased ready for use, at about a shilling each, without the lead. This latter should be in a flat form, and a good sized nail run through it at right angles to its thinness, will serve as the flukes of an anchor, to keep the lead from dragging on the bottom, or being washed about by a heavy surf when fishing near shore. This process of casting, where there are many anglers congregated, as upon such a fishing platform as the one alluded to, more particularly when three or four lines are being cast at the same time, is a dangerous and exciting one to the angler, as well as to the lookers on, any one of whom may find an atmosphere of pointed messengers flying round his ears, from which to attempt to escape is attended with as much danger as to remain, for when thus encircled there is just a chance that some of these steel wasps may send their barbed stings through human instead of piscatorial jaws, or beget an equally unpleasant attachment to other portions of the form divine. Indeed, having heard from Mr. Colley, the house surgeon to the Yarmouth Hospital, that he had removed as many as three and four hooks a day from patients who had been thus barbarously served either when boat or pier fishing, we gave our swinging acquaintances the widest possible berth ever afterwards. As far, however, as the pier is concerned, where there is most danger, the authorities, upon our representation, called the attendant's attention to the danger of the practice, and its discontinuance is insisted upon as far as practicable.

Mr. Colley tells a story, or rather a tale, respecting this liability of hooks to take too intimate a liberty with those who are careless of consequences. A be-whiskered, be-bearded old salt presented himself before the doctor with a comical expression of pain in his countenance, "like a baboon that had lost its grandmother," and a pleading request that he would amputate some two feet of tail from a part where monkeys are in the habit of wearing that appendage. The doctor, being assured that the animal before him was really a *homo*, and not a candidate for the hospital museum, speedily relieved the Yarmouth fisherman from an annoyance in the shape of a large cod-fish hook which the old fellow had sat upon aboard his boat, and to which a length of stout snood was attached for three days until he got ashore, and sought help from the expert scalpel of the hospital practitioner.

The method of baiting the hooks for the fish caught off this coast may well astonish those who crowd around the anglers, and watch the operation for the first time. The hooks, for instance, appear enormously large and disproportioned to the small whiting pout which are taken by them, and a piece of herring full an inch and a quarter in length, and half an inch in breadth, seems "a choker" for a quarter of a pound codling or a two ounce smelt! But a whole and large mussel is declared by the uninitiated to be preposterous until the captured flounder appears upon the hook to testify to his muscular powers in the region of the gullet. But perhaps the fact that the barb of the hook is allowed to show in most cases, prominent and palpable, dilates the eyes of the London angler to the utmost. "What! a fish take a bait with the hook showing! I never heard of such a thing." But, nevertheless, the finny inhabitants of the ocean care not for an inch of Kirby bend, nor turn tail at the sight of the blue steel, be it Limerick or Sheffield. They have not matriculated in the schools of the Lea, or received their education of experience on the scours of the Thames. They are as unsophisticated as the ragged young Arabs of our lanes and alleys, and grab at anything without thought of being "cotched," or apparent care when captured. How a fellow fresh from salmon, trout, and pike fishing longs to show these Titans, with their long poles and ropes, and meat-hooks, and leaden clock weights, how to angle scientifically, and to astonish them with the results of angling with fine tackle. He tries it for a day and part of the next, but he does not catch more fish than his neighbour, and ere his holiday month has passed

His angling rod is made of sturdy oak,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook is baited with a dragon's tail.
He sits upon the pier and bobs for whale.

The fishing platform of the Britannia Pier is provided with a block upon which to prepare the bait, and other conveniences for those who are determined to make a day or night of it. There is a lamp, and powerful reflector to throw a light upon the sea immediately around the pier, with the object of guiding the casting of lines during the dark, the pier being kept open the whole of the fishing season until late at night; and it is much frequented upon those nocturnal occasions when the moon lends its luminous assistance for the better arrangement of the angling paraphernalia. Formerly those who fished after dusk provided themselves with lanterns or small hand bull's eyes, the effect of which was to render the darkness yet more Cimmerian to all but the envied lamp-lighter.

The increase of the fishing fee, from repeated observations, does not appear to have had the effect of decreasing materially the number of liners. However, as the season gets more inclement, the less zealous fall off; but there is certainly an infatuation about this style of fishing, with enough of that charm of uncertainty whether the creature pulling at the line is a sucking whale, a codfish, a whiting, a mullet, a dogfish, a conger eel, or a string of crabs, to give it that flavour of gambling, or call it chance or guess work, which is so acceptable to most of our natures.* But let it be borne in mind that the danger of the hook ordeal alluded to increases as the darkness augments, and that the act of a fisherman lifting a pole is a hint to take care of your own.

We were a good deal amused here in witnessing the capture of a codfish of about 12lb. weight, to which three anglers laid their respective claims, the hooks of as many lines by their entanglement having attached themselves to the big-bellied fish. The

* We are strongly impressed with the notion that there exists very great room for improvement in the style of deep-sea, shore, and harbour line-fishing, on the east coast, and we are more convinced of this from the success which has attended upon the practical application of hints obtained from Wilcocks's "Sea Fisherman"—a work which, although it does not treat upon the localities in question, we are inclined to believe, applies to them with almost, if not equal force. Why the tackle of centuries ago should still be in use from Southend to Cromer has always been a puzzle to us, after it has been shown that the south and west coasts have, for years past, profited by intelligence and improvement in this respect.

dispute was settled without much loss of time, by the well-known arbitration act of tossing a halfpenny, women stand out.

When a large skate is hooked the fun is still more enjoyable to a looker-on. The confusion the formidable brute occasions by rushing here and there, in and out amongst the lines, being something as Dominie Sampson would have exclaimed, "Prodigious!" But, like the boy and the frogs, that which is fun to the by-standers, proves too often the loss of the rest of the day's sport to the fisher, who, mayhap, is the owner of a line of sixty hooks. Imagine sixty hooks, and several other lines, with not less than twenty inextricably knotted together in a web, perfectly complicated, and which appears to cry out, from every turn and twist of its perplexity, to "cut it altogether." In this dilemma—*strait* would be a misnomer—the interested coterie assembled around their combined lines, and, true to the inherent Saxon gift of perseverance, set to work with right good humour and indomitable will, to undo the mischief of the sea monster—a task in which we will leave them with an angler's admiration of a patience so truly characteristic.

Baits for sea-fishing may be readily and cheaply obtained in Yarmouth. Shrimps, both alive and boiled, are to be got in most of the one hundred and fifty "rows" which intersect and join the two principal thoroughfares of the old town, and serve as ocean air ducts of health and ventilation to that portion of this much-improved and fast-increasing place. The notice over the shrimp-sellers' houses is quaint, but somewhat Hibernian—"Live and boiled shrimps sold here by the catcher." Perhaps this catching is a joint-stock matrimonial concern, master catching them alive in the sea, and "missus" boiled from the copper. But the announcement is not equal to that common one at Gravesend, "Tea made with shrimps one shilling." It may be remarked, while upon the shrimp, that the *Pandalus varians* has not yet found cause to blush for its utter insignificance of size, as it has been gradually induced to do by the free use of the sieve at most other seaside resorts. May it be long ere the shrimper learns the Procrustean process of reducing this universal tea companion to a diminutiveness which to pick calls either for the operation of the most delicate and taper fingers, or necessitates the alternative, if they are to be eaten, of sending them to their account—as Charles Lamb had it—with their helmets and armour on. In Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and other much-frequented sea towns, this practice of sifting shrimps is now the rule, the

larger shrimps being either sent to London, to the west-end fishmongers (for salmon and turbot sauce), or bespoken by the leading hotel-keepers of the localities, for the garniture of the breakfast tables of their guests. It may not be generally known that shrimp sauce, very thickly made with the shrimp, served alone, is becoming a favourite dish at the tables of the aristocracy.

The origin of the name of this small vermiculated crustacea appears to be derived from *schrump* (German), a wrinkle, and in Danish, *scyrmp*. Old Manship, an antiquated weather-beaten bait-catcher, living on the North Quay, and ready to go out with any angler to fish in the Yare, was not very wide of the mark when he pronounced the word "shrinks" and "scrimp," implying to fold, to draw in, to double up, the shrimp swimming straight in the deep water, and only doubling up or shrinking when exposed to the dangers of the shallows or dry land, or in greater or more fatal perils of the boiler.

Old Manship and Carver, living near the Limekiln Walk, by Breydon, are the best men to go to if a day's fishing for batts (flounders) is desired. They are taken in considerable numbers in the Yare, more particularly in the Breydon Waters of that river, almost in the town itself. The smaller ones (sand-dabs) are sold to the lobster-fishermen, who bait their baskets with them. Flounders grow to a very large size here, some I have seen and tasted weighing upwards of a pound; but there exist notches upon the gunwales of the trawlers' boats which give a measure of twenty-seven inches in length, and twenty-three inches, we are assured, is very common. They do not appear to be held in very great esteem for the table, except by the visitors from the south, who are induced by the itinerant basket-vendors of fish to pay sixpence or eightpence a-piece for a flounder which might be obtained in the town for one-sixth of that price. As we make a point of tasting every fish at all recommendable, we had a large Yare flounder boiled, and, to give him fair play, we eschewed even plain butter. May we never see the Clarendon or the Trois Frères again if the flavour was not as pure, as delicate, and as full of *gout*—and which dared us to break through all the conventional etiquette of the table, and partake of fish a second time—as we ever tasted in Bond-street or on the Boulevard. These flounders can be caught with the rod and line from any of the wharves on the banks of the Yare, with or without a float, and, as they bite at the rudest tackle, they become easy prizes to the merest urchins, who, with a piece of

string, a hook or two, mussels at hand, and a stone to sink the line, take them with the greatest ease. The choicest bait for flounders is the live shrimp. The hook should be inserted just below the throat, and passed onward to the tail. In this case the hook should not show. How very odd the fish that visit rivers make a point of this. The scale over the skull of the shrimp should be slightly cracked to expose the brain; and this course is merciful, as it kills the bait at once, while it presents the choicest *morceau* to the flounder. Indeed, if the brain is lost, or has been sucked away by crabs or any other living annoyance, you may try in vain with the remainder of the shrimp; and in this fact is *the* great secret in angling with shrimps for flounders or perch.

During the last season (1870) several large conger-eels were taken in Breydon Water. One weighed 43lb. The poor fellows from the Naval Lunatic Asylum caught one over 30lb., to their immense delight.

There is another pier at Gorleston, at the mouth of the harbour, some three miles from Yarmouth, and approached by land through Southtown, a very pretty suburb, and which pier presents many attractions to the angler, even superior to those off the sands. It is built of stone and wood, and really appears to have been constructed as much for the especial use of the amateur fisherman as a protection to the entrance of the river Yare. Spacious galleries, with transverse beams which serve as seats, and the heads of perpendicular piles doing duty as tables, offer comfort and facility, and, what is of more importance, ample space, and elbow-room to everyone. On the Yarmouth side yet more room may be thus occupied, but the structure is ruder, and not so safe. But this seems to matter little to men and boys eager in their pursuit of spoil, and whose heads soon become accustomed to those giddy and somewhat treacherous inter-lacings of timber.

There are many salmon trout occasionally taken off this spot, and at low water we observed a scour dashing round a curve of the river, which babbled as plainly as tongue of land in mouth of harbour could speak, "Come and spin this with a smelt or minnow." The best-informed anglers, however, tell me they never knew of a trout being taken here at sea, or off the piers, with a hook; and that after August they are not caught with a net on this coast. Large hauls of salmon trout are made during the summer season by drawing nets close in-shore, and on to the beach. These are principally sold to one salesman in

the town at ninepence per pound all round, and are sent to London. Yarmouth is now well supplied during the season with salmon and lobsters from Norway, vessels arriving every week, and carrying large blocks of ice as clear and pure as the far-famed Wenham. Few persons who have not been to Yarmouth for the last six or eight years can conceive the great improvement the town, and more particularly the beach, has undergone. There are now upwards of three miles of drive between the town and the sea, admirably constructed and kept up, while handsome mansions are rapidly lengthening out the domestic frontage at either end. The Board of Health certainly deserve great credit for what they have done and are doing; and it is only necessary to take a walk through even the most remote recesses of the old or new town to observe how strict are their sanitary regulations, and with what cheerfulness and propriety duties and conditions are complied with by the poorest of the inhabitants, who are intelligent, cleanly, and thoughtful classes, willing to conform individually to regulations which have for their object the material good and physical prosperity of all. The population of old Yarmouth is now upwards of 40,000, and bids fair eventually to eclipse old Norwich—that is, if the population goes on increasing in the same ratio. The longevity of its inhabitants justifies Charles Dickens's story of the old Yarmouth woman of one hundred years of age, who, upon hearing of the decease of her daughter, who had seen some eighty summers, exclaimed that her words had come true at last, that she would never be able to rear that poor ailing girl of hers, or rather "mawther," as the girl is called here.

The admirable efficiency of the police of Yarmouth deserves a passing remark—the whole body being a model for discipline and courtesy. Mr. Berry, one of its chief officers, has recently had the almost unprecedented compliment of a testimonial of the inhabitants paid to him, which took the shape, by the thoughtful official's desire, of the purchase of the house in which he resides, as a portion to his wife. Would that we could get some of these men to carry out the provisions of the Acts of Parliament regarding the splendid rivers of this county!

It is doubtful whether there is any town in England with a suburb more beautifully situated than Gorleston. Here art has not assisted nature, but the contrary may be said. We are bound to add with regret, induced almost by a perilous experience, that without exception it is the worst lighted place we ever were doomed to drive through after dark. Indeed,

even near Yarmouth, on the South Town road, the authorities only light every other lamp, serving but to throw a sufficient glimmer upon the short-comings of an unaccountable false economy. This would be bad enough in the interior of England where the laws of the road are pretty well known, but the amphibious charioteers who career at full gallop along this road seem to take it for granted that a few collisions at every mile is but a fair average consequence of steering in the dark, and thus there exists more excitement than fun for a stranger, whip and reins in hand, particularly of a market-day, and during the fishing-season, after sun-down. Nor is dirt—the sister of darkness—estranged from her relative, for here, more particularly near the railway station, is almost ever a sea of mud either to welcome a new arrival or to cling to him ankle-deep upon his departure. And, while upon water and fish, we may not omit to state that the drainage outlets into the river from the Gorleston road are so ingeniously constructed that in very high tides, the thoroughfare is flooded with salt water, and whiting, and other fish have actually been caught in the kitchens and lower rooms of many houses. And yet, contradictory as it may appear, no remark was ever so true and beneficial to a watering-place as that by Charles Dickens about the vicinity in "Household Words:" "So healthy is this old town, that, if you have a spite against any particular insurance office, purchase a good annuity in it and take up your residence in Yarmouth. After an enormous number of years the directors in despair will inquire if you are in any way related to old Parr or Methuselah."

The Yarmouth Jetty, which has been carried out sixty feet further seaward, was thrown open on the 21st of September, 1870, to the public in its entire length. The advantages thus gained are great, as it permits of the free landing of boats during heavy surfs for a considerably longer duration of the tide, and to the angler it will give facilities for fishing free of toll. The fishing from the piers is improving considerably, but there are some additional features in the method of its pursuit, introduced we believe, since we last wrote upon the subject, which are deserving of notice. In the first place the dangerous practice of swinging the line armed with numerous hooks, and a heavy lead, by the aid of a notch-stick has been put a stop to by the authorities of the piers from the many accidents resulting from it. The method is, however, necessary upon the beach, and there, indeed, from the absence of lookers on is comparatively

harmless. Formerly, likewise, the anglers used to congregate almost exclusively upon the lower fishing station at the end of the Britannia Pier, but now experience has shown the advantage of following the tide as it makes; and the best success appears to result from continuing to fish in a certain depth of water. The lines are now likewise differently rigged. There is no lead at the extremity of the line, necessitating the swinging process by stick or hand alone, as alluded to. The hooks are tied upon snoods, and thus attached to the main line for some fifteen or twenty yards of unweighted line. This is dropped over the pier into the water where the current carries out the baited hooks to its full extent; then the lead is dropped over and left for a certain time, varying according to the patience or judgment of the angler, and then drawn up, the fish taken off, if there are any on, and the baits—mussels generally—looked to. It is curious to observe how, with the same identical tackle, the takes vary, for here there is little skill required beyond the mere hauling in with care, to prevent the fish from falling off the hooks, yet one man or boy shall take two and three fish at a haul where each of those next to him on either side shall not catch one. In this way, the tackle differing only in its coarseness, I saw a boy with a five pound scale weight for his "lead," take two dozen and four fish—codlings and whiting—while seven others on the same pier had not as many amongst them. This system is far better, more natural and consistent than that in which the weight is at the extreme of the line, as it admits of more play, and the bait travelling from side to side over a greater surface, than where the line is anchored and taut. The fish have likewise less check in taking the bait, and the current to some extent keeps it off the bottom from crabs, &c. This plan might be yet refined upon. To do this we would make no distinction whatever between it and our ordinary leger-fishing, except giving the required length of line beyond the lead, through which we would let the line run freely, and, instead of fastening the line to the railings of the pier, use a short ringed rod with a winch, and strike when a bite was felt. Then we should bring the pier fishing up to the level of our fresh-water barbling, and give to it the title of Sport, to which it has no great claim at present. One of the best angling authorities in Norfolk tells us he is most successful with a rod and fine tackle, salmon-gut hooks, and light but strong trolling-line; but that a rod can only be used at slack water. We do not, however, see why it

cannot be just as effective, or very little less so, at one time of the tide as another.

During the season of 1870, some capital baskets were made in the harbour near the new fish-wharf, the hundreds of smacks moored there to a certain extent *bait* the ground with the fragments of herrings and other matters when the cargoes are cleared, and also when the enormous wharf is washed down, as it has a gradual inclination towards the harbour. The flounders, or "batts," taken were especially fine, and many of the harbour fishers have had by far the best catches when compared with the fishermen in the roads. In time the harbour will be the favourite spot, as there is now plenty of water directly alongside, it having been recently piled, and the soil dredged out so that large vessels can now moor quite down to the harbour's mouth, that is, three miles on each side of the river; the greater part of this was a mass of mud at low water.* The haven and pier commissioners, who are a most energetic body, contemplate still further improvements, especially at the harbour's mouth, and also in Breydon Water and the river Bure, which has become very shallow for some distance above its entrance into the harbour.

We were fortunate enough to get upon the beach of the east coast between Yarmouth and the entrance of the river Yare, at Gorlestone, one morning in October, 1870, in time to witness a sight of much interest and suggestiveness. Some thirty or forty men were netting the coast; the management of their boat and tackle, and the comparative success which attended upon their exertions in the shallow water, nearly filled a bushel basket with soles of a handsome size, flounders, eels of a couple of pound each, a few whiting and codlings. Finding these men all with the same description of cap, we were told, upon inquiry, that they were the patients of the Royal Naval Lunatic Asylum, and that this was the frequent custom at that establishment as a reward for quiet and good conduct. Certainly, during the whole time we were among them, we witnessed nothing to betray the mental

* We learn from Nall's "Great Yarmouth," and with which our own observations pretty nearly agree, that the depth of water alongside the quay is about eight feet, and further out in mid-stream ten or twelve feet. As the foundations of the greater part of the quay are of wood, it is impracticable to dredge to a greater depth. The only quay with stone foundations is the Trinity Wharf. According to Manship the quay was paved with stone in 1610. Nall's work uses and acknowledges in a manner most complimentary our contributions to the *Field* upon subjects concerning East Anglia—praise of no slight value as coming from a local writer.

infirmity under which they laboured—no boggling nor angry expression, more particularly when the nets got foul with pieces of wreck or rack, but all was systematic, and carried out with an intelligence which we have not often observed amongst the more gifted. The children of the beachmen—many were wee tots—got mixed up with them; and although these youngsters interfered occasionally with their movements, and got their little feet entangled with the nets, the poor fellows treated them with a degree of tenderness most delightful to witness, assisting them to secure the dabs and fry they were after, and personally stuffing the smaller fish into the pockets of the children's jackets. At twelve o'clock tablecloths were laid upon the sands, secured by stones, and the men took it in turns to serve their messmates with a good wholesome and substantial repast, throughout which the same order and method prevailed, and yet this body of men had but one keeper with them. They were bound up with a common impulse which involved both amusement and usefulness, and they needed no other sentiment of cohesion to render them creatures for the time of law and propriety.

Another scene on the same day awaited us on the other side the Denes, at the new fish market, to which a more than usual number of boats had arrived and were discharging their full cargoes of the fresh herring. This was certainly a sight of singular animation and picturesqueness: the enormous masses of the silver fish here, there, and everywhere amongst the cool-headed salesmen, the constantly moving crew, and the excited buyers. Monday resumed the commotion, and as a large fleet of herring boats had been telegraphed as expected with enormous takes of fish, the whole of the market and the quay was crowded for some distance. We attempted to count the vessels, but failed, as they laid sometimes three and four deep, and extended far above this extensive market shed and far below it. The herrings of Saturday had been taken within fourteen miles from the shore, consequently they did not require salt; those of Monday were all salted, and had lost their silver flash, yet the scene was one we would not have missed for anything. "You're lucky," remarked Mr. De Caux, one of the largest salesmen in Yarmouth; "you are lucky in having the opportunity of seeing a 'glut.' It seldom happens." It was a glut indeed; think but of 1500 lasts of herrings, nearly all under the eye at one time, in baskets and in heaps. And what is a last? Only

13,200 herrings, so that the mass around, apparently in most admired disorder—and yet each vessel had its own salesman—amounted to the incredible number of 19,800,000 fish! Think, likewise, of what a “glut” portends—the increase and cheapening of the food of a nation; and then such a scene as that on the banks of the Yare becomes one of deep and political interest.

The Denes from the earliest times, were used by the fishermen for drying their nets. So great was the fisherman's jealousy of any encroachment upon these Denes, that in a charter granted by Henry I. to the Barons of Fersham, it was provided that “they of Yarmouth shall not build but five windmills upon the Denes, and these mills shall be built at the least damage and nuisance of the Dene and of those who shall dry their nets there.” In Defoe's “Robinson Crusoe,” some staking for more thoroughly exposing the nets to the sun and air are depicted, but we have only found the nets in our time spread lightly on the stunted herbage and sands. Hanging the nets to dry appears to have been discontinued in Yarmouth for a considerable period. The custom is still prevalent in the north, and in many places where space is limited.

Nashe, writing in the Elizabethan age, thus quaintly and grandiloquently discourses upon the Free or Fish Fair:

In this transcurive repertory, without some observant glance, I may not duly overpass the gallant beauty of their haven, which having but as it were a welt of land, or, as Mr. Camden calls it, *Ungulam terræ*, a little tongue of the earth betwixt it and the wide main, sticks not to manage arms, and hold its own undefeasibly against that universal unbounded Empire of Surges, and so hath done for this hundred years. Two miles in length it stretches its winding current, and then meets with a spacious river, or backwater, that feeds it. A narrow channel or isthmus, in rash view, you would opinionate it, when this I can devoutly aver, I, beholding it with both my eyes this last fishing, six hundred reasonable barks and vessels of good burthen, with advantage it hath given shelter to, at once, in her harbour, and most of them riding abreast before the key betwixt the bridge and the south gate. . . . The delectablest lusty sight, and movingest object, methought it was that our isle sets forth, and nothing behind in number with the invincible Spanish Armada, though they were not such Gargantuan boisterous galliguts as they. . . . That which especially nourished the most prime pleasure in me, was after a storm, when we were driven in swarms, and lay close pestered together as thick as they could pack; the next day following, if it were fair, they would cloud the whole sky with canvas, by spreading their drabbed sails in the full clue abroad, a drying, and make a braver show with them, than so many banners and streamers, displayed against the sun on a mountain top. But how Yarmouth itself, so innumerably populous and replenished and in so barren a spot seated, should not only supply her inhabitants with plentiful purvey-

ance of sustenance, but provide and victual, moreover, this monstrous army of strangers, was a matter that egregiously puzzled and entranced my apprehension. Hollanders, Zealanders, Scotch, French, Western-men, Northern-men, besides all the hundreds and wapentakes, nine miles distance, fetch the best of their viands and mangery from her market. For ten weeks together this rabble rout of outlandishers are billeted with her, yet all that while the rate of no kind of food is raised, nor the plenty of their markets one pint of butter rebated; and at the ten weeks end, when the camp is broken up, no impression of any dearth left, but rather more store than before. . . . A colony of critical Zenos, should they sinew their syllogistical clusterfists in one bundle, to confute and dispute moving, were they but during the time they might lap up a mess of buttered fish, in Yarmouth, one fishing, such a violent fishing of toiling myrmidons they should be spectators of, and a confused stirring to and fro of a Lepanto-like host of unfatiguable flood bickerers and foam curbers, that they would not move or stir one foot till they had disclaimed and abjured their bedrid spittle positions. In truth and sincerity I never crowded through this confluent Herring Fair, but it put me in memory of the great year of jubilee, in Edward the Third's time, in which it is stated and delivered under the hands of a public notary, three hundred thousand people roamed to Rome for purgatory, pills, and paternal venial benedictions, and the ways beyond sea were so bunged up with your daily orators or beadsmen, and your crutched and crouched friars, or cross creepers, and barefooted penitentiaries, that a snail could not wriggle in her horns betwixt them. To fetch the red herring in Trojan equipage, some of every of the Christ cross alphabet of outlandish cosmopoli furrow up the rugged brine, and sweep through his tumultuous ooze. For our English microcosmos or Phœnician Dido's hide of ground, no shire, county, count palatine, or quarter of it, but rigs out some oaken squadron or other to waft him alone Cleopatræan Olympickly, and not the least nook or cravice of them but is parturient of the like super-officiousness, arming forth, though it be but a catch or pink, no capabler than a rundlet or washing-bowl to imp the wings of his convoy. Holy St. Taubard, in what drives the gouty bagged Londoners hurry down, and dye the watchet of an iron russet hue with the dust that they raise in hot spurred rowelling it on to perform compliments unto him.

We agree with Nall that the environs of Yarmouth are full of interest to the archæologist, the artist, and the naturalist—and we may add, the angler. The neighbourhood is rich in fine old churches, exhibiting in their round towers, rood screens, and pannelled flint work, features peculiar to the district. These, with the exploration of the adjacent Roman and Mediæval ruins, will furnish ample inducements for a variety of excursions, both inland and along the coast. Rambles on the beach and on the cliffs will supply abundant gatherings for the especial tastes of the geologist and botanist. The marshes abound in rare plants and insects: the broads in unusually good sport, boating, fishing, and shooting excursions up the river will delight the lover of nature

with glimpses of her quiet haunts of loveliness. All the chief cities, cathedrals, and abbeys of East Anglia are within easy distance by rail. Last, and not least, the town itself, with its old towers, walls, haven, and rows, and its inhabitants (until of late a somewhat isolated race, with their own peculiar dialect and usages) each and all have stamped upon them an individuality of character, strongly marked, distinct, and deeply impressed. The various accessories blend together into one harmonious picture, the intellectual charm of which will be felt the more it is studied, like some Dutch painting, low in tone, subdued in colour, but admirable in keeping. Blank indeed must that mind be which cannot find, within the brief limits of a sea-side visit to Yarmouth, objects of amusement and interest, sufficient to ward off the plague of dulness.

Mr. Nall's work contains much of interest upon the herring fishery. A point of extreme interest in the natural history of the herring is there referred to—that of its reported instantaneous death when taken from the water—a statement which has gained such credence as to form a stock phrase: "As dead as a herring." Even M. De Lacépède strives to explain it by lengthy physiological considerations. It is nevertheless certain that the life of the herring, though less tenacious than that of the eel, flat fish, and others, is prolonged much more than is commonly believed, and it would be difficult to upset the conclusive evidence which M. De Valenciennes collected, in addition to his own investigations, to disprove the popular error. The error has arisen from the mode in which the fish are captured, the nets not inclosing them, but forming a wall in the sea, against which the shoal of herrings drive their heads, and, caught by their gills in the meshes, are literally strangled, and hang in the water *sus. per coll.* Great numbers are in consequence drawn out of the water already dead. M. Newcrantz watched a herring live for more than an hour after it had been placed, without extra care, upon a conveyance with other fish; Sugard, a Canadian missionary, who noticed herrings leap upon the deck when taken from the nets, and continue doing so for a considerable time; Noel de la Moriarriere, inspector of the fish markets of Rouen, has seen herrings live two or three hours out of the water, and has held them in his hands, when they lived for upwards of half an hour. To demonstrate their tenacity of life, he cut off their fins, and otherwise mutilated them. By the method of their capture, the wonder, indeed, would be if they came on board alive, and when

there all chance is over, for then they would be at once stifled on deck and in the hold by the superincumbent mass of captured fish. The herrings, in fact, are drowned in the meshes, their convulsive struggles working the lint into their gills, and the water rushing in depriving them of air. If the herring slips its head through the mesh, it will remain alive many hours in the net; and, as sometimes happens, when the herring strikes the lower end of the net, whilst the upper is being hauled in, the bulk of the catch is brought on board alive, flapping energetically on deck and in the hold. We have ourselves fully confirmed the substance of these views while out with the smacks in Scotland in 1866, and expect the original simile was "as dead as a red herring."

We have often enjoyed the animated sight presented by the departure of a fleet of herring boats as they have been rapidly towed down the narrow channel of the harbour, with a concourse of the children of the fishermen running and tumbling over each other after them, singing

Herrings galore,
Pray master?
Gay master
Luff the little herring boat ashore.
Pray God send you eight or nine last—
Fair gains all,
Good weather,
Good weather.
All herrings, no dogs;

Sing up—Fair gains all.

This ditty is kept up until the greeting of their noisy escort has been acknowledged by the crew throwing them biscuits, which it is considered prejudicial to their voyage at sea not to do.

Some of the older fishermen and fishwives still believe in "Old Shack," or "Shuck," a spectre dog, much connected with the Danes, who is said mostly to walk the Cromer Coast Road, and was last seen at North Repps, 1853 (A.S., *Scucca*, Satan).

Fishermen do not look upon sprats as the young fry of the herring. The young herring has a smooth belly, the sprat a rough, serrated one. If a young herring be held up by the middle fin of the back, he will hang head down; if a sprat, tail down. We may add that pilchards, which bear a great resemblance to herrings, may be distinguished by the same test. The dorsal fin of the pilchard, being placed more forward than on the herring, if held up by it it balances. This is also

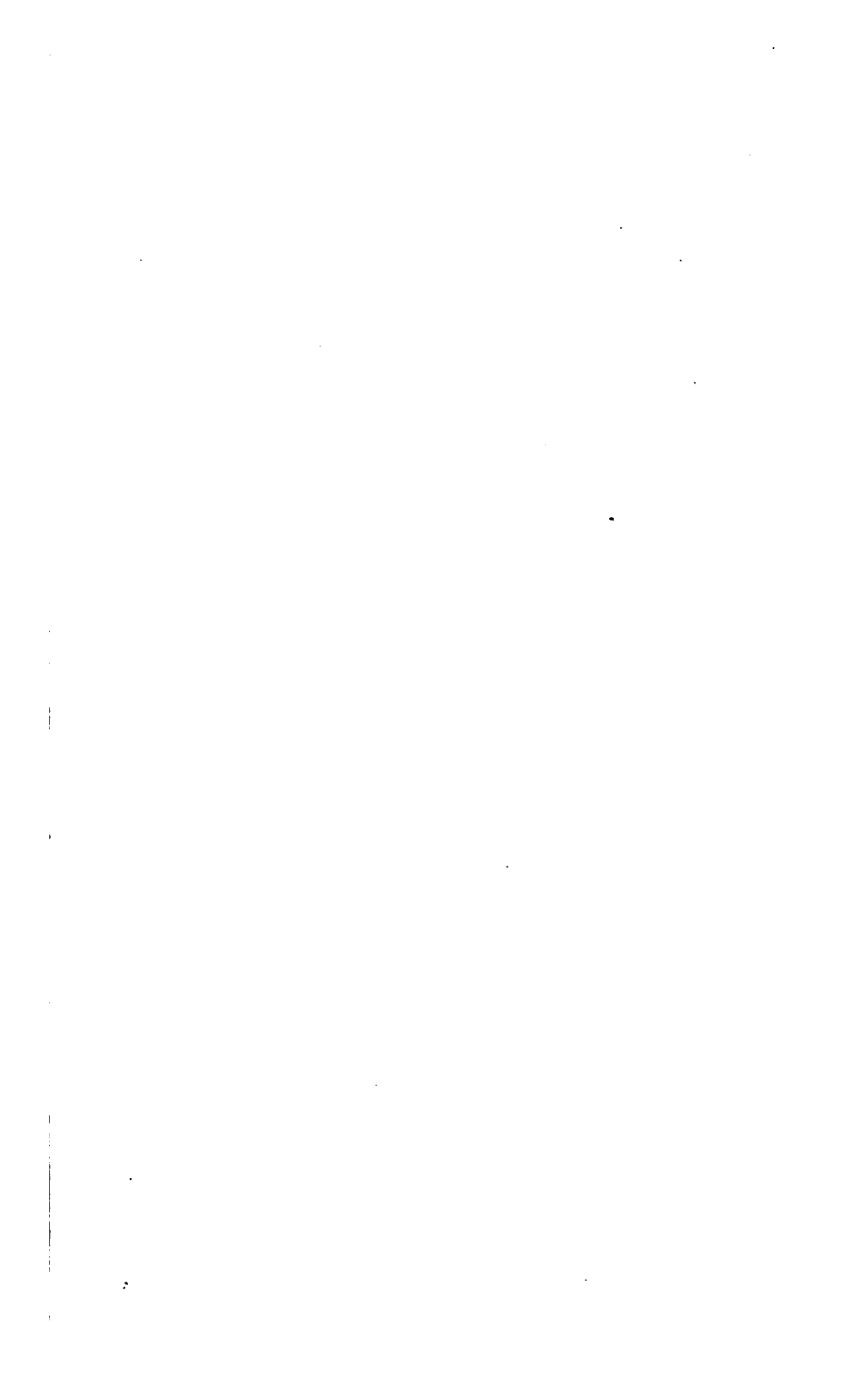
said, by some Scotch writers, to be the test of a well-fed Loch Fyne herring.

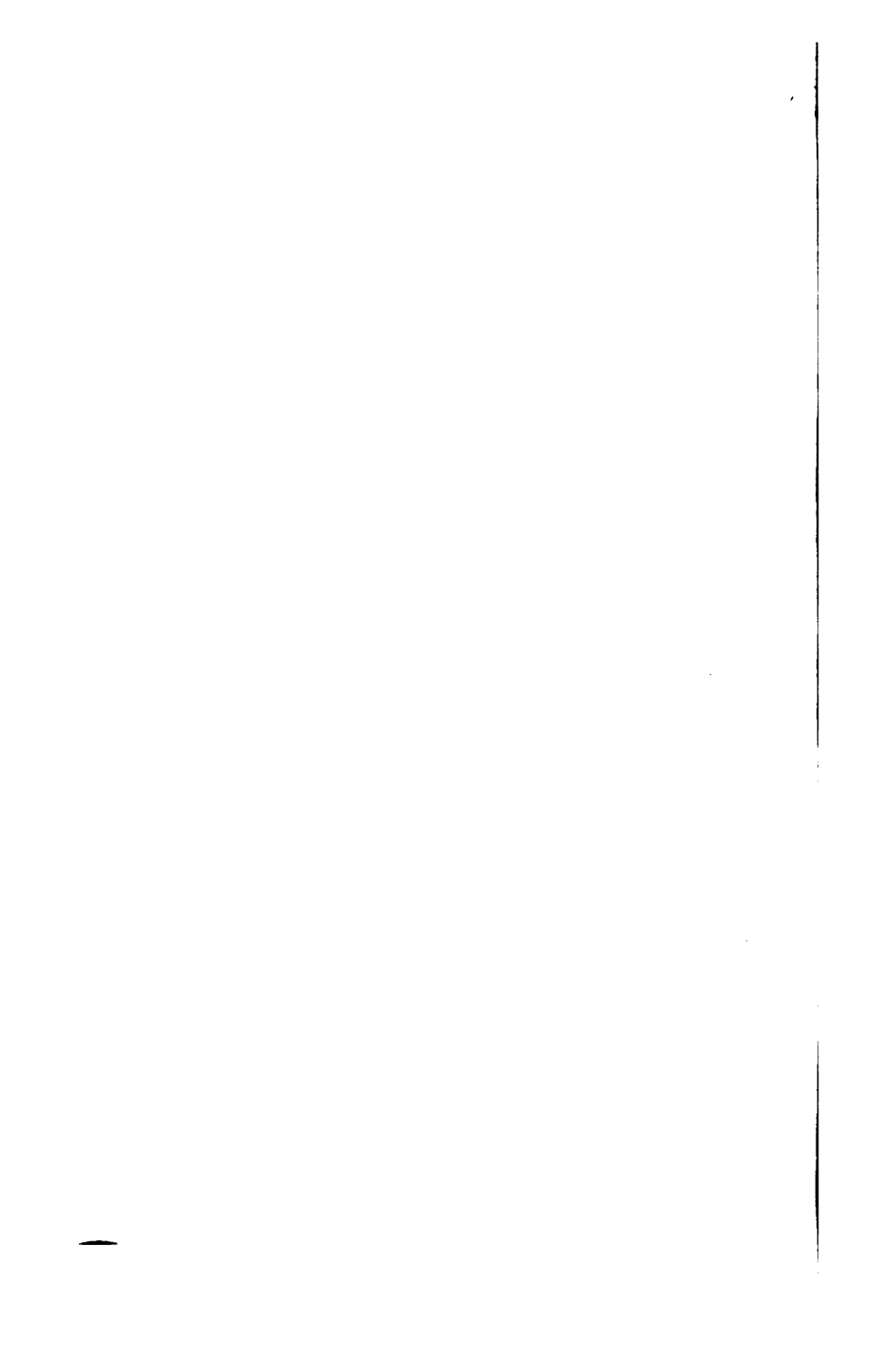
The dog-fish is the most common of all the sharks, and found in every part of the British and Irish Seas. As many as twenty thousand are said to have been taken at one time, in a pilchard sear, off Cornwall. It measures from three to four feet, its upper part slate grey, its under yellowish white. In the Orkneys and Shetlands they are salted and dried for winter food. Like the shark, it turns on its side when it seizes its prey, and greatly resembles that ravenous fish in many respects; and whenever it finds itself entangled in the net, disengages itself in a few seconds by making a large incision and passes through. In attacking the herrings, they devour them to repletion. They then disgorge what they have swallowed with such voracity; which being completed they lose no time in recommencing, seizing, and swallowing the herrings with as much avidity as if it had been their first repast after a long abstinence, till they are again full, when their stomachs are again speedily relieved, and this filling and emptying has continued with such perseverance as to exhaust the patience of the most curious observer. This process occasions a white, shining appearance on the surface of the sea, accompanied with a smoothness, as if a quantity of oil had been strewed on it, emitting a rank, oleaginous smell, which may be detected at some distance. These insatiable fish are assisted in their ravages by the sepia, or cuttle-fish, which, with their hard mouths, resembling parrots' bills, cut up the mackarel and herrings with great adroitness.

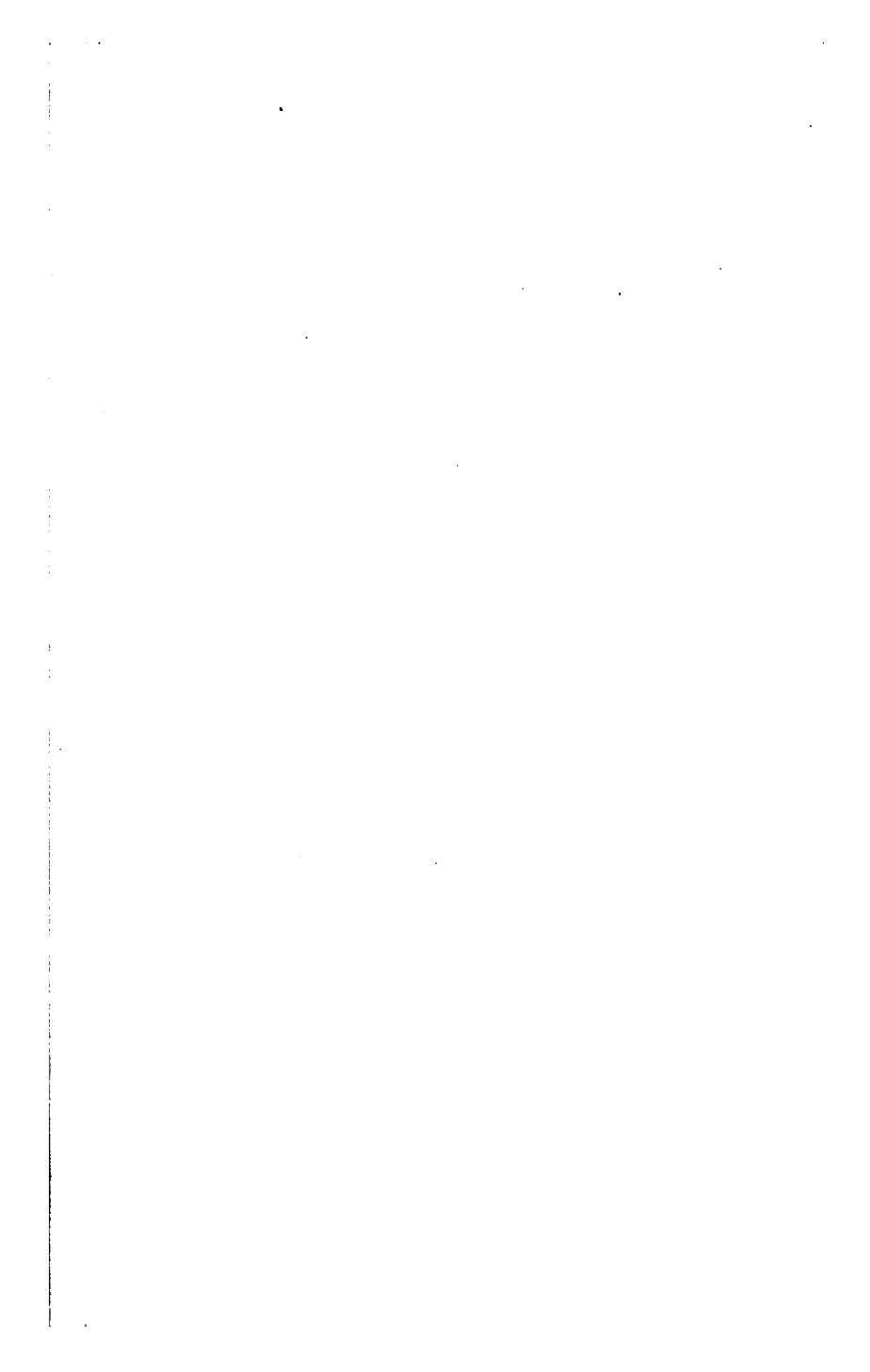
An exquisite appreciation of the delicate flavour of fish is, perhaps, the truest and most genuine distinction between the epicure and the glutton. Lacépède observes that there is this difference between the chase and the fishery: the latter is the pursuit of the most civilised races. The Egyptians had a cat-like propensity for fish. It was the favourite diet of the Athenians; and, later, of the wealthy and refined Roman patricians. Nothing more amusing has come down to us from classic times than the records in Athenæus of their opsophagy, which attained an insane pitch under the Lower Empire. Zeno, founder of the Stoics, dining with a great fish epicure, on a noble dish being set before him, seized it, and, marking the glum looks of his host, exclaimed, "What opinion do you think your guests here must conceive of one who cannot indulge his friend for a single day in his well-known weakness for fish?" Plato, censur-

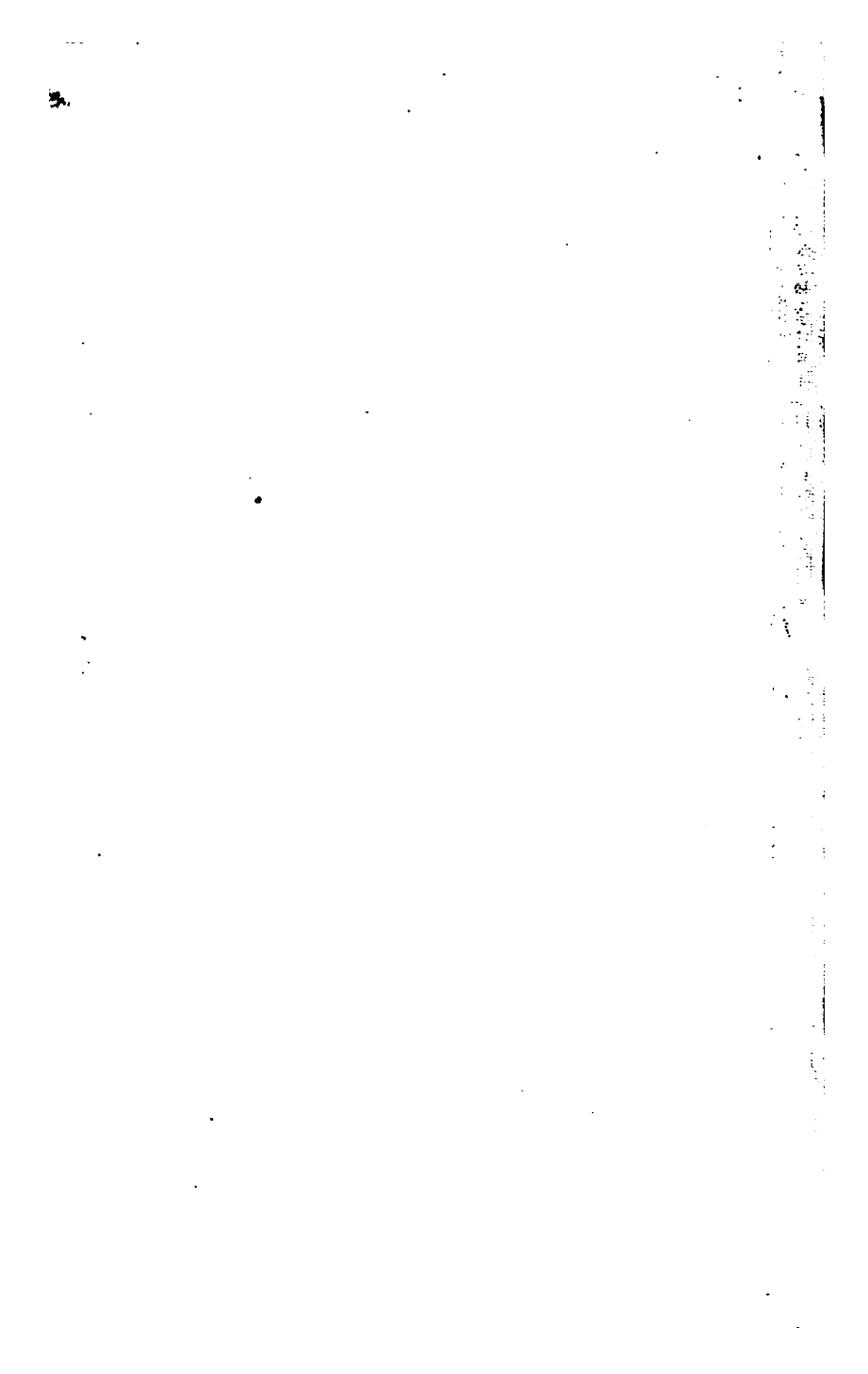
ing Aristippus for his passion for fish, he replied he had given but a small sum for it. "But why even a small sum?" remonstrated Plato. "Because I am as fond of fish as you seem to be fond of money," was the retort. Demosthenes denounced, in public, Philocrates as a profligate, debauchee, and fish-eater. The epigrams of Martial abound in allusions to this weakness of his contemporaries in these respects.

It is curious to observe how the tastes for eels differ in various districts. In Scotland they are looked upon with uncontrollable loathing. We have seen a stalwart Highland keeper, who would fearlessly face a bull, quail and shiver at the bare sight of an eel when we have asked him to remove it from our hook. If compelled to approach the obnoxious cause of his detestation, he has done so with extreme reluctance and protestation, and, taking out an empty shot-bag from his pouch, as if thoughtfully prepared, has handled the upper portion of the fishing-line most gingerly, dropped the writhing creature into the open mouth, hurriedly screwed up the entrance, and banged it, with its living contents, against a stone, amidst a shower of Gallic invectives which it would be almost superfluous to bestow upon the author of all evil. In Norfolk, although eels are highly estimated, "lampreys were accounted poisonous, especially so far as the holes extend on either side from the head." This prejudicial opinion once prevailed on the Thames, but now that a lamprey is seldom taken, its flesh is much sought after as a dish for an epicure. Lamperns have, however, escaped their share of aversion, and appear to be a favourite food in many places, especially when potted. If the angler is bothered with the eel tribe while in the pursuit of other kinds of fish, he should not hold the fish by a tight line, which invariably induces it to twist and entangle the line; but let it lie on the ground, when, although it may move, it will do so in a pretty straight course, which affords the opportunity of giving it the *coup de grâce* by a smart blow with a stick or switch upon its tail—as vulnerable a part as any about it—and then it may be removed from the hook with ease and without danger to the tackle.









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